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Collier's

May 17, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

Why I'm for Eisenhower

By Thomas E. Dewey

10 WAYS to BEAT HIGH COST of LIVING

MOTHER'S DAY
Sunday Dinner

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
PA X17JA53
1957
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No Finer Coffee Flavor, Instant or Regular. That's why throughout the world more people drink NESCAFÉ than All other Instant Coffees combined!

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All the flavor's in your cup!

FOR PURE COFFEE ENJOYMENT, DRINK NESCAFÉ

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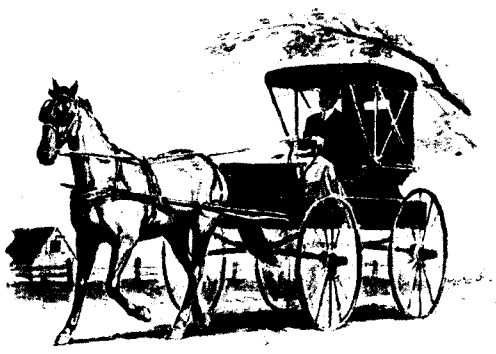
Anxious calls for help, reassuring words

of comfort–all have been a part of the lives of

The Doctor and the Telephone

Dr. Charles E. Birch, White Plains, N. Y., physician, with the telephone that served him for 54 years.



In the suburban community of White Plains, New York, Dr. Charles E. Birch, 88, retired last year after sixty years of practice.

Retired also was the telephone which had served him well for more than half a century. One of the old-fashioned "goosenecks," it had been installed in 1897.

Many times over the years, the telephone company had offered Dr. Birch a more modern instrument, but he preferred to keep this old, familiar telephone on the wall.

Just one telephone — but think how many different lives have been deeply affected by the thousands of messages it carried, quickly and dependably.

And think how much your own telephone service has contributed to safer, easier and more pleasant living for you and your family.

Surely there have been times when no price could have measured its usefulness. Yet its cost is low — just a matter of a few pennies a call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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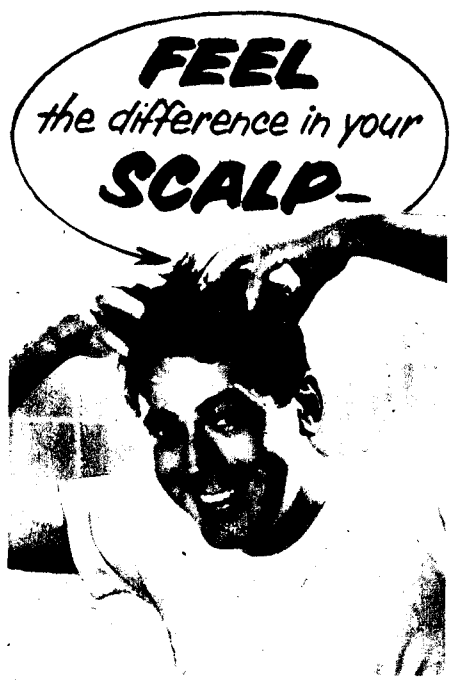

50 seconds' brisk massage with tingling Vitalis and you FEEL the stimulating difference in your scalp—prevent dryness, rout embarrassing flaky dandruff.

10 seconds to comb and you SEE the difference in your hair—far handsomer, healthier-looking. What's more, hair *stays in place longer*...stays easier to comb. (Vitalis Hair Tonic contains new grooming discovery.)

PROOF: VITALIS ALSO KILLS DANDRUFF GERMS
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May 17, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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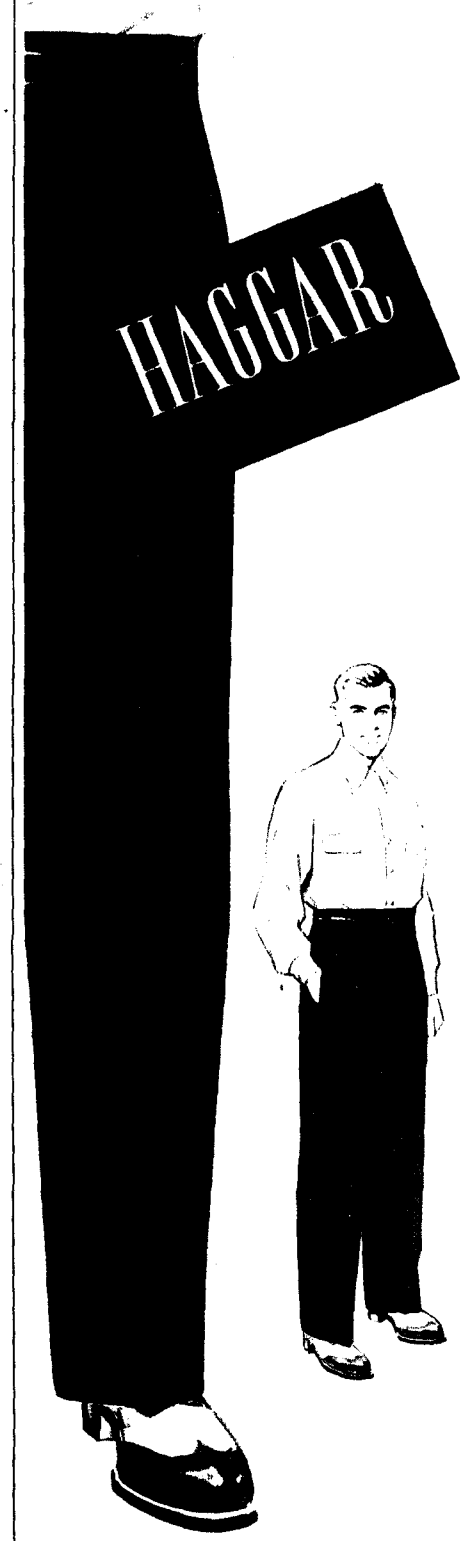

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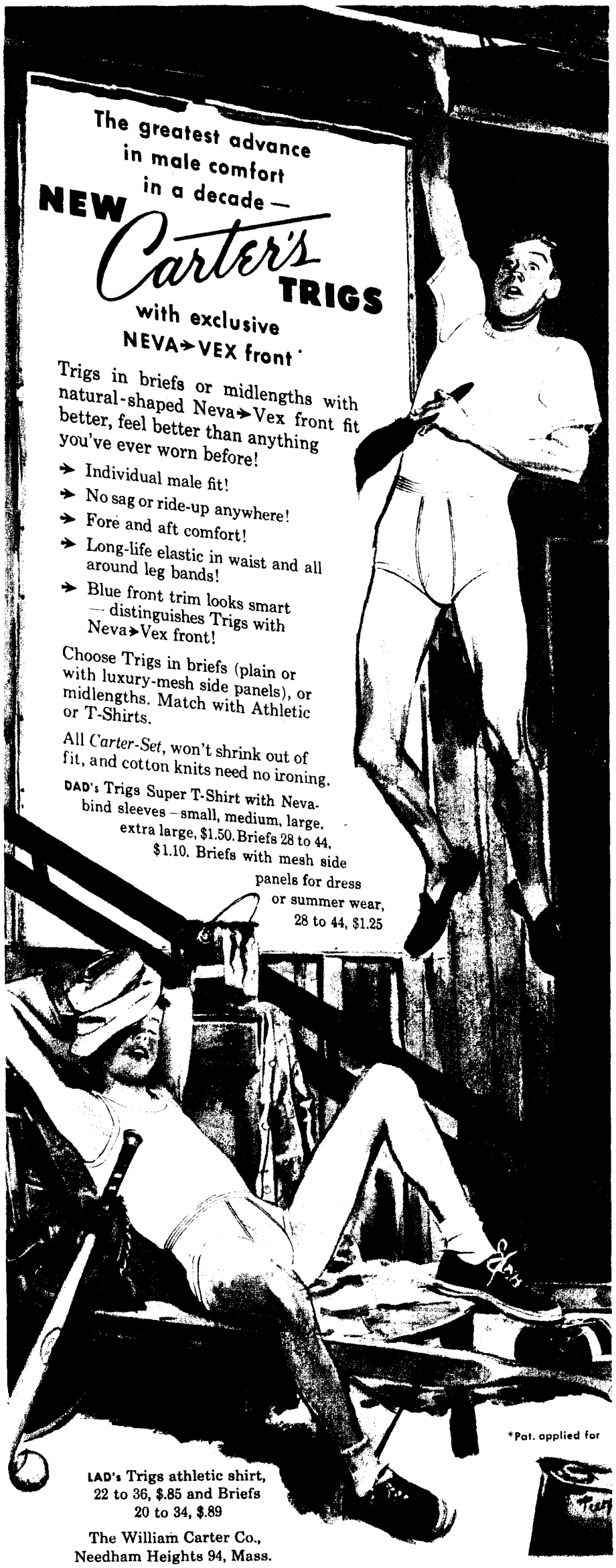
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Psst! Carter's makes fine underwear for the entire family!

The Cover

The words Sunday Dinner have a deep and dear meaning for all Americans. For most of us, they signify Mom's cooking at its best, and the whole family gathered contentedly around one table. Dinner on the second Sunday in May is something even more special. On Mother's Day, Mom is guest of honor as well as hostess. The mother on our cover (she's a grandmother, too) is Mrs. Yvonne Prenovost, of Phoenix, Arizona. For the story of a typical American Sunday dinner, see page 26.

Week's Mail

Fairchild's Role

EDITOR: The article Our Wonder Weapons (April 5th) was well written, accurate and timely. It covers particularly well the matter of guided missiles.

As one of the foremost organizations designing, developing and building guided missiles, we appreciate the importance and value of such articles.

The issue was a terrific disappointment, however, not only to myself, but to all at Fairchild who are proud of their part in the national defense effort as designers of the builders of guided missiles. I feel that it should be called to your attention that the missile featured in the article was engineered, developed and built by the Fairchild Guided Missiles Division. The same holds true for the missile photograph appearing in the article itself.

S. M. TREMAN, General Manager,
Fairchild Guided Missiles Division,
Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corp.,
Farmingdale, N.Y.

An editorial misinterpretation of censorship instructions by Pentagon officials resulted in our failure to mention specifically the major contribution of Fairchild to the guided missiles program.

Victual-Snitching

EDITOR: I Am a Supermarket Detective (March 29th) is a very interesting article except that the result will be harmful to every supermarket owner.

It not only told how to steal but even had pictures showing how to do it: slip a ham into a hat, use a double shopping bag, etc., etc.

BERNARD H. FLORACK, Rochester, N.Y.

. . . To me it is fantastic that a magazine such as Collier's should print such an article. Why, with all the corruption in the world at present, should a leading magazine encourage and actually show the way to thievery?

ELIZABETH W. COEY, Glen Ridge, N.J.

Collier's did not invent grocery thievery, it just reported on it. Our editors, perhaps more optimistic than some of our readers, feel that most people are honest, and that they will not be turned to a life of petty crime by reading our story of the supermarket detective. As for the pictures—by the reasoning of readers Florack and Coey, one might conclude that a picture of a man with a gun would usher in an epidemic of murder.

First-Team Foreign Policy

EDITOR: Collier's editorials are generally good, but I think Put In the First Team (March 29th) is superb. It emphasizes fundamental issues in our thinking this election year and should be seen and discussed as widely as possible.

JOHN ROST, Highland Park, N.J.

. . . Along with all right-thinking citizens I wish to commend your editorial Put In the First Team. The great mistake started in 1933 when there was a great misconception regarding the Communists, and this misconception has been carried through in some form until the firing of the great General Douglas MacArthur when the State Department was forced to reverse its policy—at least in public.

E. W. WEIKERT, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Your editorial was very interesting. You urge the voters to take the second team out and send in the first team against the Communists. You tell us whom you consider the second team to be, but you do not tell us whom you consider the first team to be. Just whom do you want us to vote into the game to carry the ball against the Commies?

Perhaps you consider as first-team caliber the old-timers who played their last game in 1928-'32, who made such a failure of enforcing the prohibition amendment, who proved too weak and impotent to prevent or overcome a depression. No, thank you, I believe I prefer your so-called second team. C. E. PENNELL, Lewisville, Ohio

Wrong District

EDITOR: I'm really surprised at not finding John Clune's name among your basketball All-America (March 15th). He's the best player on Navy's team. Not only in my opinion but in the opinion of many other basketball fans. John holds every individual record at Navy except one. He did have that one but Don Lange copped it by a few points to take it away.

So how about making it up by having John's picture? We'd love to see it.

IDA MORANDI, New York, N.Y.

Clune received an honorable mention, but his name was erroneously listed under District 2 (New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania and West Virginia) instead of District 3, which includes Maryland.

Ford on the Delaware

EDITOR: Your article Big Boom on the Delaware (March 8th) was a very reassuring picture of the tremendous expansive powers of American industry and should be a refutation to those doom-ridden prophets who claim we have an exhausted economy and need state Socialism to revive business and create jobs. We will sleep

(Continued on page 10)

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NOW NED KNOWS

Now see the difference! When you check Dry Scalp, you keep hair neat and handsome-looking . . . relieve itchy scalp and loose dandruff. You get all these benefits with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic because it supplements natural scalp oils . . . gives double care to scalp *and* hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it! (It's economical, too.)

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Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just between Old 48 and Mr. Lou Albee, it was flaming James Otis, the Boston pamphleteer, who banged the heavy-levied 13 colonies with that pre-Revolution shibboleth: "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny." Mr. Albee, who lives in Denver, Colorado, hangs it on Patrick Henry. Anyway, Mr. Albee says that "Patrick didn't know when he was well off. He should see it *with* representation."

★ ★ ★

And from Walla Walla, Washington, an Air Force captain notifies us that his father has a souped-up tractor, his brother drives a souped-up car, his sister operates a souped-up typewriter and that he's piloting a souped-up bomber. It is his firm belief that a little souped-up thinking in strategic spots in Washington would help some.

★ ★ ★

Old 48's feeling a bit smug. Reason: just stumped the Census Bureau. The bureau

is unable to tell us how come the 4 per cent increase in marriages in Arkansas in 1951 is almost matched by the increase in the sale of shotgun shells.

★ ★ ★

A Los Angeles gentleman, who for some unaccountable reason does not want to be identified, tells us that one day his wife nagged at her first husband to fetch in some kindling for the stove. First husband went out and kept right on going. Two years later he returned with a nice armload of kindling. "There's your wood, darling," said he. "Sure took your time," said she. "See if I can do better this time," said he. That was ten years ago. First husband never came back. "We're cooking with gas now," laments this Los Angeles gentleman. "Opportunities ain't what they used to be."

★ ★ ★

Depressed, too, is Mr. Henry B. Janckless, of Richmond, Virginia. Can't find a man to mow the lawn. Offered the job to six odd-job men, he says, with no takers. "Two of them writing TV scripts, one is walking around with a sax looking for a job in a band, another's turned actor and two of them are writing novels."

★ ★ ★

Maybe Mr. Leonidas N. Billings, of Coral Gables, Florida, is right in denouncing the platform of his neighbor, Mr. Carroll Sheldin Shaw, as "unmitigated nonsense." Mr. Shaw has nominated himself for President. He's for declaring all money worthless. Everybody busted and start all over again. Then everybody would get $200 a week from the government plus $10 for each dependent. Every penny would have to be spent in 30 days. Each piece of money would bear the recipient's name so that no one else could spend it. Maybe, as we say, Mr. Billings is right. But we reserve judgment until we read the two platforms adopted in Chicago in July.

★ ★ ★

Just been looking over the government's latest corn program. Tells us how to grow more of it. Better quality, too. But it doesn't fever us too much. When more and better corn is produced, you'll find it right here in this department of Collier's.

★ ★ ★

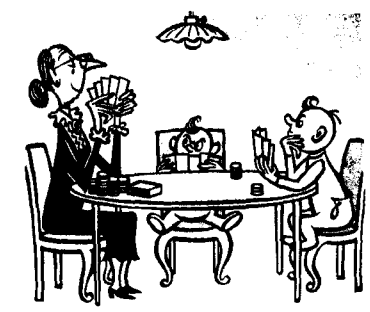
Same mail fetched us a comforting report from a recent conference of the Defense Production Administration. We'd been worrying about the DPA and we know you have too. But this reassuring paragraph we're passing on to you should restore your confidence. We quote: "We are peaking our program philosophically but it is naïve to assume the allotment program as an equity program unless the allotments are so abysmally low that they permit the agency to relax the market determination. This is based on use levels proportionately and is in the market test sense. We now have a quantitative framework with marginal qualitative reallocations to formalize the procedure for the further refining and implementing of our objectives." Feel better now, do you?

★ ★ ★

Did you know that the first governor of North Carolina was hanged? Neither did we. But he was—from the yardarm of a ship in York River. His crime: rebellion against the rule of King Charles II. The time: 1677. Not only, says Mrs. Annabel Poalbie, of Raleigh, is North Carolina the only one of these 48 to have hanged a governor, but it hasn't hanged one since. But this last, suggests Mrs. Poalbie, may have been due to oversight.

★ ★ ★

And there's a gentleman in Cleveland, Ohio, who thinks his two children are the best poker players for their age—four and seven—in all these 48. He said so to a lady, who was properly horrified to hear that tots of such tender years should be gamblers. Who had started them on this downward



path? "Their baby sitter," said this father with more than a mere tinge of pride. The lady suggested that this clearly depraved sitter should be punished immediately; and who was she? "Their maternal grandmother," said he with an even deeper tinge of pride. "Probably the best poker player for her years in this country."

★ ★ ★

As you doubtless know, there's a large public operation in Montana known as the

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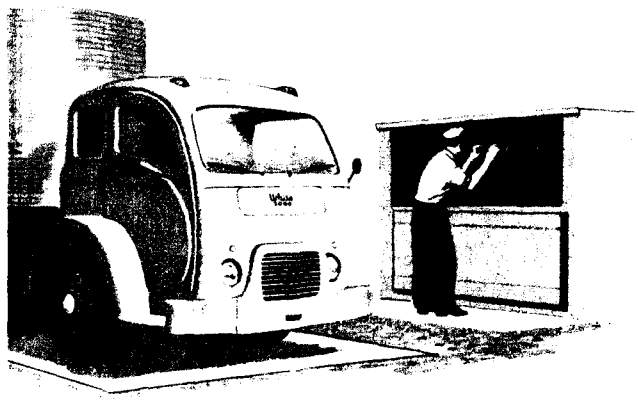
IS YOUR BUSINESS WASTING MONEY BY THE TRUCKLOAD?



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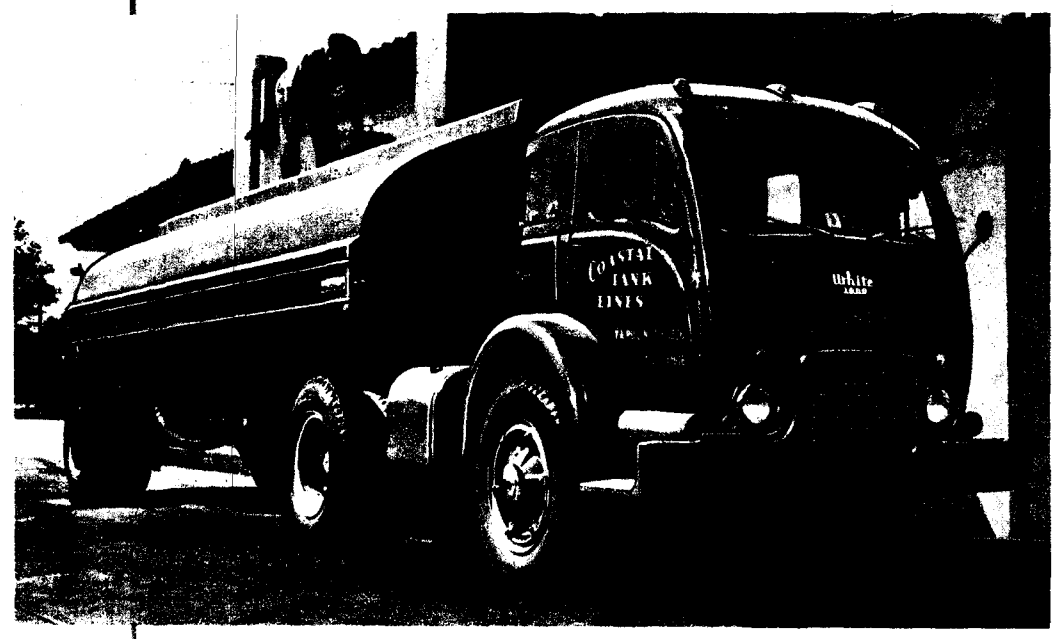

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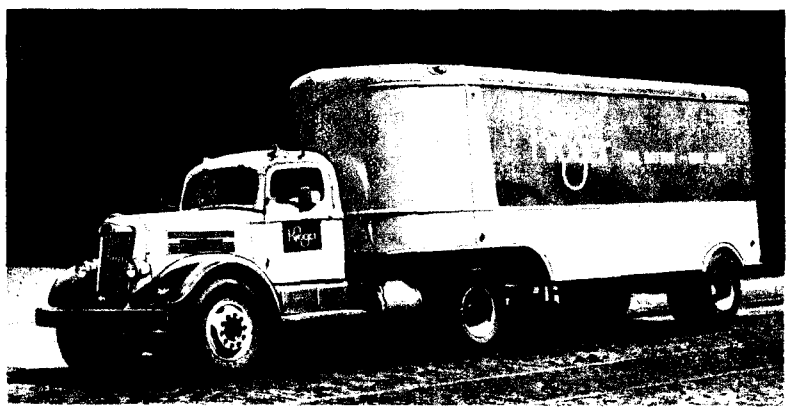

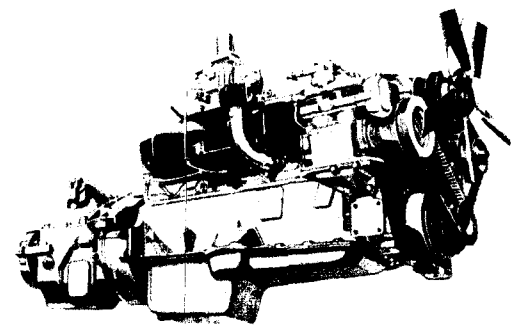

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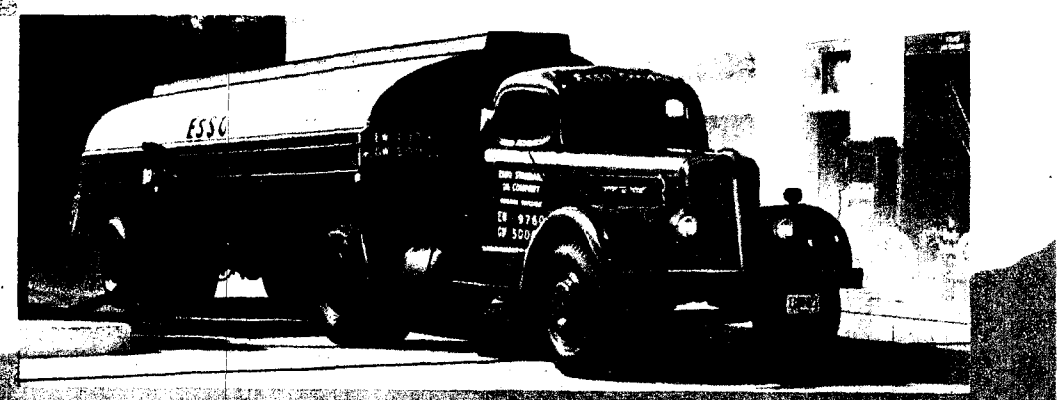

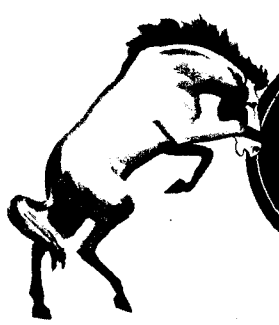

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For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* that it stops bad breath.* There's a big difference!

Colgate's Has the Proof!
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Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* Colgate Dental Cream preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!

Colgate's Has the Proof!
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STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

READER'S DIGEST reported the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! And, while not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in this scientific research.

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

Hungry Horse Dam. The Honorable W. F. Norrell, Representative in Congress from Arkansas, sniffs. Says it's a silly name. Thinks Hungry Horse should be changed to something dignified. Says so, too, every chance he gets while talking to folks from Oil Trough, Okay, Delight, Smackover, Zack, Birdeye, Dowdy, Blue Ball and Raspberry—all of which stately names are places in Arkansas.

★ ★ ★

Our friend Eben Greenleg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, just dropped in. Asked him how things were going at home. "Pretty good," said Mr. Greenleg. "Wife ain't been speaking to me since yesterday morning and I ain't interrupting her."

★ ★ ★

All we can say is that the Chinese Reds in Korea asked for it. A platoon of Marines recently left Pine Ridge, South Dakota, westward bound. Mr. Arthur H. Kerston saw them off and, while he didn't know them all, he recognized Woodrow Respects Nothing, Joseph Cedar Face, Samuel Smashed Ice, Jefferson He Crow, Rolland High Pipe, Isidore Leading Fighter, La Vern Two Bulls, Maynard Top Bear, Adam Makes Room For Them and Wesley Pretty Weasel. If you're still with us, the lads were recruited from the Sioux Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations. War dance just before they entrained.

★ ★ ★

If your seat is in the front row of Margo Jones's theater-in-the-round in Dallas, Texas, you've got to tuck your legs well in under you—unless, of course, you want to trip up the actors. We've just been informed by Mr. Bernie Cuff that a friend of his was sitting in that front row and said to his neighbor: "If I'd known I was going to be in this play, I'da had a haircut and my shoes shined."

★ ★ ★

And Mr. Kern Rudick, of Biddeford, Maine, would like it known that he no longer owns that barn that visiting artists painted so many pictures of. Kind of fond of that barn, was Mr. Rudick, having owned it all those years. But when he heard that one of those summer visitor artists sold a picture of his barn for $500, love curdled. Mr. Rudick sold the old barn. He got $18 for it.

★ ★ ★

Thus we fall back exhausted until next week with a melancholy word from Mr. Stan Weir. From Seattle, Washington, Mr. Weir complains his take-home pay is so puny that it can hardly stand the trip.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

easier in the valley knowing that such tremendous power is being harnessed for our defense if we need it.

The list of expanding companies is certainly impressive. I noticed, however, that you mentioned Chrysler and General Motors and was wondering how come you left out the Ford company? Certainly they have played a major role in the development of American industry and mass-production methods.

MRS. CECILIA SPRAGUE, Wilmington, Del.

The Psycho-Phonies

EDITOR: Just a word of congratulations and thanks for publishing Exposing the Psycho-Phonies (March 22d).

Jhan Robbins did a first-rate job in summarizing a situation which is growing more vicious every day. We sincerely hope you will find the occasion to follow this one up sometime in the near future.

WALLACE H. WULFECK, Ph.D.,
New York, N.Y.

. . . I have read Exposing the Psycho-Phonies, and I can say that I am horrified. I had never stopped to think that such things might be. Should I look for them, I imagine I would find the same corruption in my own small home town.

Is there no law forbidding these practices when they are known to people, as they were known to Mr. Robbins? Surely there is, when so much visible harm is done. What should one do when in need of a psychologist? What is the difference between a psychologist and a psychiatrist? What steps can be taken to determine the reputation of a practitioner, either good or bad? If it is found that a certain supposed "doctor" is a farce, can anything be done? Can the law interfere?

SUE PRICE, Fort Smith, Ark.

A psychiatrist is required to have a medical degree; a psychologist is not. As for the law's interfering, Mr. Robbins stated in his article that only four states have laws governing the practice of psychological consultation.

. . . In Exposing the Psycho-Phonies you mentioned that an osteopath, along with an artist, a lawyer, a musician, an auditor and a plumber were the phonies in one locality. The tone of the article sounds as if the osteopath is not qualified to advise people who need the services of one educated in these particular fields.

There is a possibility that this person is not an osteopath but someone posing as such. This situation happens frequently.

The training of the osteopaths in our six colleges in the United States would give them ample foundation for perfecting themselves as specialists if they cared to take up this particular phase of practice. You are perhaps familiar with the fact that, to matriculate in our osteopathic colleges, our students must have four years of high school and two years of premedic college training and then attend four years of nine months in the osteopathic college.

J. M. NISWANDER, D.O., Indianapolis, Ind.

Gainfully Employed

EDITOR: In your Week's Mail of March 29th, Norman Kaufmann, Baltimore, Maryland, writes, in reference to my article, Hollywood's Exclusive Comedians' Club, "More than half the group appear neither on the screen, stage nor regular radio or television programs." This is Mr. Kaufmann's means of proving a rather specious point: "They appeal to the author more than to the general public."

For Mr. Kaufmann's information, I should like to point out that Jack Benny and George Burns appear regularly on CBS radio and television programs; Harpo is signed with NBC for five years; Groucho is signed for even longer than that; and Danny Kaye manages to scratch out a meager living in the movies.

As for the other six, Chico has been earning a four-figured salary playing personal appearances ever since the Marx Brothers dissolved their partnership; George Jessel has been a guest star on any number of radio and TV shows, and could have one of his own if his producing chores at Fox would allow the time; and the Ritz Brothers are still extremely popular on the night-club and personal-appearance circuits.

So out of the 11 Round Table comedians, Lou Holtz is the only one who doesn't appear before the public regularly; but he is semiretired with a couple of million dollars in the bank, which I don't think he stole from one of Brink's armored trucks.

ARTHUR MARX, Beverly Hills, Cal.

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It takes some planning to arrange a

Royal Send-off

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

JACK ROBERTS hung his hat on the rack, put his briefcase on his desk and turned to his secretary. "Any messages?"

Miss Wilmot glanced at the notes scribbled on the pad near her telephone. "Your wife wants to know if you'll be home at the usual time tonight. Mr. Gleason wants you to talk at the Business Men's Lunch next Thursday. And . . . " The telephone rang. Miss Wilmot answered it, looked at him and said, "It's Mr. Granger." Jack nodded and sat down at his desk.

"Hi, Bob!" he said, "What's new?" Bob Granger was publisher and editor of the town's daily newspaper.

"Listen, Jack," the voice on the telephone said, "Have you heard about Don Bradford?"

"Don Bradford? What about him?" Don had been principal of the high school as long as most folks in town could remember. He was principal in 1920, when Bob and Jack graduated, and had been principal ever since.

"Well, the old boy's definitely decided to retire!" Bob Granger said. "The school board announced it last night and I've heard that he and Mrs. Bradford are leaving for the Coast next month!"

"You don't say!" Jack grinned—and the grin widened. For once he'd beaten Bob to a story! He'd known for weeks what Don's plans were—for years, in fact. As his New York Life agent he had helped Don figure out how, with the income from his life insurance policies and the pension he would get, he would be able to take things easy for the rest of his life.

The voice on the telephone went on. "Well, I've been thinking that Don Bradford has done so much for practically everyone in town over the years that we ought to get together and give the Bradfords a royal send-off when they leave for the Coast. You know—luncheon at the hotel, school band at the station, all that sort of thing. And I was hoping you'd have time to head up one of the committees."

Miss Wilmot, glancing up from her typewriter, wondered why Jack Roberts was smiling so broadly when he said, "Why, sure, Bob—good idea. I'll be glad to do anything I can to help—anything at all . . . "

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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TWO WEEKS MARRIED
-and he bites my head off!
BAH! IT'S HIS CIGARETTE COUGHING FITS THAT ARE MAKING HIM GROUCHY!
SWITCH TO A PIPE, FELLA -A COOL, SWEET-SMOKING YELLO-BOLE WILL WIPE THAT GROUCH AWAY!
YELLO-BOLE PIPES ARE COATED WITH HONEY— THERE'S NO "BREAK-IN" BLUES, NO STING, NO RAW WOODY TASTE
YES, SIR-IT'S LOVE AT FIRST PUFF WITH A YELLO-BOLE PIPE!
I'M GONNA HONEYMOON FOR LIFE WITH THIS HONEY OF A PIPE!
MR. BUSY BEE SAYS:
GIVE YOUR THROAT A LIFETIME TREAT, GET A YELLO-BOLE! STARTS SWEET... SMOKES SWEET ... STAYS SWEET
AND DON'T FORGET... YELLO-BOLES ARE WELCOME GIFTS FOR ANY MAN WHO SMOKES!
YELLO-BOLE pipes
WIDE VARIETY OF SHAPES...$1.00 to $2.50...IMPORTED BRIAR

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

Where Torpp gets his irritating information I don't know

Mooting a Point

By E. C. K. READ

IT LOOKED like a pretty congenial evening, by and large. Jervis Torpp, an old friend from California, had dropped around unexpectedly in time for the evening meal, and we were all as merry as andrews over the after-dinner mints. So convivial did things become, indeed, that I took to reminiscing about our prewar days together on the West Coast, mostly for the benefit of my wife who is not entirely familiar with that phase of my career.

That's how I happened to clap Torpp on the back in a climactic burst of good will, making one of the occasional classical references for which I am famous:

"Why, Jervis and I were as close as Damon and Pythias, the most devoted friends that history records!"

A smug gray cloud immediately formed on Torpp's smiling countenance. With the air of a cat who has just polished off the family macaw, he said evenly:

"It's not Damon and Pythias. It's Damon and *Phintias.*"

"Oh, come, come," I said. "*Everybody* says Pythias."

But of course we looked it up and of course Torpp was right. The encyclopedia even rubbed my nose in it by saying "DAMON AND PHINTIAS (*not* Pythias)."

How Torpp came into possession of this irritating piece of information I do not know, but the incident brought into focus something of which I had been only dimly aware: namely that Torpp-like individuals lurk everywhere in our society and may well account for the haggard quality of the times. Their specialty is torpedoing, with thinly veiled condescension, other people's eternal beliefs.

I can well recall, for example, the first time I tangled horns with a Torpp. It was at high school, during a lunch-hour discussion in which somebody chanced to mention the battle of Bunker Hill. An infant prodigy at the end of the table observed dryly that the contest had actually taken place at Breed's Hill. There is no doubt in my mind but what this precise little creep was also first in his age group to insist on calling it the War between the States, when Civil War was good enough for everybody else.

As in the case of the Bunker Hill deal, your true Torppian may be identified by his ready use of the word "actually." When writing instead of talking, he may bolster this with the phrase "not, as popularly believed . . ." Thus my newspaper imparted the tedious knowledge the other day that it was not, as p.b., Mark Twain who said, "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it," but actually some obscure editor or other.

What is a man to put his faith in? By this time, the Torpps among us have pretty well got the word around (1) that it is not money that *is* the root of all evil, but the *love* of money, (2) that Betsy Ross never laid a needle to the flag and (3) that oysters are actually edible all year round, instead of just in the R months—here we go again—as popularly believed. But they're constantly dredging up new material.

My wife claims that she recently heard from the grocer, who heard it over the radio, that the Rock of Gibraltar is actually weak as a kitten and has had to be shored up with all manner of cables and reinforcements. I don't have the strength to check the accuracy of this. What's more, I'm too busy getting ready to repel the summer sages who announce each year that, actually, hot drinks keep you cooler in hot weather than cold drinks.

Well, maybe some tropical July night when Torpp is sipping a tall jar of pepperpot soup and I'm sweating over a Collins, I'll ask him who was the first President of the United States. He'll say George Washington and I'll say, "Hah! Actually, Washington was preceded by McKean, Hanson, Boudinot, Mifflin and at least four other guys who headed up sessions of the Continental Congress and were generally known as President of the United States in Congress Assembled."

In the meantime, not a word of this to Torpp, fellows. It'll give him time to work up some new act to the effect that the cherry tree George didn't cut down was not a cherry tree, as popularly believed, but an unusually tall sprig of sour grape. ▲▲▲

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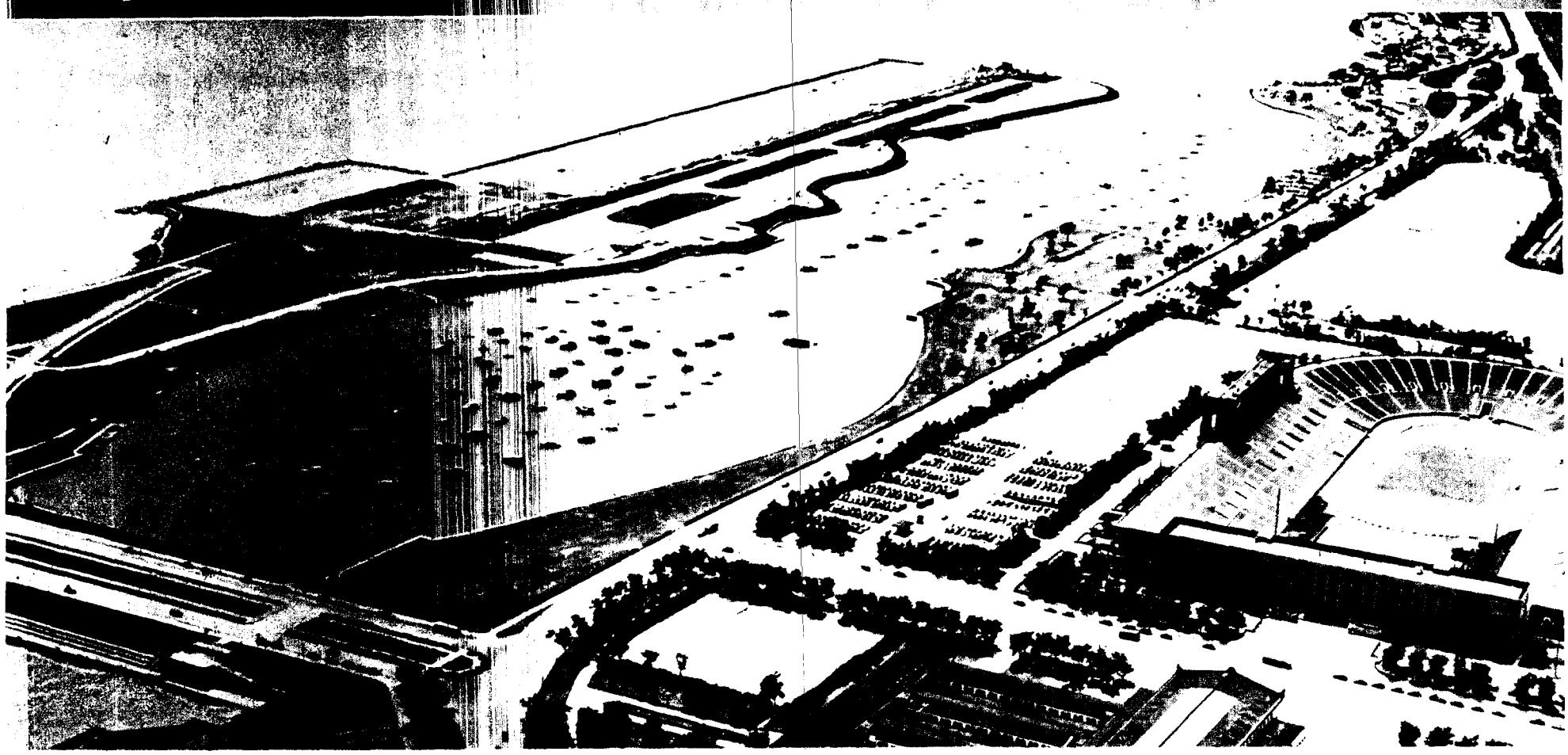
Only STEEL can d



CHANGING WATER INTO LAND. That's what happened when this Northerly Island Airport was built on Chicago's lake front, only a few minutes from the Loop. By sinking steel sheet piling, made by U. S. Steel, into the lake bottom, and filling the enclosure thus made with sand dredged from the lake, runways were created on which planes can land conveniently close to the city's business district.

WIND SLOTS. Complex design problems were encountered in the construction of the Tacoma Narrows bridge. Due to high winds in the gorge it crosses, terrific pressure would build up under the bridge floor. But this new bridge, replacing the old, has open gratings of U·S·S I-Beam Lok Steel Flooring between the traffic lanes, dissipating unusual wind pressures. These "wind slots" also make the bridge floor easier to keep clean. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

DOUGHNUT PARADE. And no traffic tie-ups, either . . . because these doughnuts travel smoothly and swiftly from their oven on a Cyclone Conveyor Belt made by U. S. Steel. Conveyor belts of steel are so widely used today in manufacturing, processing and handling operations, that they are known the world over as a symbol of American production efficiency.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

A *lot* of steel is used for *little* things. Typical steel allotments to defense supporting users in the last quarter of 1951:

718 tons of steel for buttons
5100 tons for baby carriages
4500 tons for umbrella frames and canes
1379 tons for mops and dusters
35,500 tons for venetian blinds

AERIAL ROCKETS and machine gun bullets like these are but 2 of the thousands of items needed for defense in which steel is a necessity. To help supply the steel for urgent security needs, as well as for countless every day uses, United States Steel has steadily expanded its capacity . . . is even now spending its second billion dollars since World War II to assure more and better steel.

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This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

AMERICAN BRIDGE . . . AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE *and* CYCLONE FENCE . . . COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL . . . CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL . . . GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING . . . NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* **UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH**
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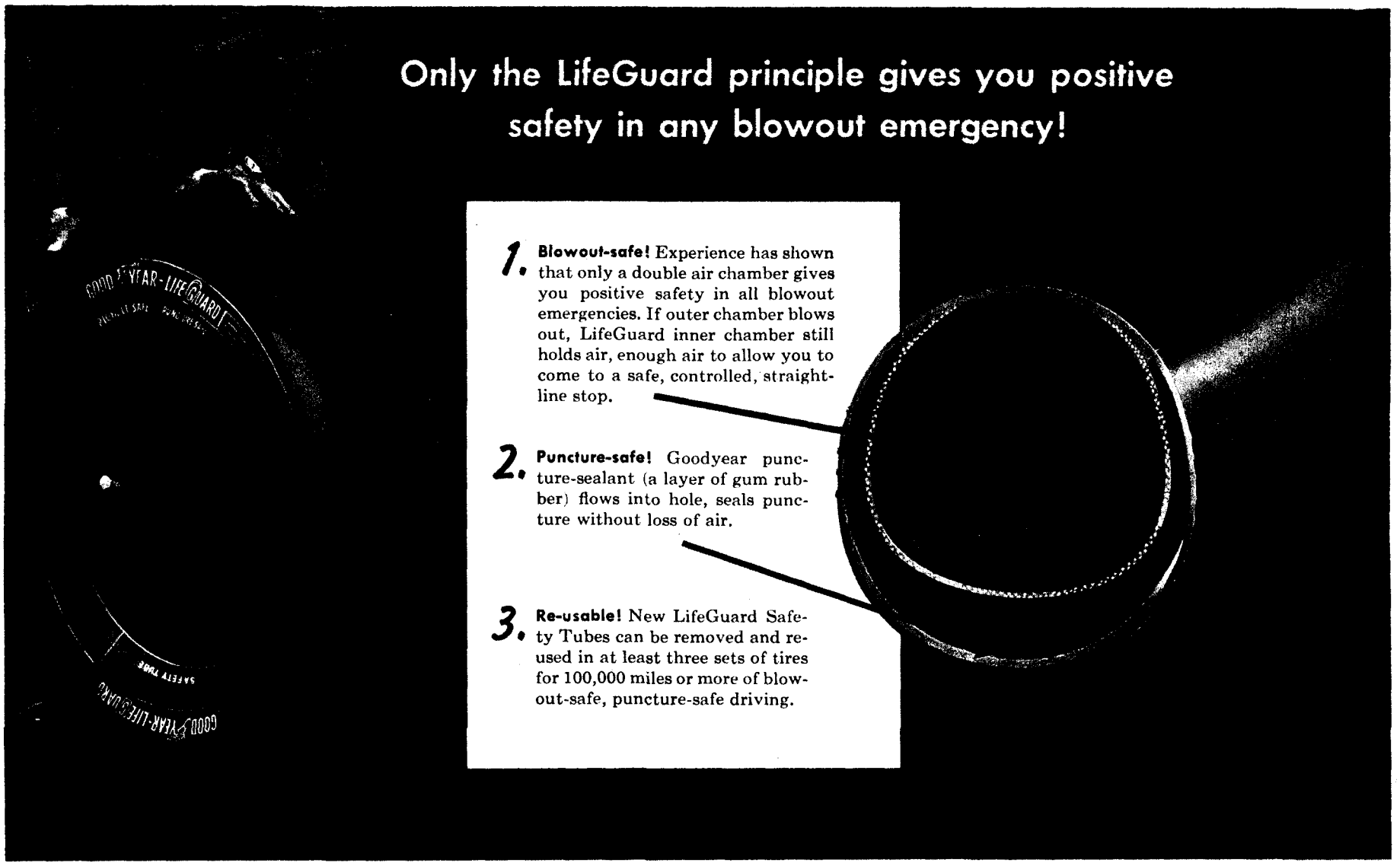
Now! The New LifeGuard Safety Tube—complete, positive and proved safety!

BLOWOUT SAFE! PUNCTURE-SAFE!


Only the LifeGuard principle gives you positive safety in any blowout emergency!
1. Blowout-safe! Experience has shown that only a double air chamber gives you positive safety in all blowout emergencies. If outer chamber blows out, LifeGuard inner chamber still holds air, enough air to allow you to come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop.
2. Puncture-safe! Goodyear puncture-sealant (a layer of gum rubber) flows into hole, seals puncture without loss of air.
3. Re-usable! New LifeGuard Safety Tubes can be removed and re-used in at least three sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more of blowout-safe, puncture-safe driving.
GOODYEAR-LIFEGUARD
SAFETY TUBE

The only 100,000-mile re-usable protection! You save 20% to 43% per wheel!

NOW! AT LAST. A low-cost, practical way to make your car blowout-safe and puncture-safe. And we're talking about positive, complete, *proved* safety against *all* blowouts!

It's the New LifeGuard Safety Tube by Goodyear. It makes the worst blowout harmless and seals its own punctures. In 17 years, in millions of miles of driving, we know of no case of failure of the LifeGuard principle in a blowout emergency.

And it's *re-usable!* You can use a set of the New LifeGuard Safety Tubes for 100,000 miles or more. You spread the cost over three or more sets of tires. For when your tires wear out you simply purchase Goodyear tires at the regular price. Remove the LifeGuard Safety Tubes from your old tires and install in your new tires! You save 20% to 43% per wheel. You get the surest protection you can buy!

And these New LifeGuard Safety Tubes by Goodyear hold air more than 5 times longer than natural-rubber tubes.

See your Goodyear dealer today. Find out how much you save on the re-usable New LifeGuard Safety Tube, the kind of *practical* protection *every* motorist can afford!

NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES

by GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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UNITED PRESS—VAN STEEN

Why I'm for EISENHOWER

By THOMAS E. DEWEY

"He knows the world problem and how to handle it," says New York's governor, and "he has the vigor, the character and the vision . . . to restore the faith of our people in their government"

I HAVE two sons sixteen and nineteen years old, both of whom will undoubtedly serve in the armed forces of the United States. Having passed the age of fifty, my principal interest in life, like that of most people, is in my country and in the future of my children.

I want to see America remain free so my sons can enjoy the same liberties and have the same chance to lead a good life that my father handed down to me.

I want to see the American government honest again so that the respect and confidence of the people in our Republic will be restored.

I want my sons to have a chance to live out their lives in a world at peace.

That is why I am for Dwight Eisenhower for President of the United States.

No American who has a ghost of a chance to be elected President knows the nature of the problems of the world as well as Eisenhower. He is a most beloved and respected American not only at home but throughout the free world; he is the American most feared by the Kremlin.

With Eisenhower as President, I make the flat assertion that Stalin would not dare launch World War III, because Stalin knows he would be licked under Eisenhower's leadership just as Hitler was licked. With Eisenhower's sure-footed knowledge of world conditions we would not stumble into wars or create them by our own ineptitude, as the Truman administration has done. I do not know any possible nominee other than Eisenhower in either party who can give such leadership and such security to the people of America.

At sixty-one he has the vigor, the character and the vision to lead this country, to restore the faith of our people in their government and to administer it as no man has done for many a year. His nomination and election would rescue our government from the moral degradation and tragic incompetence to which it has now sunk.

The first time I met General Eisenhower was in New York City on June 19, 1945, the day of his welcome home from the great military victory in Europe. At the end of a day of tumultuous crowds, many ceremonies, with no time out for rest, he was to speak on all four national networks at a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

As he walked on to the dais, he captured the hearts of everyone in the room—enthusiasts and cynics, hard-shelled reactionaries and liberals, old and young. He was not a conquering hero; he was a nice guy from Kansas who had done a swell job in welding many nations into the force that saved America and the free world from conquest by the Axis.

He reached his seat next to mine and we shook hands for the first time. I felt at once that I had known him for years. We sat down to eat and it was one of those magic occasions at which the conversation seems to catch fire. It raced from one subject to another. For two hours during the course of the dinner we talked *(Continued on page 79)*

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Mario pushed up again, but Angelo held him firmly. It would take some effort to break away, and that would attract attention, so Mario sat where he was

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The Take-Charge Guy

By JACK WEEKS

Beginning a two-part novelette about bribery in the big leagues, and about Mario Canto, a fighting shortstop who gambled his whole career to protect the game that supported him

I

MARIO CANTO stood in the doorway of the boys' club and watched the last kid come out of the warm gym and join the rough-house in the snow. Something knocked his hat off from behind. He let the hat go and stooped quickly and began packing a snowball. The kids scattered, some of them ducking around his car at the curb. He had to laugh, they reminded him so much of himself when he was their age. Around here, in Lake City, they were mostly Polish. Where he grew up, on the West Side of New York, it was all Italian, but he could not see much difference. In both neighborhoods they were poor and tough and anxious to get everything that was coming to them, always afraid they were going to be gypped, ready to fight and kick on every decision. These kids had been boxing and playing basketball and volleyball all afternoon in the gym, and here they were now, trying to steal a few more minutes of fun, hanging around to see what else might come their way.

Mario pointed his finger at three of them waiting near the car. "You and you and you," he said.

It was a custom of his to pick out a few and take them to dinner and a show or something. The kids he had chosen yelled and dived into the car, scuffling on the seats, grabbing at the wheel, beeping the horn.

The others clamored at him.

"I can't take all of you," he said. "Besides, those guys played good today, so they get a bonus. The rest of you clowned around too much. Okay, now. Go straight home. Off the streets."

He picked up his hat. One of the kids handed him a snowball. He had been working on it a long time and it was well made.

"Let's see you hit that stop sign," the kid said. "Just once."

He threw smoothly, and the ball sped out, with only a little arc, and plumped against the sign, dead center.

"Some arm," the kid said.

"You read it in the papers, didn't you?" Mario said. "The most valuable player in the American League."

"That means you're the best shortstop of all of them, hey, Mario?"

"Listen," Mario said. "I'll give you the dope. Only if you see any sports writers hanging around, don't tell them. That Rizzuto. He's the best."

"He's a bum," the kid said. "You're the best, Mario. Any day."

They stood in a circle, looking at him, giving him all their attention. They were always doing that, always asking questions, and they remembered everything they saw and heard. They could describe him pretty well and tell you most of his biography. They knew that he was twenty-eight years old, five feet nine and a quarter inches tall, and weighed a hundred and sixty-five pounds. The youngest ones knew that Mario's batting average during his four seasons in the majors was .339 and that last year he and the Lions' second baseman had set a new American League record for double plays.

His quick gestures and sudden smiles and frowns were as familiar to them as they were to his own mother, and in front of their mirrors they often practiced the same expressions themselves. When they were slouching along the streets, one of them would sometimes straighten up and say, "Here's the way Mario Canto walks," and would move then in Mario's manner, which was dignified and yet not stiff. A lot of the girls in the neighborhood, who were excited by his black hair and dark skin, dreamed about having dates with him and kept pictures of him in their rooms.

Mario bent over suddenly and scooped up some snow. The ring of kids broke and he was able to get through and into his car.

"We're going to the airport," he said to the boys in the car. "We can get a good meal there and you can look at the planes."

"I seen them already," one of the kids said.

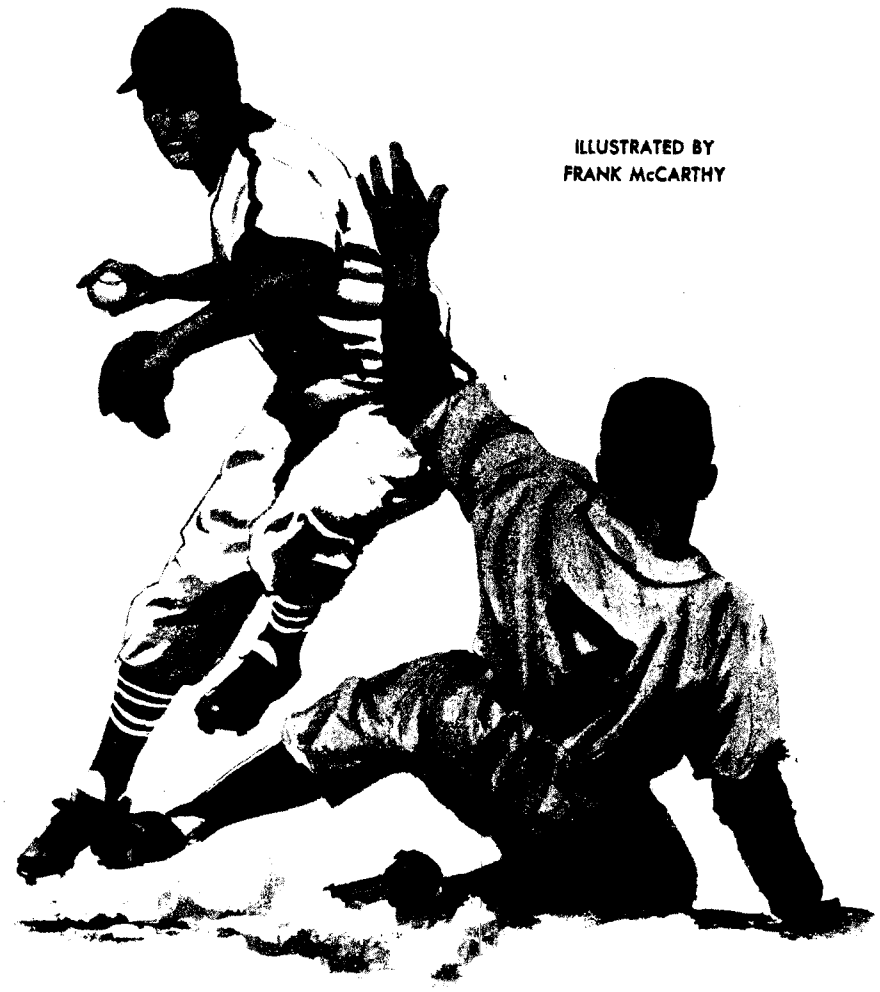
"You can stand them once more," Mario said. "As a favor to me. I got a girl coming in on one of them tonight. An air-line stewardess. After you've eaten and we've picked her up, I'll run you home. Next time we'll make it a movie."

They looked unhappy and made gestures showing their ideas about girls.

"This is a nice girl," Mario said, "so behave. Her name is Callie. Callie Simmons."

"She from around here?"

"No," Mario said. "From Georgia, but you can't hardly tell. Her headquarters is New York."



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

"Where's Georgia?" the kid said.

"In the Southern Association," Mario said. "Class Double-A."

At the airport, Mario hurried them through their meal and took them out to the gate as soon as they were finished. He didn't want to run any chance of missing Callie's plane. He was nervous about the whole thing. She didn't know he was going to be here, and he wasn't sure how she would take it. He had met her only once before, on a plane going East a few weeks ago, and he hadn't said anything about a date. She had told him all about another guy she liked, and Mario had decided that he was out of the running. But he couldn't get her off his mind. He had to do something about it and today he had called the air line and had found out when she was due and that she was scheduled for a layover tonight in Lake City.

THE loud-speaker crackled suddenly and announced her plane. Mario jumped, shivered a little. The landing lights of Callie's plane showed above the housetops beyond the edge of the field. Mario had ridden planes a lot in recent years, and he had seen the bombers and fighters coming and going during the war, and had never thought much about them being dangerous. But this plane was different. When the wheels touched and it rolled, straight and smooth, along the runway and there was no doubt that the man was going to bring it right up to the gate without a bit of trouble, Mario was surprised to find that he had been holding his breath and that his hands were sweating.

The plane parked close enough to where they were standing for them to see Callie plainly when the door opened. One of the kids started a wolf whistle, as Mario had expected, and he clamped a hand over the kid's mouth, but not in time to shut off the first note. Callie heard it and turned toward them. The light framed her short-cut, red-gold hair, bright under the dark uniform cap. Mario let go of the kid's mouth to wave, but she had turned away again to take care of her passengers before he could lift his hand.

The passengers were disposed of, finally, and Callie came down the ramp at last, followed closely by the pilot and copilot. She walked with her head high, taking long, sure strides and looking taller than she really was.

The oldest kid with Mario whistled softly, just once, and said, "Get her!"

"Shut up," Mario said.

As she came closer, she laughed at something the copilot was saying, and she would have gone by without noticing Mario if he had not called her name.

She stopped and looked hard at him, and for a moment he was afraid she didn't recognize him. Then she smiled and came forward at once,

(Continued on page 71)

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Oh, that's very sweet," said Sally, "but I couldn't." "Why not?" I said. "You don't have to be in bed by eleven o'clock, do you?"

From Adam On Down

Fred had nothing against girls; it was just matrimony he disapproved of. But Nature abhors a bachelor, and Fred found himself living in a social vacuum

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

I GOT in wrong with the boss the third day. He had been very helpful and had given me a list of possible places to live. I didn't want to live in any of those places. He said he would introduce me to the young married set. I didn't want to meet them. Young married people usually talk about babies or something equally repulsive.

What I did was I got a room at the country club. They had a very fine club in town, and I happened to know a member who had been a friend of my father's. He put my name up for membership, and I joined the club and got a room on the second floor, overlooking the eighteenth fairway. It seemed like an ideal solution. If I fell out the window, I was on the golf course; if I fell downstairs, I was in the bar.

Third morning, the boss came over to my desk. He was the Big Brother type. "You settled yet, Fred?" he said. "Or are you still in that hotel?"

"All settled, thanks," I said.

"Fine," he said. "We'll have you out for dinner one of these nights. Probably next week. Right now my little girl has a rash."

They always have something. I didn't want to go. "It's perfectly all right," I said.

"Don't want you to be lonely," the boss said. He meant it; he was a very friendly guy. "Where are you living?"

I didn't exactly like to tell him. "Out on Gates Road."

"Gates Road," he said. "There's nothing out there I even knew about. Nothing but the country club."

"That's right," I said. "I got a room there."

"At Hillcrest?" he said. His eyes bulged. "I didn't know they rented rooms."

"They have a few," I said. "Eight or nine rooms."

"But aren't they for members?"

"That's right," I said. "I got a room by joining the club."

"You joined the club!" he exploded. "I've been dreaming about the day when I could afford to belong to Hillcrest."

"It's not so bad, Jim," I said. "Cost me five hundred for a bond. Cost me a hundred for initiation fees. Dues are a couple of hundred a year."

"Eight hundred dollars," he said. "You have to spend eight hundred dollars before you can step on the first tee."

"That's just the first year," I said. "Next year it only costs me two hundred."

The boss stared at me. "How much did I hire you for?"

"Thirty-six hundred a year," I said.

"That's what I thought," he said. "I thought maybe you thought it was more. You don't think you're getting in over your head?"

"I had some money saved up from summer jobs," I said. "That got me in. Besides, Jim, I don't have any responsibilities. I don't have a wife. I don't have three kids."

"Holy Toledo," he said. "Four weeks out of college and he joins Hillcrest Country Club."

He staggered across the room and sat down at his desk, and his day was ruined. Every now and then he looked over at me and shook his head. You'd think it was my fault he had a wife and three kids and couldn't belong to Hillcrest.

It was very nice at the club when I went out there that night. Mike, the bartender, was a solid man to talk to, and after a cocktail I went into the dining room. It was a weekday and they were doing very little business; it was sort of a hushed atmosphere until some fellow came in with his wife and small child. Right off, the kid began making remarks about the soup. He didn't like it. He said so in a loud voice, and ended up pouring the soup on the floor. Five minutes later, he was sticking mashed potatoes in his ears. The family canceled the whole deal and left, mama grim, papa burning, and Junior leering at me as he was dragged by.

"Well, George," I said to the headwaiter, "there goes a typical family. Just picture the happy little scene when they get home. Mother in tears, father blowing his top, Junior squalling in the nursery; and nothing in the refrigerator but a couple of grapefruit. It didn't have to happen, George. He didn't have to propose to her."

George gave me a *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

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GLAMOR GAL AT 87

TV's Georgiana Carhart retired as a concert singer in 1911 and came back 37 years later as the air waves' octogenarian Queen of Quips

By PHILIP MINOFF

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ED FEINGERSH

ONE recent Monday evening, the octogenarian oracles who make up the panel of television's Life Begins at 80 were halfway through their weekly program when the studio was shaken by the backfiring of a passing truck.

Moderator Jack Barry, who knew the blast must have also gone out over the air waves, immediately began searching his brain for a gag to fill the lull he was certain would follow. The lull never came, for a split second after the explosion, a strident female voice at his right shouted, "Shoot 'er again, Newt—she ain't dead yet!"

The voice was that of Mrs. Georgiana Carhart, the panel's eighty-seven-year-old spark plug, and the howls that greeted the line were just a little less violent than the blast itself. But with or without the gratuitous assistance of a passing vehicle, Mrs. Carhart's off-the-cuff sallies have made her the unpredictable darling of TV fans from nine to ninety.

The barbed quips that spring from her handsome, white head are made doubly effective by the expressive blue eyes she uses as punctuation marks. When she squints and raises her eyebrows, she's being soulful. When she tightens her lips and glares at an adversary, she's belligerent. And when she opens her eyes and mouth wide in one quick movement, she's registering shock at the boldness of something she has just said.

Life Begins at 80 is a completely unrehearsed discussion show on the Du Mont television network, in which a board of five pundits (all past eighty) discuss problems submitted by viewers. The queries are neither inspired nor world-shaking. Running a narrow gamut between, "Should a husband get up at night to feed the baby?" and "Should a girl be sent to a coeducational college?", they serve merely as a springboard for Mrs. Carhart and her venerable teammates.

Georgiana's most frequent antagonist on the panel is jovial, gnomelike Fred Stein, a real-estate dealer who is four years her junior.

When one viewer wanted to know whether the panel believed in "horse sense," Stein told a touching story of a horse and wagon he owned in the early part of his business career. "That horse," he said, "was real smart. Sometimes, coming home late at night, I'd fall asleep in the driver's seat, and he'd take me straight to the barn."

"He didn't need horse sense for that," snapped Georgiana. "That's where *anyone* would have taken you."

On another occasion, Stein answered a viewer's query about "proper upbringing" by boasting that his father didn't allow him to leave the house in the evening until he reached the age of fifteen. "And then he *threw* you out," barked Georgiana.

Besides Georgiana and her favorite straight man, those who appear most regularly on the rotating panel are Paolo Gallico, eighty-four, father of author Paul Gallico and still an active concert pianist; Mrs. Jessie Graham, eighty-five, a former character actress; Fred Irving Cox, eighty-one, a onetime Interstate Commerce Commissioner; Miss Lorna Standish, eighty-two, an ex-star of the musical comedy stage; Dr. Harry St. Clair Hathaway, eighty-one, a retired Episcopalian minister; and Edwin Lane, eighty-four, a former sea captain. All are highly alert and articulate, but the less inhibited Mrs. Carhart usually walks away with the honors.

Mrs. Carhart's shrewdness and gossamer innuendoes started becoming famous almost four years ago—shortly after a friend caught the debut of Life Begins at 80 on radio, and decided that Georgiana would be a natural for it. On their way to the audition, Mrs. Carhart maintained a running (and salty) monologue with the elevator operator in the broadcasting building until he reached the proper floor. As his two passengers stepped out, he said to Georgiana, resignedly, "Lady, you don't need an audition—you're in."

It's doubtful whether any other person in history has ever embarked on a new career at eighty-three and met with such instantaneous success. The inexorable Mrs. Carhart also holds the distinction of being the only performer who's ever caused a TV show to be banned in Boston. The first time Life Begins at 80 was televised (the TV program is now in its third season) she told a joke so earthy that officials in Boston promptly announced that the show would not be seen again in that area. They made good on the threat the following week. But the exile was short-lived, for the flood of mail protesting the move made the authorities reconsider, and the program has been seen there every week since, without interruption.

Much too bright a gal to be unaware of what she's doing, Mrs. Carhart is, nevertheless, a deeply religious woman who insists that only a fundamentally salacious person can take offense at anything she says. "Neither on stage nor off," she claims, "would I ever dream of spicing my conversation with vulgarity, smut or misguided anatomical references."

The Du Mont television network—which recently took over the program from the American Broadcasting Company—does get an occasional letter criticizing her behavior before the cameras, but most of the complaints revolve around her avowed affection for men ("especially the good-looking ones").

"Never having been a man," says Georgiana, "I always like to be as near one as possible. Now, what on earth is wrong with that?"

Mrs. Carhart's youthful outlook and clearness of mind are the envy of many viewers one third her age. She explains her vigor in six words, "Good health, common sense and faith."

But if that answer sounds somewhat cryptic, it is much more reliable than the assumption by some of her fans that she's probably had a life completely free of grief and care.

There's little doubt that a large portion of her fourscore-and-seven has *(Continued on page 48)*

Mrs. Carhart and colleagues on Life Begins at 80. L. to r., Fred Stein, Georgiana, Paolo Gallico, guest moderator Win Elliot, Jessie Graham and Dr. Harry S. Hathaway

Regular moderator Jack Barry, though fast with a gag, admits Georgiana defeats him

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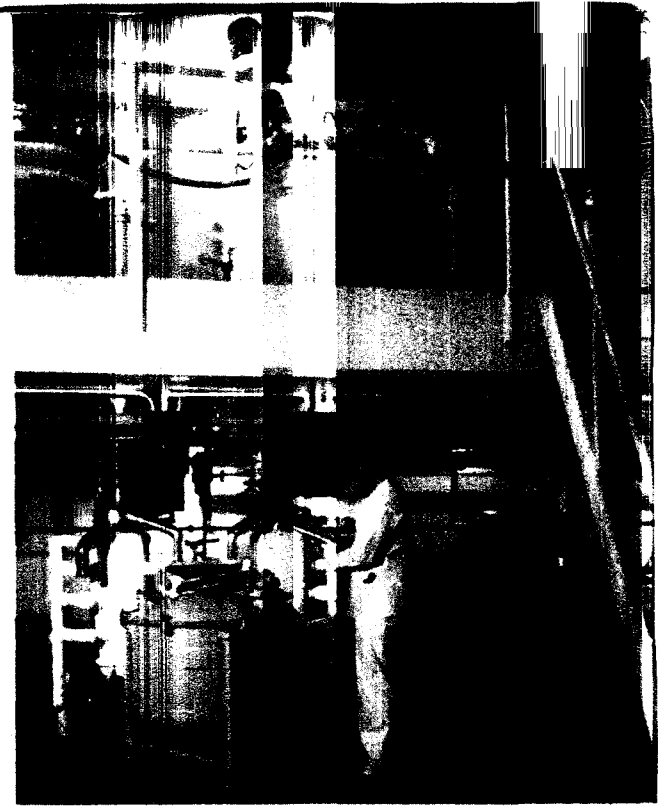
... The Menace of MEASLES

By BEN MERSON

A remarkable blood plasma by-product called gamma globulin is eliminating age-old hazards associated with man's most contagious disease. The big problem now is German measles



ROBERT GORDON JONES

Blood factor containing gamma globulin is separated in Vat 5 at Armour Laboratories

IN 968 A.D., Ali Raschid, an Arabian physician, wrote this advice to his young nephew: "The wise man shuns drunken camel drivers, unveiled women and the Red Pox. The first two are simple. They require only a firm resolve. But to escape the Red Pox one must flee from this very earth, for it seems as inevitable as life itself."

That was almost a thousand years ago. And down through the ages the Red Pox—or measles as it is called today—has remained inescapable. It literally wiped out whole populations, rising and subsiding like the tides of conquest. In the nineteenth century, doctors were still resignedly accepting it as nature's relentless method of weeding out the weaklings. And as recently as 1920 it was still killing three times as many persons as polio.

Today measles continues to be the most contagious disease known to man; and also the most prevalent. While its principal targets are children, it knows no barrier of age or sex, and it strikes nine out of ten Americans before they reach maturity. The chief danger lies in complications arising from the disease. And it is these complications—pneumonia, ear infection and other fatal aftermaths—that have given measles its sinister history.

However, the dangers have been sharply lessened in the past decade. Through the use of gamma globulin —a blood plasma by-product discovered during World War II—measles can be made so mild that the sufferer is hardly aware he is ill; and babies, to whom the disease is particularly fatal, can be given temporary immunity.

Although gamma globulin has greatly reduced the complications, measles itself is as rampant as ever, and epidemics continue to flare up throughout the nation every two or three years. This year the outbreak is centered in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the Middle Atlantic States. Before the epidemic is over—it reaches its peak this month—more than 600,000 children and young adults will have caught the disease.

"Actually the total will be double or triple this figure," says Dr. C. C. Dauer, chief of statistics at the U.S. Public Health Service in Washington, D.C. "Our records don't show half the picture. Thousands of families fail to call a physician. And thousands of physicians who *are* called fail to report their cases."

Officially measles kills about a thousand persons a year in the United States. But Dr. Dauer points out that there is no way of telling how many die of complications. "The deaths," he says, "are listed under their immediate cause, such as pneumonia, and never under measles, which often preceded the pneumonia."

To add to the confusion, measles is often mistaken for German measles. While also epidemic in the springtime, German measles is an entirely different disease. Formerly regarded as a mere nuisance, it has become one of the world's leading medical problems, following the discovery that a woman may give birth to a malformed child if she suffers an attack of German measles during the first three months of pregnancy.

True measles (called rubeola) is spread by a virus that has never been isolated or successfully grown in the laboratory. The virus dwells by the million in the nose and throat of an infected person. When breathed into the air it lives only a moment.

"But it is a life of dynamic aggression," says Dr. Morris Greenberg, director of the New York City Health Department's Bureau of Preventable Diseases. "In that moment the virus unerringly attacks any person who hasn't had measles. A sick child can infect a healthy one just by standing next to him."

Ten to 14 days later the second child shows the first signs of being ill. The symptoms are like those of a bad cold—fits of sneezing, "running" nose and watery eyes. He develops fever, and with it a hacking cough, which grows progressively worse.

Spots Seen in No Other Disease

At this stage the doctor can make a definite diagnosis, because spots appear inside the mouth. They are pinpoint size with grayish centers, and are seen in no other disease. Known as Koplik spots, they are a medical epitaph to the memory of Henry J. Koplik, the New York physician who first noted them in 1898.

After the fourth day of illness the usual measles rash breaks out. It shows up as red spots on the forehead or behind the ears, growing into large crescents that run together until the face becomes blotchy and swollen. From the face the rash sweeps over the neck, arms and body down to the toes.

This is when the child is sickest. His head aches. He is nauseated. And coughing is almost continuous. His eyes are sensitive to light. His fever shoots up to as high as 103. And he is thoroughly miserable.

"There is a superstitious belief," says Dr. Greenberg, "that the child should be kept very warm. This is cruel nonsense, since he is already hot with fever. The room should be well ventilated. And it should not be kept dark. While the disease makes the child's eyes sensitive, ordinary daylight won't bother him. To put him in the dark is psychologically bad. The child feels he is being punished for having the measles."

After about five days, the child's fever drops suddenly, his coughing and sneezing let up and the rash starts disappearing as it arrived—from the head down. The only telltale mark is a brown discoloration of the skin, like an uneven sunburn, which fades out by the end of a week.

If fever does not go down after the fifth day, the doctor should be notified immediately, as complications may have set in. The most common is bronchopneumonia. Almost as common are mastoids and middle-ear infections. Until antibiotics were put into general use, 20 out of every 100 deaf persons owed their affliction to measles.

By weakening bodily resistance measles can make the sufferer a possible target for tuberculosis, mumps, scarlet fever, chicken pox, influenza, whooping cough, kidney infections and *(Continued on page 68)*

Brave little Helen Bobrizsky gets gamma globulin injection from Dr. Max Wachsman at New York's Open Door Child Care Center. Timed properly, injection ensures measles will be mild

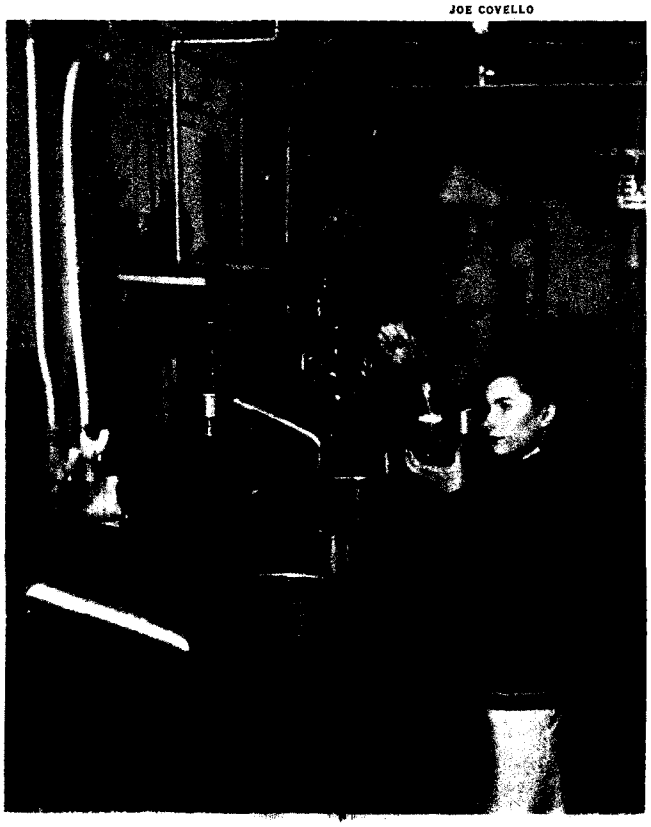
SUZANNE SZASZ

BOB IRWIN

At Cutter Laboratories, technician Nellie Gray studies gamma globulin level in vial

Squibb Lab's Betty Werner tests temperature of some plasma. Room is kept at 23 degrees

JOE COVELLO



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Continuing My White House Years

The Battle of CAPITOL

By HERBERT HOOVER

Our ex-President recalls an epic eight-month struggle touched off by the convening of the Democratic-controlled Congress of late 1931 and climaxed by a new low in the depression

V

THE start of the fourth, and, to date, worst, phase of the Great Depression coincided with the convening of the Democratic-controlled Seventy-second Congress in December, 1931. I had no reason to view this new aggregation with much enthusiasm. I could not hope for any friendly co-operation, for we were dealing on the one hand with a political party ruthlessly seeking public power, and, on the other, with a minority bloc consciously and unconsciously intent on collectivism.

I felt deeply that no President should undermine the independence of the legislative branch by seeking to discredit it. The Constitution's division of powers was the bastion of our liberty, and was not designed as a battleground to display the prowess of Presidents. They just have to work with the material that God—and the voters—have given them.

I was also crippled in enlisting both Congressional and public support because fully to reveal the dangers we were fighting off would have heightened the dangers themselves. With our weak banking system, such revelation might have fanned public fear to the point of panic.

Also, unless the President remains optimistic, he becomes a depressant. Congress and the press do not labor under such handicaps.

The new Senate had 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and one Farmer-Laborite. But actually we had no more than 40 real Republicans, as Senators Borah, Norris, Cutting and others on the left wing were against us.

I felt I could deal more constructively with Democratic leaders if they held full responsibility, than with an opposition conspiring in the cloakrooms to use every proposal of mine for demagoguery. I advised Republican Senate Leader James Watson to let the Democrats organize the Senate. But Watson rejected this advice; he liked the extra importance of being so-called majority leader, and the Republicans liked to hold committee chairmanships and the nicer offices in the Capitol.

The House had 219 Democrats, of them quite a few left-wingers, and 214 Republicans, of whom 12—such as Fiorello La Guardia and Louis McFadden—were left-wingers. The Democrats organized the House with John N. Garner as Speaker and Henry T. Rainey as floor leader.

Garner had considerable ability, and was engagingly frank. The few times when I won his agreement on a course of action, his word was good. But

Dissenters:

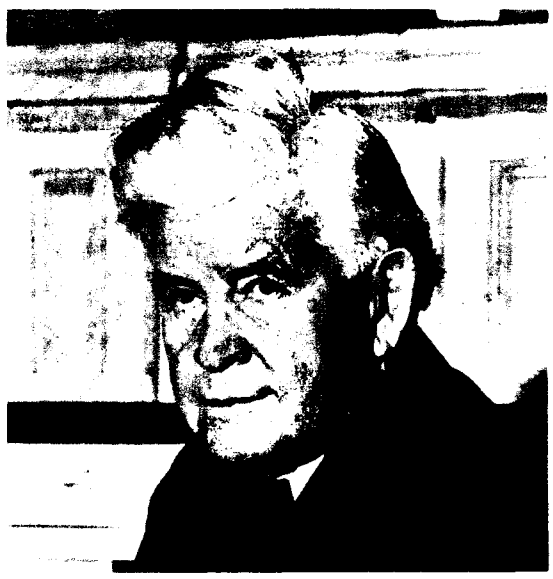
These Key Figures

in Congress

Fought Hoover on

Depression Issues

Republican Congressman La Guardia battled a sales tax, later changed tune as N.Y. mayor



Democratic House floor leader Rainey, using "unprintable" words, barred any co-operation

Democratic Speaker Garner had "inherited" a "virus of Southern hatred for Republicans"

Democratic minority leader Senator Robinson "had no program except to embarrass" Hoover

Republican Senator Couzens fought vainly to hamstring Hoover's mortgage-relief proposal

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HILL

he was also of the bitterest partisanship; he had inherited all varieties of the virus of Southern hatred for Republicans.

In his authorized biography in 1948, Garner said: "I fought President Hoover with everything I had, under Marquis of Queensberry, London prize ring and catch-as-catch-can rules. But I always fought according to the rules . . . I thought my party had a better program for national recovery than Mr. Hoover and his party.

"I never doubted his probity or patriotism. In many ways he was superbly equipped for the Presidency . . . Today I think Herbert Hoover is the wisest statesman on world affairs in America. He may be on domestic affairs, too."

(Garner made his own rules. His general program of public welfare was to throw the Republicans out of office.)

Democratic House floor leader Rainey held honorary degrees from all the schools of demagoguery. His opposition had a certain consistency, as he was not only for overthrowing the Republican party but the economic and social system in general. No smear was too filthy for him to use.

If Democratic Senate leader Joseph T. Robinson had not been under the constant influence of malign politics, he would have gone down in history as a distinguished senator. (He later became Senate majority leader for the New Deal, and put through every Roosevelt collectivist measure for five years. Before he died, he declared to friends that he had been betrayed.)

Democrats Who Made Fine Promises

At the Congressional election in 1930, Robinson repeatedly declared that his party had a complete program for economic recovery. And on December 5, 1931, before the session opened, Garner told the press: "The duty of the Democratic majority of the House is to offer such measures as we believe will best advance our country to prosperity and to enhance the comfort, security and contentment of our people."

These were fine words. When I conferred with both of them before introducing my program to Congress and reviewed the gravity of the national situation, I added that if the Democrats had a constructive program prepared, I would go the full length to support it. I asked for their program. They replied that it was my responsibility to propose a program and theirs to criticize it. The fact is that they had no program except to embarrass me and assure the country that if I were thrown out they could save the nation. They were very skillful at camouflaging their actions with loud oratory on human suffering.

The month before Congress met, I had interviews with more than 160 members of the Senate and House of both parties in an effort to secure speed and unity of action. But these efforts failed, and, in some despair, I asked Republican House leader Bertrand Snell to associate himself with Congressman Hawley and one or two other leading House Republicans, arrange a meeting of their own with Garner, Rainey and other Democratic House leaders, urge that we handle all emergency measures in a completely nonpartisan manner, and assure them that we would join in any constructive program they might offer, and that, alternatively, if they would help work out our program, the Democrats would be given full credit by the administration. There were a number of Democrats who were willing to co-operate, but Rainey's reaction was especially bad, as Hawley confirmed in this letter to me:

". . . Mr. Rainey stated that he would not sponsor the legislation as proposed by you nor would he urge the committees having jurisdiction of such legislation to consider *(Continued on page 36)*

Congressional "stalling and sabotage," declares Hoover, caused worsening of our economic situation. One "poignant indication" was the increase of unemployed total to 12,400,000

Depression-time breadlines in many American cities provided grim backdrop for Washington debate between advocates and opponents of direct federal dole as way of relief for needy

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My sister Eileen and I weren't going to stagnate in Ohio; we were going to make a big splash in New York. Or we were if I could make good on the city editor's impossible assignment—bring in

Dapper Johnny Brown

By RUTH McKENNEY

I NEVER cared for The Taming of the Shrew —it makes my hackles rise—but my sister Eileen and I early took for our motto the lines:

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. . . .

Father, on the other hand, disapproved of Dick Whittington, Shakespeare, Boswell, Rabelais, Cardinal Wolsey, James Thurber, and other adventurers (seedy, excitable, gross, passionate, high-principled or otherwise) who abandoned the quiet dust of home for the noisier lures of London, Paris, New York City and similar dens of large experience. Father has lived in Cleveland, Ohio, all his life, and he is glad of it. Eileen and I had our glittering, beady gaze fixed on New York City even during the years we whiled away in grammar school. We regarded Ohio as a mere anteroom, a training ground, the minor leagues. We made up our minds to seek our fortunes in New York so young that now I cannot remember why. Nobody else in the family ever heard of such a thing. The Flannigans and the McKenneys are still cozily established in Ohio. Eileen and I were the only ones of the whole tribe whom the wind scattered.

"What's wrong with Ohio?" Father argued. Father was never a fierce man, but it irked him to hear his own daughters talk about going to New York. Father thought there was something unwholesome, something dubious and un-American about a one-way ticket from Cleveland to New York City. He considered it going backward; it was antipioneer, anti-Daniel Boone, anti-covered wagon. California, now, he might understand. But New York!

"Rackety place," Father said. "What are you going to do in New York? Smoke cigarettes, drink liquor and do the Charleston?"

Eileen and I sniffed. We were not sure what people actually did on that towered island of Manhattan, but we were confident that New York was a wider, grander, sweeter world than Cleveland.

"Talk, talk, talk," Father remarked. "You mark my words. You girls will settle down right here in good old Cleveland."

We laughed. Father voted against Al Smith, to show where he stood.

But one year after another passed. Eileen and I grew up. We were eighteen, nineteen, twenty; and nothing happened, nothing important. After dabbling in culture at Ohio State University, I went to work as a newspaper reporter.

Eileen acquired an immense diamond ring, her picture in the society section of the Plain Dealer, and a young man named Robert (Bidgie) Thomaston III, Princeton '31, steel scion, and man about Cleveland.

"I'm just marking time," Eileen told me bravely.

I marked time, too. I puttered about with murders, riots, strikes, breadlines, campaigns (Hoover vs. Governor Roosevelt), marathon dances, spelling bees and the like. All very banal. Finally I was elected "Ohio's Best Newspaperwoman." My employer celebrated this event by a front-page headline: *GIRL REPORTER, ONLY 21, COPS COVETED PRIZE.* There was also a picture of me, heavily retouched, shyly pointing to my pewter plaque.

Father bustled down from Cleveland. His eyes

The door to the managing editor's office was open. I leaned in and began, "Oh, Mr. Bixbee! I'm certainly glad to see you!"

danced. "I always knew you'd make good!" he said. "This'll show Mrs. Griffin!"

Mrs. Griffin was the Cassandra of East Cleveland; she lived across the street, and had long predicted something dire in the way of a future for Eileen and me.

Eileen and Bidgie were getting married in October, too, Father reported smugly. Mr. Thomaston, the steel king (or anyway, duke), was giving the happy young couple a completely furnished house. "Four bathrooms, built-in tile showers," Father said with satisfaction. "Mrs. Griffin can hardly believe it."

One week later, Eileen and I took the Greyhound bus for New York. We hated to spoil Father's innocent triumph, but we could not cut off our noses to spite Mrs. Griffin. Four bathrooms! Built-in tile showers! Pewter plaques! Ohio's Best Newspaperwoman! Another six months—another six weeks—and Eileen and I would be permanently trapped, Buckeyes forever. It was now or never; do or die. I was twenty-one, Eileen twenty; we were aging fast. "To horse!" Eileen said, with an attempt at insouciance.

To tell the truth, we were scared to death. We arrived in New York City with no jobs, no diamond rings, no place to sleep, and fifty-one dollars and seventy-eight cents

To tell the truth, we were scared to death. We arrived in New York City with no jobs, no diamond rings, no prospects, no place to sleep, not a friend in the world, and fifty-one dollars and seventy-eight cents between us. It was the middle of the depression, and Father said not to bother wiring him for money, just hitchhike home to Cleveland—or walk.

The first four days in New York were nervous. I called on the city editors of New York newspapers, but one and all, they seemed to be very busy. On the fourth day, I went back to the New York Post. The office boy presided over a small, stuffy anteroom. "You again," he said. He also pointed out that the city editor, Mr. Bixbee, did not like women reporters, and never, under any circumstances, hired them, especially if they came from out of town.

"Is that so?" I was beginning to dislike office boys. Hoity-toity!

"I suppose you don't mind," I said icily, "if I wait—until Mr. Bixbee has a moment to look at my string?" A "string" was a pasted-up file of newspaper clippings; I had my prize-winning Ohio masterpieces conveniently tucked away in my purse.

"Go right ahead," the office boy replied. "Wait, wait. What's the matter? It's raining outside?"

I disdained a reply to this impertinence. There was a long bench across one wall of the anteroom. I took a seat. On my right was a gentleman, not quite clean, but eager. He showed me his blueprints for a global highway to end wars and depressions—four lanes, poured concrete, floating pylons on the Pacific and the Atlantic.

"Instead of wasting money on battleships and guns, the nations will all get together and build a parkway. People will drive around the world and have good will toward one another. The project will make so many jobs that . . ."

On my left was a Prophet of Old. He had a long, mangy beard and wore a burlap robe and tennis shoes. "The Lord cometh," he confided. "I'm giving it to Mr. Bixbee exclusive. He's a friend of mine. It's either the 17th of October or the 5th of next February. We'll have to wait and see."

I looked at the clock: nine thirty-four. At nine forty, the anteroom struck me as much, much stuffier. At ten eleven, I definitely made up my mind: It was the prophet. No doubt he was waiting for doomsday to be washed as white as snow. Why trifle with inessentials, now that the sands were running out?

I changed places. At the far end of the bench, a tall, dark, hawk-nosed gentleman in a Broadway suit and shiny tan shoes grudgingly gave me room. At eleven five, he addressed the office boy in a rough, rude voice. He sounded raspy. "Hey! you wit' the ears! Ya tell this cluck Bixbee I'm waitin'?"

"Sure did, pal." The office boy hummed a tune.

"Ya told him John Brown's here?"

"That's it!" the office boy caroled.

Mr. Brown subsided. *(Continued on page 32)*

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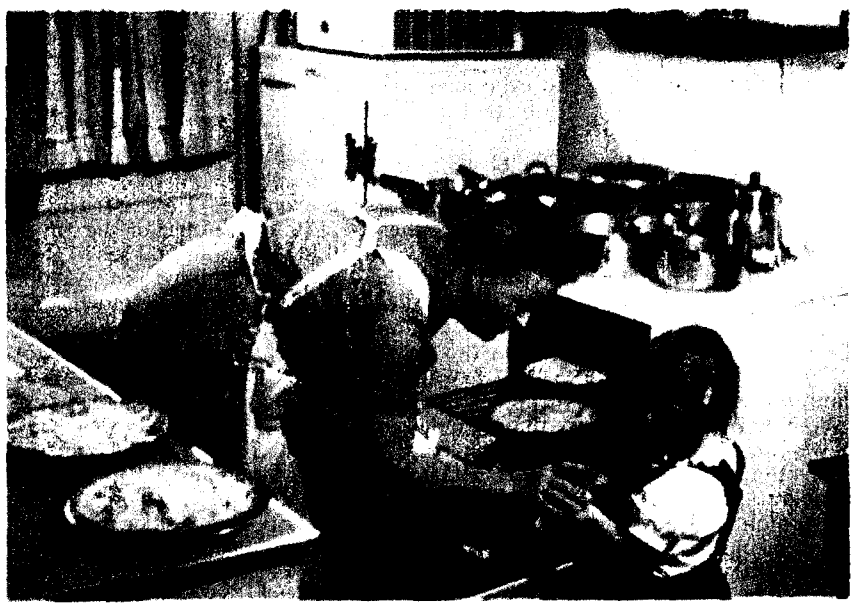
Heads bow as Albert Prenovost, at the head of the table, says a prayer of thanks before his family begins its Sunday dinner

Sunday Dinner at Ma's House



Three-year-old Vickie Prenovost gets sample of what is in store for dessert. For this meal Grandma Yvonne Prenovost baked four apple pies and prepared three dozen hot biscuits

IN MANY ways, the tradition of gathering the family together for Sunday dinner is the purest essence of the American dream. On this one day of the week, most of the anxieties and cares of business, school and housekeeping are put aside. Father gets to see more of his towheaded son than the weekday vision of a vague figure racing off with the borrowed family car. Mother and daughter catch up on news and gossip while getting things ready in the kitchen.

The meal itself is a hearty, many-course delight, enhanced by the intimate comfort that comes with eating among one's own. There's no need to struggle for a clever phrase; no necessity to eye the others to see which fork they're using. Mother's house is always—and simply—home.

And the leisurely intimacy of Sunday dinner reaches its peak on Mother's Day. The gathering of her children—and in later years her grandchildren—around the dinner table is an almost perfect tribute to Mother. It proves that, despite the passing of time, her family is as conscious as ever of the bonds of blood and companionship that unite it.

To illustrate the tradition of Sunday dinner, Collier's photographed the Albert Prenovost family of Phoenix, Arizona. It could have been almost any family in the United States. Except for the house-filling size of the gathering, Sunday dinner for the Prenovosts is much like the big week-end meal everywhere. Prenovost, a district passenger agent with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and his wife, Yvonne, have seven children (four are married) and six grandchildren. While everyone of walking age helps with the chores, Mother Yvonne Prenovost does the most work. She, and the many women like her, feel that preparing a meal for the family is one of life's greatest joys. Such women are fortunate indeed. For them, Mother's Day isn't just an annual celebration; it comes every Sunday.

HOWARD COHN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB TOWERS

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Mrs. Prenovost checks her pots to make sure the food is cooking all right. Her married children brought side dishes like the salads

Papa Prenovost's big job in the kitchen is mashing potatoes. He does task well. On this day the family ate seven pounds

Daughter Mary Lou (front), who still lives with her folks, and daughter-in-law Mildred do their share to get the big dinner ready

Mary Lou and her married sister, Audré, set the seven-foot-long table. While 19 members of the family were present, some of the youngsters ate in another room. The main course was a 13-pound loin of pork and a five-pound roast. The family also finished two quarts of gravy

Meal over, Leo Prenovost washes the dishes while his brother-in-law Jim Sheldon dries. Others in family straighten up dining room

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Ten Ways to BEAT the

HIGH COST of LIVING

Inflation got you down? A popular economist lists practical, easy-to-follow rules that will bring more buying and savings power from the dollars you earn

By SYLVIA F. PORTER

YOU'RE a peculiar paradox. You're making more money than ever before. And although you're also carrying a record tax load and paying record prices for nearly everything, on paper your financial position looks swell. Yet you don't feel swell about it at all. You don't act or look happy about it either.

You're worrying much more about money than you did when you earned a fraction of your present income. Despite much fatter pay checks—fattened by billions of dollars—millions talk as though they'd been hit with pay cuts. Half the Americans who have higher incomes today than they had a year ago say they feel "worse off" today than a year ago. You may have a tidy stack of U.S. savings bonds in your strongbox, but even this achievement is not giving you the warm sense of financial security that you thought it would. Rather, you're fretting about how much bread and butter these bonds will buy when you cash them in.

You get a $5 raise and, instead of letting go with a small whoop of pleasure, you remark to your family that evening, "It's getting so five dollars doesn't buy a thing. I wonder where it will end and what I can do about it."

What's the matter with you?

This: you have a case of the "high cost of living jitters"—a disease which has attacked millions of us from coast to coast in recent years and has reached epidemic proportions.

It's easy to be glib about the reasons for our miseries. The great inflation of the late forties was one of the prices we paid for military victory in World War II. Fighting that global war cost us hundreds of billions of dollars and we have learned the hard way what happens to prices when a flood of money starts chasing a dwindling supply of goods. And since Korea, we have seen again the violent impact of a huge rearmament program on an already "tight" economy. War—bringing immense government deficits, multibillion-dollar government borrowing, a rising supply of money and a falling volume of goods to buy with that money—has been the prime force behind today's high cost of living.

But while we can shrug off the causes in a half hour of conversation, it's not so easy to be glib about the cures for our ailment. What each of us wants is a personal anti-inflation program. What each of us is seeking is a way to get off our own financial treadmill.

Are there any cures for your jitters?

Yes.

And below you'll find 10 simple ways you, as an individual, can help beat the high cost of living. You may already know some of them; but unless you're an extraordinarily good money manager, it's unlikely that you practice them all.

So here they are, the hints to hammer down your high cost of living:

1. ***Plan and time your buying wisely so you can hoard in seasons of plenty, take advantage of the bargains offered by competitive stores from time to time, shop the sales, buy long-lasting foods and other essentials in bulk quantities.***

Hoarding is a nasty word in our land because you and I—and no one else—have made it a nasty word. Emotional people that we are, we're usually either at a peak or in a panic. We're either storming the stores and defying every plea to go easy or we're hiding in our cellars, refusing to look at statistics and heed advice.

But hoarding can be wise, can be sound, can be sensible. Governments are always hoarding; but when governments do it, the description is "stock-piling of basic materials." Industrial corporations are always hoarding; but when they do it, the explanation is "building essential inventories." In some nations—prosperous little Switzerland, particularly—housewives follow a regular policy of maintaining a three months' supply of nonperishables on hand and they do so at their government's urging.

There's absolutely no reason why you shouldn't hoard in the off seasons, load up on things you need or want when the stuff is easily available and is being sold at cut prices. Stock up on such items as coal in the spring and summer months; you can save quite a lot of dollars that way. Select your Christmas presents throughout the year; you'll get better things at better prices for you. If you know you'll need a new coat next winter, watch for the midsummer bargains. You'll be amazed at how much you can save by taking advantage of after-the-season sales in clothing, by accepting the bargains in linens afforded during the traditional January White Sales, by keeping your eyes open for the clearances in staples.

As for buying nonperishables in bulk quantities—the whole aim of the merchant is to intrigue you into spending your money, and that's why he cuts the prices on quantity purchases. If your family uses a lot of canned goods, why not buy by the case and save money for yourself? If your family is like mine and seems to eat boxes of facial tissues every month, why not adopt my policy and save substantially, particularly through the winter season, by buying a large number of tissues at a time?

There are a thousand-and-one other ways you can pinch pennies and thereby save dollars. As an illustration, there's absolutely no difference in the food value of brown or white eggs. Yet, in some cities, white eggs cost a few cents more than brown eggs; in other cities brown eggs sell for more. Check on the situation in your city, then use your knowledge of the value of eggs to buy the "color" that's cheapest. Why follow a fad that costs money but does not benefit you?

And if you will think of the purpose as well as the price of an article when you buy it, you can make some surprising dents in your living costs. That may seem an obvious hint, but mighty few people obey it.

A while ago, I spent a week end with a young couple who thought they were budgeting with utmost care, but who actually were wasting their money. Sunday evening, when we were raiding the refrigerator, the wife complained about its small storage space. "When I've put in the milk and fruit, I've practically no room left over." They had bought that refrigerator the previous month and chosen a smaller model because it was cheaper. But if they *(Continued on page 60)*

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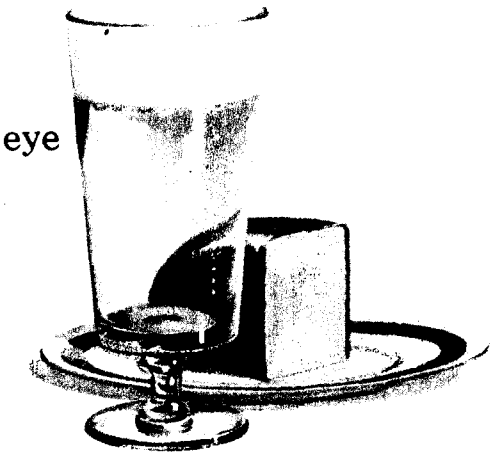
It's the little "extras" that make Schlitz the best-liked beer in history

That extra clarity that delights the eye



That **extra** freshness of bouquet that comes from ageing gracefully

That extra **clean** taste everyone appreciates

If you like beer...
you'll love Schlitz

© 1952, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

The beer that made Milwaukee famous

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Mama stood on the shore of the mucilage ocean, with the sirupy tide coming in carrying colored papers. "What happened?"

Mother Is Like an OLD IRONSIDES

By DOLPH SHARP

It's sad when a mother's children turn against her—and so soon before Mother's Day, too. But even if we hadn't been mad at Mama, what could we buy for twenty-six cents?

THERE never was such a nuisance as Banjy the kid. There the two of us were, out in the dining room late in the afternoon, with all our paper and crayons and stuff spread over the table, trying to get finished before anybody else walked in, and he keeps asking me dumb questions. "Davie, couldn't we—"

I cut him short. "Stick to your job." His job! "We haven't got much time."

Our sister Jancie could come in at any minute, and sometimes our big brother Sid came from the store just like that. I would never forgive *him* already for what he had done last month. I was in the dining room just like this, only I was working on the Presidents-Mix-up Contest. Every week, the Sunday paper would give you three pictures, with the hair, middle of faces and bottoms scrambled up, and you were supposed to cut the parts out and, in the end, get all twenty-nine Presidents, including the one in the White House, Calvin Coolidge, together right. And that day Sid has to walk in and grab my rearranged picture of George Washington's forehead and eyes wearing Theodore Roosevelt's mustache and teeth. Heck. I was only trying them on, but that wise guy made so much fun of me, I just didn't have the heart to go on. That's why I would always feel he cost me five thousand dollars and a set of books on the history of the United States. I certainly didn't want him to catch us now. The only trouble was the dining-room table was the only place big enough.

Just as the poem I was making up began to get a real noble feeling, Banjy has to ask it again: "You sure you can't buy nothing for twenty-six cents?" What could you expect from a kid in the first grade who didn't even know how to write yet?

"Gee whiz!" I looked at him. He was still sprawled half over the table, working on his own greeting card. "Like I told you, nothing good enough for a mother!" The holiday was only five days away.

"Couldn't we ask her for money?"

"Not for her own day."

Now he looked ready to cry. "J.L."—that was our pop—"never gives her nothing. Jancie is fighting with her and won't give her nothing—"

"Well, maybe Sid might," I said. "He's got money to burn." *(Continued on page 55)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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This Vacation Relax—

All signs favor a vacation via a Pennsylvania train—for this way, *every* moment counts. Comfort and carefree relaxation are yours *all* the way! City lights . . . mountain air . . . sandy shores . . . whatever your vacation spot—your enjoyment will be greater because you get there refreshed.

Pennsylvania's streamlined fleets offer a wide variety of fine accommodations . . . overnight reclining seat coaches . . . restful berths . . . all-private-room sleeping cars . . . *the choice is yours!* Pleasant Pullman lounge cars, beautiful dining cars, air-conditioning, fluorescent lighting, big picture windows, roominess and many more features. Let your travel agent plan your trip. Go by train *this* time and you'll go by train *next* time, too!

Go Pennsylvania!

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Go by Train . . . Safety—with Speed and Comfort

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Dapper Johnny Brown

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

At eleven fifty-five, the office boy went to lunch.

At exactly noon, Mr. Brown stood up. His face was mottled—rage, I feared. He reminded me of some Ohio gangsters I'd met once at a marathon dance. New York was a regular melting pot, all right.

"Listen," Mr. Brown said, suddenly fixing me with his black, squinty eyes. "Ya goin' to see this Bixbee?"

I blushed. "Well, if Mr. Bixbee happens to have time, I hope I—"

Mr. Brown took a piece of paper from a natty tan wallet, and carefully wrote: *106-A Greene Street, ring twice, Jersey City.*

"Here. Tell this Bixbee joker I give him until tonight. See? After that, I hit the Telly. Wha'z Bixbee think? I got all my life?"

"Yes, but what if I don't—"

Mr. Brown, a dynamic personality, turned on a polished heel and stalked out the door.

I shrugged. Probably Mr. Brown thought he was Napoleon and wanted Mr. Bixbee to have the news first—for a price. Or maybe Mr. Brown had invented something, although he did not look much like an inventor.

TIME dragged. The office boy came back from lunch. The prophet unwrapped a vegetarian snack and fell to; but the end-wars man and I did not bother with refreshments. Eileen and I were on a diet, for lunch. The way things looked, we were going to be on a diet for dinner, too, starting about next Monday.

At two forty-one, the telephone on the office boy's desk rang. The prophet, the end-wars man and I came to electric attention. The office boy listened, and then replied in a whine: "I already did tell her, Mr. Bixbee . . . Yes, Mr. Bixbee . . . I know it, Mr. Bixbee . . . Well, I tried to get rid of her, Mr. Bixbee, but she—"

The office boy banged down the phone and pointed at me. "Five minutes. No jobs. Got it?"

Five minutes! My heart leapt up. I did not care what the office boy said; when Mr. Bixbee saw my prize-winning feature, he would be overwhelmed, I hoped. *Orphan, Nine, Starves, As Granny, 82, Is Jailed For Stealing Coal.* Or perhaps Mr. Bixbee would be more interested in my front-page scoop: *Gang Massacre Horrifies Crossroads Hamlet.* It was a nice point. Maybe Mr. Bixbee read fast and I could show him both.

I walked down the aisle of the Post city room, weighing orphans against gangsters. But the city room seemed very large (about ten times bigger than Ohio city rooms), and men looked at me curiously as I tramped down what began to feel like the Last Mile. I was stuttering mentally long before Mr. Bixbee asked me my name and how old I was.

Mr. Bixbee, a sophisticated, handsome man, reclined in a swivel chair. He was not like city editors back home. He had clean fingernails. He looked suave. His attitude was languid, relaxed, negligent, even airy.

A considerable audience had assembled for Mr. Bixbee's interview with the girl reporter from the provinces. Amused, weary men in pressed pants, and no green eye shades, leaned against desks, or draped themselves gracefully over typewriters. Newspapermen were more rumpled and alert in Ohio.

Mr. Bixbee waved aside my clippings. He did not care to read about Orphan, Nine, Starving, As Granny Jailed; he smiled a wintry smile when I proposed Gang Massacres Horrifying Hamlets.

"Just give me one good reason why I should hire a twenty-one-year-old girl who came to New York Monday. Be brief. Keep to the point."

I swallowed. "Well, I—"

"Speak up!"

"Yes, sir."

Somebody chuckled, to the right of Mr. Bixbee's elbow.

I took a deep breath. "I was elected Ohio's Best Newspaperwoman for '34."

It appeared that a creamier jest had never been heard in the Post city room. People laughed and laughed. Mr. Bixbee had to wipe the tears from his eyes. Men rushed over from the copy desk to get in on the fun.

I regretted I had not brought along a knife, like Charlotte Corday. "Thank you very much," I said bitterly, and started back up the aisle. I thought of running, but decided against it.

Mr. Bixbee called me back. He apologized. He said he was sorry he had laughed. It had been rude. He couldn't hire me, because I didn't know anything about New York City. I wouldn't be of any use to him. Probably I didn't even know how to get to Brooklyn.

"I could look it up on a map."

Mr. Bixbee said well, yes, but it wasn't the same as knowing Brooklyn in your bones. Then Mr. Bixbee became fatherly. It was not just a matter of geography. I was too young. I had no Metropolitan Experience. "I tell you what. I'll give you an assignment. If you carry out the assignment, I'll put you on the staff. If you fall down on it, you make me a promise you'll take the next train back to Ohio."

"Okay," I said eagerly, "I'll bet I can do any—"

I heard the mirth, right and left.

"Freddie!" Mr. Bixbee called, trying to keep a straight face himself, "give her the dope on Molliati."

I saw people shake their heads. Some gentlemen were openly sorry for me; they thought Mr. Bixbee was carrying the joke too far.

"Left-handed monkey wrenches!" I snarled. By this time I had given up hope, and did not care what Mr. Bixbee thought of me.

Mr. Bixbee seemed piqued. "No. It's a thousand-to-one shot. But then, it's a thousand to one I'd ever hire Ohio's Best Newspaperwoman. It evens out."

I marched over to Freddie's desk, my nose in the air and my face a rich shade of purple.

Freddie, the assistant city editor, was laconic. On Monday, the day Eileen and I had arrived in New York—what a coincidence—a man, or anyway a voice, name of Molliati, had called up Mr. Bixbee and offered to sell him some kind of a story about a Brooklyn murder ring.

"It must be quite sensational," Freddie said. "Mr. Bixbee's been burning up the staff ever since. I had four men out on the story yesterday. We were supposed to meet this Molliati character in some Jersey City dive—a lot of hocus-pocus about gardenias in buttonholes, signals, and Molliati following our man to the rendezvous. Either we missed connections or the whole thing is a phony. Personally, I think it's Benny Stevens at the West Forty-seventh Street station. Benny's a wit, he imagines. On the other hand, maybe there really is a Brooklyn murder mob, and they decided to use our friend Molliati for target practice. Who can tell?"

Freddie seemed indifferent to Molliati, dead or alive. He tossed over a memo from the Post's Centre Street reporter. It appeared that there actually was a Molliati in the police files. He was wanted for various trivial items: throwing acid on pants pressers during a dry-cleaners' strike, squashing tomatoes and tomato vendors in an effort to "organize" the tomato pushcart industry—that sort of thing.

The reporter's description of Mr. Molliati wasn't much of a surprise to me. The words "Jersey City" were already singing in my soul. Hark, Hark, Molliati the lark, of Jersey City.

MR. MOLLIATI, the Centre Street man reported, was tall, thin, dark-skinned, dark-haired, and had a Roman nose. He sometimes used the alias John Brown; the police reporter could not think why. He wore sharp clothes (when off duty from squashing things and throwing acid), and was partial to highly polished tan shoes, which he flicked, from time to time, with a clean white handkerchief. The memo went on: *Started life as bootblack, educated reform schools and one term Sing Sing. Character: bad. Despised by fellow toilers in Brooklyn vineyards. Possible Bixbee's phone call planted by annoyed acquaintance of Molliati, to get M. in bad with Brooklyn employers. Such phone call would get Molliati in something terrible. In fact, might as well start checking morgue for Molliati. Brooklyn organization puts high premium on loyalty, school spirit, team play, cooperation, etc. Would deeply resent Molliati selling story of organization's activities to newspaper, even Post.*

"What does he mean by *even* the Post?"

Freddie took the memo back. "Quite a joker," he said sourly.

"Well—when would Mr. Bixbee like to see Molliati?"

Freddie looked at me. "Oh, any time," he said gently.

"Should I phone in first?"

Freddie yelled—loudly—across the rewrite bank. "Jeff! Lady wants to know should she give you a ring? Before she brings in Molliati?"

Mr. Bixbee and eight or ten rewrite men tried, without success, to choke back their mirth. "No," Mr. Bixbee said, when he'd stopped laughing, "don't waste time with telephone calls. Take no chances. Don't let him out of your sight. Moment you catch up with him, push him in a taxi, and bring him right to this desk. Got it?"

"Thank you, sir."

I hardly heard the merriment. I did not walk out of the Post city room; I floated out, on wings of purest joy.

I had a little trouble getting to Jersey City. As Mr. Bixbee had feared, I did not know my way around New York. Somebody mentioned a ferry in connection with Jersey City, so I went to Staten Island; then opinion veered, in favor of taking a tube, and I arrived in Newark. All in all, Mr. Molliati was irritated, when at last I rang his bell in Jersey City. Mr. Molliati said (from a shadowed, dank staircase) that it was about time Mr. Bixbee got on the ball.

WHEN I trotted into Mr. Molliati's crummy headquarters, however, he took a good look at me under the naked bulb. He recognized me right away; I'd been sitting next to him in the Post anteroom all morning. Mr. Molliati took alarm. He wondered if I were not a spy, either from the cops or from the Brooklyn mob.

"I am not a spy!" I said indignantly.

Mr. Molliati peered earnestly at my freckled face and stout form. He had to admit I did not look like the ordinary type of spy. Then the wind shifted to another quarter. Mr. Molliati took offense at Mr. Bixbee sending what he ungallantly called a "punk dame reporter" to "contact" him. Mr. Molliati considered it *lèse-majesté.*

"When did they let ya outta panty-waists?" he snarled. "Wha'z Bixbee think this is? A lousy society-page story?"

I drew myself up. "Mr. Molliati, I hardly think it's any of your business what Mr. Bixbee—"

Mr. Molliati made it clear that he had expected somebody older, wilier, in pants, no doubt with a hat pulled down over his eyes and a toothpick jammed between his teeth, as in The Front Page.

"This is not the movies, Mr. Molliati," I said coldly.

"Well—" Mr. Molliati was dubious. For two cents he'd call up the Telly.

"Mr. Bixbee said to bring you in a taxi. Right away."

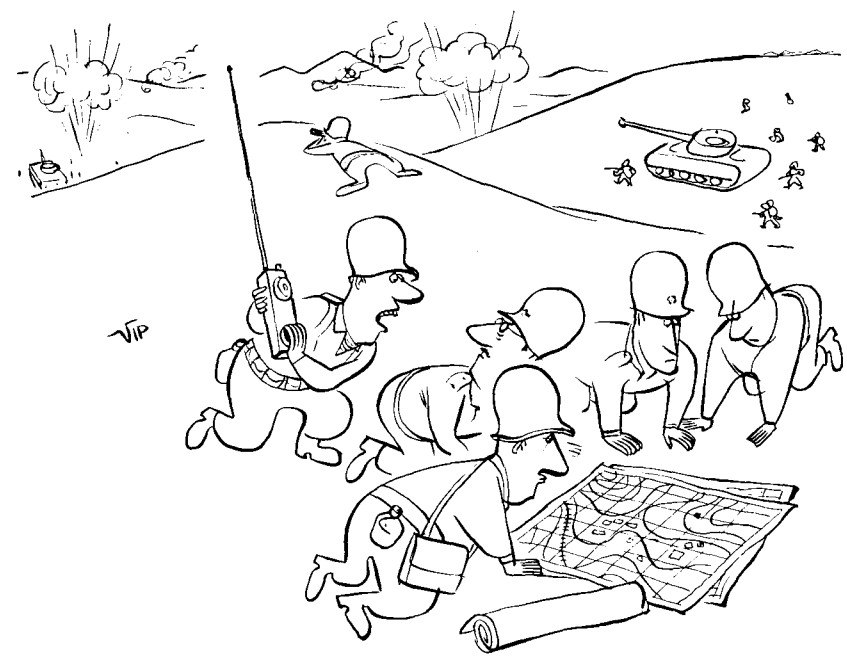
It was a cunning stroke, if I said so myself. Mr. Molliati was fired by the idea of riding across on the ferry, all the way to Manhattan, in a taxi. However, I was appalled when we got to the Post office, and discovered that Mr. Molliati expected me to pay the driver.

"It's practically all the money I've got in the whole world, Mr. Molliati," I argued.

"You mean Bixbee says for me to pay my own taxi fare? He must be some cheap crumb, awright. I never heard of no city editor like him. I shoulda contacted Winchell."

I paid the fare plus a quarter tip. I could see why Mr. Molliati's friends did not like him. I hoped Mr. Bixbee paid expense accounts from current petty cash. I glanced at the clock in the lobby. It was after six. I hoped Mr. Bixbee had not gone home. What on earth would I do with Mr. Molliati

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Sir, are you here? It's your wife" VIRGIL PARTCH

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SOUND TEST FOR SOUNDER CARS. Even a noise which normally would escape the human ear might be a signal that something is not quite right in a car's construction. That's why Chrysler Corporation engineers use sensitive recording instruments to inspect each new model as it is developed. Cars are test-driven at varying speeds in the laboratory, as you see here, and other tests are made on the road—with microphones and recording apparatus riding along with the test engineers. These sound tests help engineers locate potential trouble spots and eliminate them, giving you even sturdier, more valuable cars and trucks.

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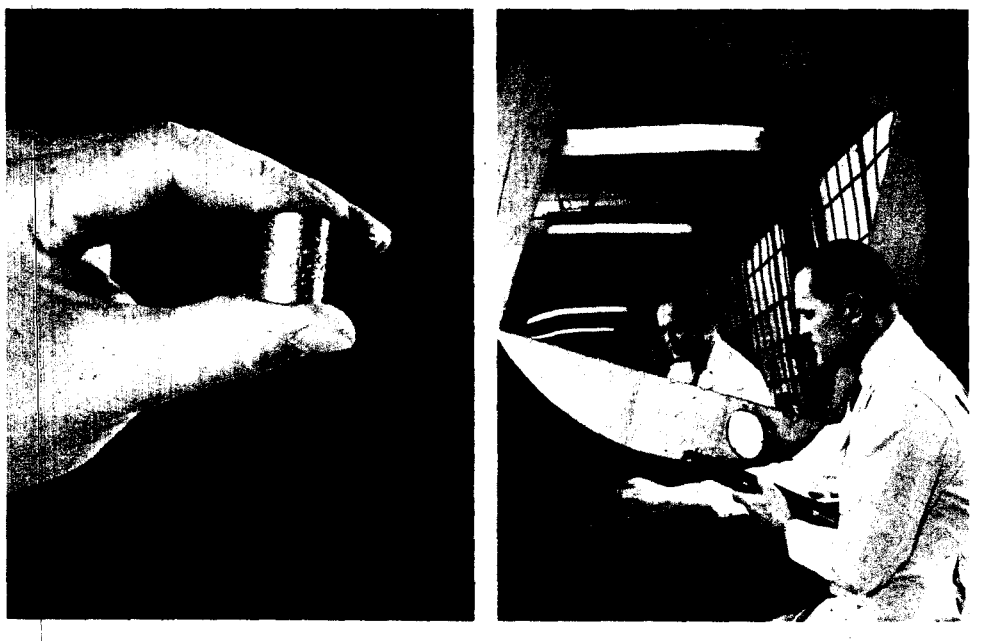
PROOF OF VALUE. Newark, N. J., cab driver Albert Cornell with his Plymouth taxi. Like the many other Plymouth taxis in hundreds of cities and towns, this car operates day and night in rain, shine, snow, sleet and heaviest city traffic. A car has to be tough to stand up under a grind like that. The engineering skill that built such faithful performance into Albert Cornell's cab puts the same kind of hard-working value into all Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.



HIDDEN SECRETS OF LONGER LIFE. That solid-looking metal bearing on the left actually contains a myriad of tiny pores, each holding a supply of oil. This metal, called *Oilite*, carries its own lubrication and is used for bearings in hard-to-reach spots and other places in your car. *At right* is a "mirror" of tough metal, *Superfinished* by a special process which keeps wear of moving parts to a minimum. These two Chrysler Corporation developments, examples of practical imagination at work, are big reasons for longer life, reliability and extra value in Chrysler-built products.

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When it comes to High Quality at a Reasonable Price . . .

Phil Randall is a Man who Cares...

One look at Phil will tell you he's a keen judge of value. Especially these days, he gets the most for his money. For example...

His jacket and slacks are by McGregor, famous for innovations in sportswear.

His whiskey is Carstairs. He's found that this famous blend is extra-smooth and mellow...that it gives him premium taste at a budget-balancing price.

His tip to you is to try Carstairs yourself. You'll find it a better drink for your money. So why not ask for Carstairs *today*...at your favorite bar or store?

Phil Randall is not the name of an actual person, but is rather a type—the Man who Cares.

The Man who Cares says:
CARSTAIRS
A famous Name in Whiskey since 1788

CARSTAIRS BROS. DISTILLING CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 72% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

until tomorrow morning? I didn't think Eileen would like Mr. Molliati; he wasn't exactly a lovable personality.

The office boy had left for the day. The anteroom was dark. Mr. Molliati and I walked right into the city room. It was also empty. Our footsteps echoed. Some cleaning ladies came in a back door and started to sweep up the litter. My heart sank. Then I spotted Mr. Bixbee playing bridge with three cronies in the managing editor's glass-partitioned cubbyhole.

"Come on."

Mr. Molliati hung back a little. His eyes darted around. "Where's all the reporters?"

"This is an afternoon paper," I said patiently. "Now, Mr. Molliati, you don't want to get scared at the last minute."

"Who, *me?*" Mr. Molliati snarled.

The cleaning ladies looked at us. They seemed surprised. I trotted down the long city-room aisle. Mr. Molliati followed, diffidently. Once he stopped to straighten his tie (red roses on bright blue), and flick imaginary dust from his tan, polished shoes.

The door to the managing editor's office was open. I leaned in and began, "Oh, Mr. Bixbee! I'm certainly glad to see you! I was afraid maybe you'd gone."

Mr. Bixbee was studying his cards. He looked up. He did not seem at all friendly. "I thought I told you to go back to Ohio."

"Huh?" Mr. Molliati said. He narrowed his eyes at me.

"Mr. Bixbee!" I cried hastily. "This is Mr. Molliati! After all!"

Mr. Bixbee had returned to his bridge hand. "I'll bet it is," he replied rudely. "Four spades."

"Double," Freddie said.

Mr. Molliati was startled, I think, by his cool reception. He peered over my shoulder; he looked at the back of Mr. Bixbee's balding head. He muttered. He stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"Pass," Mr. Bixbee's partner said.

Freddie's partner reflected. "Pass."

"Say, Mr. Bixbee," I ventured. I hoped Mr. Bixbee had not lost interest in the Brooklyn murder mob. In that event, what about my job? And my taxi fare?

Mr. Bixbee drummed his clean fingernails on the desk. "Four no trump," he said.

Freddie laughed. "Double four no trump. Ha, ha, Bixbee's folly. This is a game of skill, Bixbee."

"Five no trump," Mr. Bixbee's partner cooed, in the voice of a dove.

Mr. Bixbee played the hand at five no trump, doubled and redoubled. Mr. Molliati and I watched. We were a little impatient, but then again, we hated to interrupt. At least I did. Mr. Molliati kept muttering. I believe he was baffled.

Mr. Bixbee made five no trump—by the skin of his teeth, however.

"What dumb, dumb luck," Freddie said. "That last finesse was strictly seven-come-eleven."

"Oh, sure, sure." Mr. Bixbee cut the fresh pack with an expansive gesture.

Freddie noticed me, still standing in the doorway. He got up. He said, "Now, look, Miss-what's-your-name, don't you think you're pressing this act a bit too far?"

Mr. Bixbee wheeled around sharply in his chair. "For the love of God!" he shouted.

Mr. Molliati and I backed up nervously. "Mr. M-m-m-molliat-t-t-ti," I managed to get out; and I stood aside, to point at my prize.

Mr. Bixbee blinked. He put down the cards. He stood up. He frowned. He pushed back his chair and walked up to Mr. Molliati, very deliberately. Mr. Molliati looked at Mr. Bixbee with a dumb anguish.

"What's *your* name?"

"M-m-m-mollia-t-t-i." I don't know whether Mr. Molliati always stuttered in moments of stress, or whether I'd hypnotized him.

Mr. Bixbee breathed deeply.

"I called ya up," Mr. Molliati said piteously. "About some fellows in Canarsie."

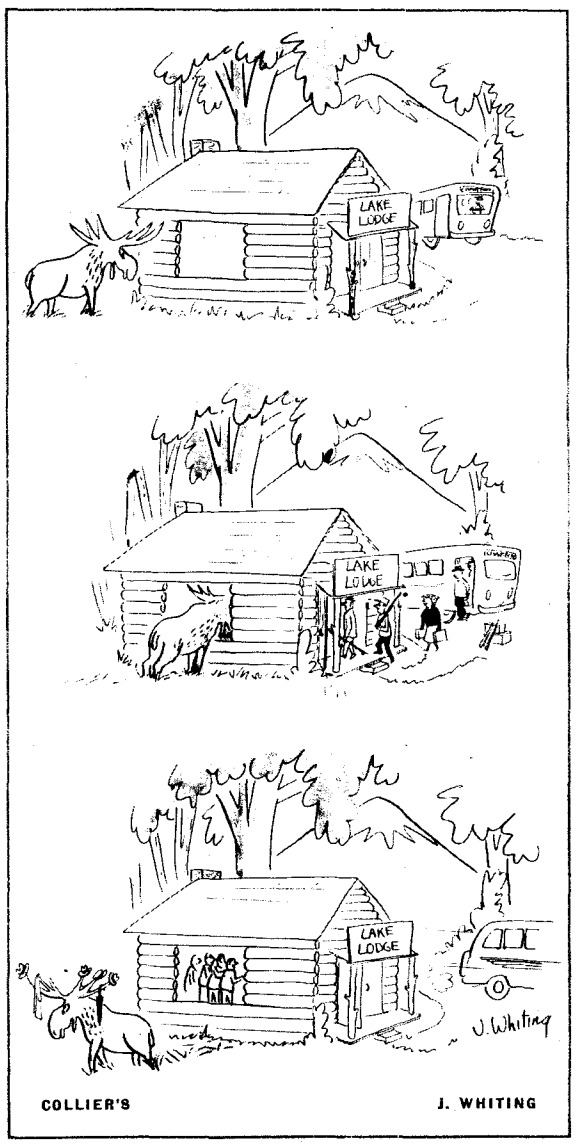
"You mean you're Molliati!"

Mr. Molliati and I giggled wildly.

"He certainly is," I put in. "Aren't you, Mr. Molliati?"

"Bet yer life," Mr. Molliati said.

Mr. Bixbee could not get over it. He said, "No!" and "I don't believe it!" several times. He seemed angry. "How'd she find you?" Mr. Bixbee stroked the "she" in a tone of utter contempt.



"I gave 'er my address." Mr. Molliati was bewildered. I suppose the whole thing did not seem very well organized to him.

"*You* gave *her* your address!" Mr. Bixbee was shaken. "I see. Old friends, no doubt?" Mr. Bixbee laughed, like Pagliacci. "Now I believe in Tinker Bell. She even looks like Ohio's Best Newspaperwoman. I have not been played for such a sucker since jolly college days."

"Yes, but Mr. Bixbee," I kept trying to say.

"Well, what's your angle, sister?" Mr. Bixbee inquired, after he had calmed down somewhat. "You cut in on this deal of Molliati's? Or do you just deliver the body?"

"B-b-body?" Mr. Molliati quavered. His conscience smote him, I think.

At last I had an opportunity to converse with Mr. Bixbee. I explained that Mr. Molliati and I had sat next to each other in the anteroom all morning. Happenstance, of course.

Mr. Bixbee was deeply grieved by this intelligence. He planned reprisals against

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the office boy, until I hastily told about "John Brown."

"I wasn't goin' tuh give name a Molliati to no punk kid," Mr. Molliati said loftily. "Anyways, everybody calls me Dapper Johnny Brown. It's my alias, see?"

"Dapper Johnny Brown!" Mr. Bixbee gave a hoarse chuckle. "Ironic, isn't it?"

AFTER these exciting preliminaries, Mr. Bixbee decided it was about time to get down to business. He said if Mr. Molliati would please take a seat at the desk, he would call a stenographer.

Mr. Molliati mentioned money. Mr. Bixbee said yes, yes, he would come to that, but first . . .

Freddie added up the score. The other bridge players collected the cards.

I cleared my throat. Everybody seemed to have forgotten me. Mr. Bixbee almost barked. "*Now* what?"

"Well—uh—Mr. Bixbee—"

"Oh!" Mr. Bixbee was enraged. He said he absolutely detested women reporters. They made him nervous. Women should be gun molls or mothers or something. They should not sit around in city rooms, smoking cigarettes. He had no opening on the staff of the Post. He was sorry, but he had not expected me to find Mr. Molliati. After all, it was just a fluke, was it not?

I couldn't think of anything to say.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Bixbee repeated.

"It's all right."

This time nobody laughed. I remembered about the cab fare before I got to the door, but I could not bear to go back and talk to Mr. Bixbee again. I took the subway—to Brooklyn, as it turned out—and then, after some difficulty, to Christopher Street, where Eileen and I had just rented a dismal apartment in the basement. I was depressed. So was Eileen, when I told her about the taxi fare.

"That Bixbee ought to be ashamed of himself!" Eileen said hotly.

"Oh, well. I guess it was just a fluke."

"Don't cry," Eileen exhorted me. "We can always pawn your typewriter."

After a meager meal, we tried on each other's clothes for a while to cheer ourselves up. A little after ten, the telephone rang for the first time—we had just had it installed, after pawning my winter coat.

"Hello?" I said eagerly, but it was a wrong number.

"Don't look like that," Eileen said crossly. "It's harrowing. Did you give Bixbee your telephone number?"

"I didn't know it."

"Does he have your name?"

I remembered Freddie's "Miss-what's your-name."

"Then quit looking eager when the phone rings."

At eleven thirty, the telephone rang. I looked eager. "Hello?" I cried anxiously.

"Honestly!" Eileen was disgusted.

However, it was Mr. Bixbee, after all. I recognized his voice right away. He sounded furious, as usual. "Is this Ohio's Best Newspaperwoman?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir." I hoped Mr. Bixbee had not called up just to be funny.

"Well, why don't you leave your name and address when you ask for a job!" Mr. Bixbee said indignantly. "I had to call the A.P. in Cleveland. Imagine! People think I'm out of my mind. New York calling! Who's Ohio's Best Newspaperwoman? They gave me the Four-H Champion, too, just in case."

"I'm sorry," I muttered.

"Anyway," Mr. Bixbee went on crossly, "I've finally tracked you down. What's the idea of walking out of the office that way? I turn my back, and you're gone."

"Well, but Mr. Bixbee—"

"I owe you taxi fare."

"Taxi fare?"

"And a job, I suppose," Mr. Bixbee said bitterly. "It's against my principles. When do you want to start?"

"Mr. *Bixbee!* Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

"When do you want to start?" Mr. Bixbee inquired, pronouncing each word loudly and distinctly.

"Tomorrow, Mr. Bixbee! First thing!"

"I knew it," Mr. Bixbee said, and, after a groan, he hung up.

I WAS always very grateful to Mr. Molliati, and sincerely sorry when, a year or so after I went to work on the Post, he was found, charred, but only partly cemented, in a Canarsie dump. He would have been pleased by his obituary: Dapper Johnny Brown Identified By Snappy Tan Shoe, Shreds Of Silk Necktie.

But if Mr. Molliati was Dapper Johnny Brown to his public, to Eileen and me he was the peculiar wind that scattered us to seek our larger fortunes in New York.

"It's an *ill* Molliati—" Eileen said. "R.I.P."

THE END

COLLIER'S

"Will you help me with my checkbook, dear? All it needs is a deposit"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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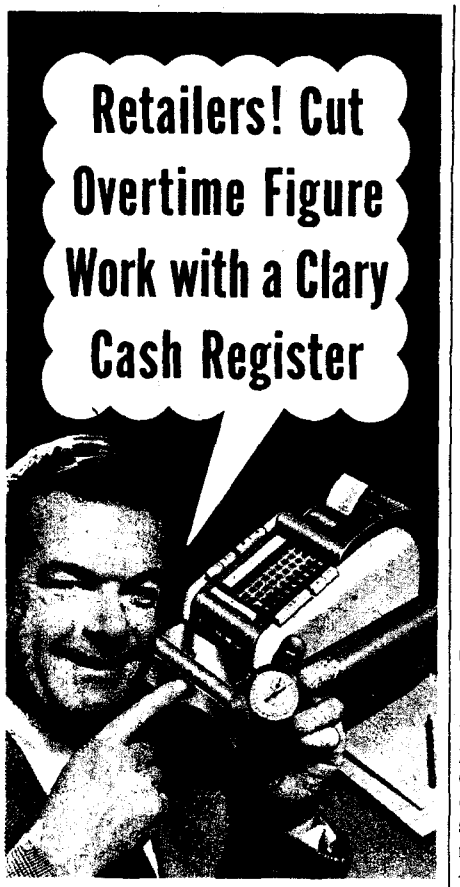

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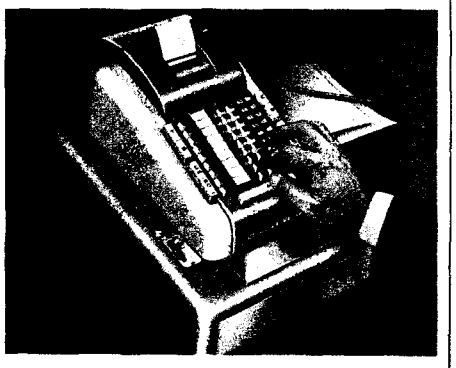

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The Battle of Capitol Hill

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

and favorably report thereon . . . he gave as the reason for his refusal 'We intend to beat him, Hoover.' He repeated this in other words (unprintable)."

No matter how much emotion a President may feel at these aberrations of the democratic process, he cannot, or at least should not, display it lest he injure the process itself. There was a choice of two courses: to join battle with the Democratic-controlled Congress, or to do one's best to co-operate, consult, explain and implore.

Blamed for the Depression

In my message to Congress on December 8, 1931, I reviewed the economic situation with a great deal of restraint, because of the panicky feeling in the country, and I proposed measures to meet the situation so far as we could see it at the time. These measures were along the lines agreed to by leaders of both parties, two months before the session opened, at a White House meeting October 6th which I mentioned in the preceding chapter. But the Democratic leaders now at once attacked my proposals and denounced me as responsible for the depression. The nature of their future tactics immediately appeared: to sabotage and delay —up to the full extent that would not arouse the public against them.

In view of the gravity of the situation, I urged Congress to remain in session over the Christmas holidays, but at the demand of the Democratic leaders it adjourned for about two weeks. The only legislation passed in December was a ratification of the moratorium on intergovernmental payments.

Congress having reconvened on January 4, 1932, and shown little disposition for quick action, I followed the December 8th message with a special message urging speed in legislation and repeating our proposed program. I especially appealed for nonpartisan action, pointing out that my recommendations had been largely developed in consultation with leading men of both parties, of agriculture, labor, banking and industry.

But in the half year before Congress was to adjourn, virtually every proposal I made meant a battle. I here sketch the major ones, and show how Democratic tactics prolonged and deepened the depression.

Foremost of the proposals I made to strengthen the country's financial situation was the establishment for the emergency of a Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with a $500,000,000 capital and power to borrow up to $3,000,000,000 either from the Treasury or private sources.

The RFC's resources were to be used for loans, on reasonable security: (1) to the Farmers' Intermediate Credit Banks, to permit farmers to finance the marketing of their crops, (2) to strengthen the Federal Land Banks, (3) to set up a series of temporary agricultural banks to finance production of ground crops and livestock, (4) to insurance companies, building and loan associations and other real-estate agencies, to enable them to postpone foreclosures, (5) to banks and financial institutions otherwise unable to secure credit, to protect depositors and the credit structure, (6) to railways, to prevent receiverships, (7) to industry and public utilities, to modernize and build and thus stimulate employment, and (8) to closed banks—the loans to be made on their sound assets—to enable them at least partially to pay out deposits to many families and small businesses whose deposits were tied up.

Later I added a request for authority for the RFC to make loans for reproductive public works—such as toll bridges, great storage dams and city slum-clearance programs—which would eventually repay their own cost. The RFC was the first of the governmental props for our credit structure made necessary by our weak banking system and by pressures from abroad.

The bill creating the RFC became law on January 22d—nearly six weeks later than was at all necessary in view of its manifest urgency and my conferences with Congressional leaders about it two months before the session at the above-mentioned October 6th White House meeting.

Several aspects of this legislation were deleted or hamstrung. The conditions for loans were unnecessarily stringent in view of the fact that values were depressed below their real worth. The authority to make loans to industry for improvement of plants—one of my strongest points—was eliminated. Loans to enable closed banks to distribute the cash value of their assets, and loans to establish agricultural production banks, were deleted.

However, I determined to make the best of the RFC law and try to get it amended later. But it was not until near the end of the session in July that Congress reconsidered the legislation.

Meanwhile the cost to the public of this delay is shown by the fact that during December, 1931, depositors' runs closed banks with deposits totaling $258,000,000; during January, 1932, banks with deposits of $207,000,000 closed. The RFC got into action early in February and during that month reduced bank closings, again as measured in deposits, to $42,000,000. In March more banks reopened than closed, and closings thereafter were held to minor dimensions until June, when Congressional obstructionism reached its worst. The RFC, incidentally, lost no consequential money on its loans to these banks.

When, after five months' delay, my proposals for restoration of the powers deleted from the RFC legislation and for some other improvements were finally taken up by Congress shortly before its July adjournment, the opposition took a new tack. A series of amendments was put before the House at the inspiration of Speaker Garner. They were of two varieties: to furnish a huge pork barrel to increase "nonreproductive" public works; and to direct the RFC to go on an orgy of loans to private individuals and local governments for almost everything.

I protested this maneuver, saying in part: "It would be within the power of these (RFC) agencies to . . . discriminate between competitive business at will, and to deal favor and disaster amongst them . . . The sole limitation under the bill is that . . . borrowers shall not have been able to obtain loans from private institutions upon terms acceptable to the borrower. This at once throws upon the (RFC) all the doubtful loans in the United States. Huge losses and great scandals must inevitably result."

During the New Deal the RFC was expanded to just these purposes. (A Senate investigation in 1951 disclosed every evil I had predicted.)

But the Seventy-second Congress, at any rate, finally—on July 16, 1932—passed some of my amendments without this provision. However, it again rejected some of the constructive features, refusing to relax its earlier restrictions on loans, and to provide for loans to industry for plant expansion, and loans to closed banks on their assets. Great suffering resulted from the freezing of small depositors' money.

One Clause Brought Disaster

Garner secured one vindictive clause in the bill which was ultimately to contribute to more disaster—a provision requiring publication each month of the names of borrowers from the RFC and the amounts borrowed. I objected that this would create fear that any institution borrowing was in difficulties, and might cause a run upon any borrower bank or business. The Senate modified this to provide that the information be transmitted confidentially to the clerks of the Senate and House. Senator Robinson informed me that he had an agreement with Garner that these communications would not be published, and in the Senate he announced this construction of the wording.

Had it not been for Robinson's assurance, I would probably have had to veto the bill. Garner repudiated this undertaking a few months later, and many runs on banks ensued.

A second major proposal which I made to Congress was a system of home loan discount banks. Great pressures had fallen on homeowners in financial straits due to the inadequacies of our banking and mortgage lending machinery. I have related in an earlier chapter my proposal to create a national system of mortgage discount institutions not only to prevent these stresses

"I would never have finished my house cleaning without Albert's help. He hustled down to his club and stayed the whole time!"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

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but to make home mortgage money more readily available in normal times.

All this seems dull economics, but the poignant drama involving loss of the old homestead had a million repetitions straight from life—not because of the designing villain but because of a fault in our financial system.

Had we been able to get a *general mortgage discount institution* established at the time I proposed, we would have saved thousands of homes, farms and holdings of productive city real estate from foreclosure, prevented many bank failures, and promoted home construction and ownership.

Fate of Home Loan Bank Idea

Since I could not get my larger plan through, I reduced it to the more limited project of the home loan banks. This had wholehearted support from building and loan associations and savings banks, which had millions of hard-pressed members. I hoped that on this foundation we could later build the much-needed larger structure. (It has not yet been done, although it was again recommended in 1949 by the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government, of which I was chairman.)

I proposed to Congress that the home loan discount banks be set up to relieve strains on sound building and loan associations, savings banks, deposit banks and farm loan banks which had been giving credit, via small mortgage loans, on urban and farm properties used for homes. Thereby pressures on home and farm owners would also be relieved.

The federal government was to furnish the initial capital for these home loan banks, to be repaid by a small percentage on loans. Eventually the system was to become not a government but a co-operative institution among building and loan associations, savings banks and other home loan lenders.

I also proposed that these home loan banks offer a special type of amortized home mortgage where first-mortgage loans would be based not on 50 per cent of property valuation, as normally, but on 80 per cent, in cases where borrowers were responsible people.

Early in January, 1932, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee formulated this bill. Hamstringing tactics began at once. Senator Couzens, "the friend of the common man," became the mouthpiece for the opposition. (The "common man" suffers much too much at the hands of some seekers for power and pomp.) Couzens proposed such restrictive conditions on loans that the plan could not have functioned.

Early in February, I summoned building and loan association leaders to confer with me. They agreed to wage a campaign of education to get a proper law, and promptly. We got our bill reported out of committee —but no further action.

In March, I called on Senator George Moses for help. A shrewd manager of legislation, he insisted on waiting his chance. On July 12th, he arranged that Senator Watson should call up the bill. Couzens promptly stabbed it by securing passage of amendments which would have made the plan wholly inoperative. Senator Moses adroitly rid the bill of most of its obnoxious amendments. That the bill passed was partly due to the fact that nobody liked Couzens. The act in final form, however, limited discounts of mortgages to not more than 50 per cent of the value of the property. But I thought it better to take it in crippled form.

The bill had been tragically delayed for eight months and its powers greatly attenuated. Thousands of citizens had lost their homes, and many building and loan associations which might have been saved collapsed. All this was heartbreakingly unnecessary. But, as one Democratic leader put it, the service this bank system would perform had been delayed so that no political benefit would accrue to my administration.

(The powers of these banks were later somewhat expanded by the New Deal. The 1951 report of the banks showed that their combined assets were more than $1,000,000,000, and those of their member institutions more than $15,000,000,000. They had paid back to the Treasury all the government capital furnished them.)

Another major part of our program to strengthen our financial situation was aimed at protecting us from the effect of sudden withdrawals by foreigners of their large deposits in our banks, and from any "flight of capital" which might result in further gold exports. The danger of both these possibilities was that we might be forced off the gold standard, as Britain had been.

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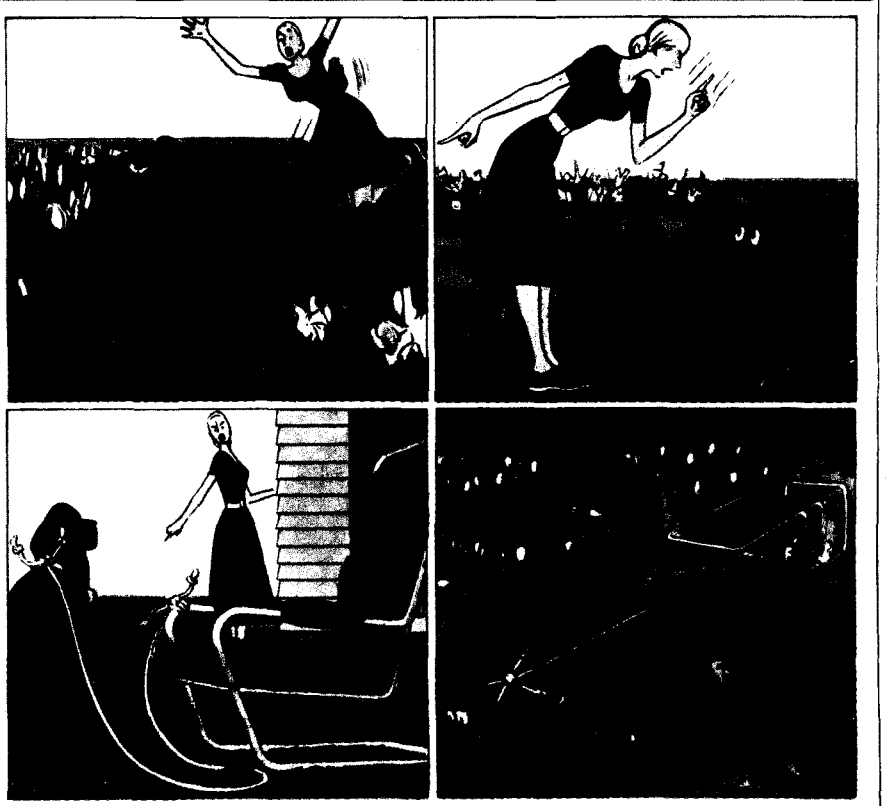

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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Ours was a peculiar situation. The law required the Federal reserve banks to hold gold equal to not less than 40 per cent of the Federal reserve notes in circulation, and, further, to hold gold or "other lawful money" equal to not less than 35 per cent of the deposits in the reserve banks, as a reserve against those deposits.

Under the law, the remaining 60 per cent of the currency backing, and the remaining 65 per cent of the deposit reserve, must consist mostly of "eligible" short-term commercial bills, in addition to gold or "other lawful money."

Because the commercial banks were now unwilling or unable to make commercial loans, and because business in general was slack, there were not enough "eligible" commercial bills available to the reserve banks for the 60 per cent end of the currency backing, and gold therefore had to make up the vacuum, so the gold reserve against the currency had been forced up from 40 to 70 per cent. Also, because $1,000,000,000 of currency was being hoarded by our citizenry, this, too, had to be covered by gold reserves, which meant that the reserve banks froze that much more gold.

"'M' is for the million things she gave me . . ."

COLLIER'S KIRK

Altogether, it meant that less gold than necessary was available to meet withdrawals by foreign depositors.

Our plan for combating this threat was first, to give the reserve banks power to expand credit further in order to make up for any credit vacuum created by foreign gold withdrawals, and second, to expand the kinds of "eligible paper" by making government bonds available for use as part of the 60 per cent non-gold currency reserve. Normally, this would be objectionable. But in the emergency it would free enough gold to permit foreign depositors to take away all their gold—if they wanted to.

The Bill Stayed in Committee

I had discussed my plan with Congressional leaders of both parties at the aforementioned White House meeting on October 6, 1931, and most of them had approved. But after Congress convened two months later, the bill to enact my proposals remained in the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, although Treasury Secretary Mills and I repeatedly urged that it be reported out.

On February 7, 1932, Mr. Mills informed me that the gold crisis had become acute. Foreign deposits in our banks were being withdrawn or "earmarked" (which had the same effect) at the rate of $100,000,000 a week. In great alarm, Mr. Mills estimated that we were within a few weeks of being forced off the gold standard because of our inability to meet these foreign demands for gold.

Only about $300,000,000 of gold remained free for further foreign withdrawals. An investigation at this time showed that foreigners, including the unpredictable French, still held demand deposits in our banks of about $1,200,000,000—which they could withdraw in the form of gold at any moment.

The situation being so critical, I invited Republican and Democratic majority leaders, ranking members of the Senate committee, and administration officials to breakfast on February 9th. We revealed the situation and strongly urged our agreement of October 6th.

Finally, Senator Glass retreated from his opposition and, at my request, agreed to introduce the needed legislation in his own name.

It was decided that this legislation would emphasize those of our proposals relating to credit expansion and to liberalizing the rules concerning "eligible paper," in order to avoid disclosing the gold situation—which might create more alarm both at home and abroad before the bill was passed.

That afternoon I went over the situation with House leaders and ranking members of the committee concerned. The fact that Senator Glass had agreed brought Mr. Steagall, Democratic chairman of the House Banking Committee, and other Democratic members around to our point of view. To secure unity, I suggested that Mr. Steagall introduce the bill in the House.

It thus became known as the Glass-Steagall Bill, was passed without any debate on the gold situation, and became law on February 27th. Thereby we had secured the passage of two other major items on our original program, though three months later than originally agreed upon by the Democratic leaders. But the gold standard was saved.

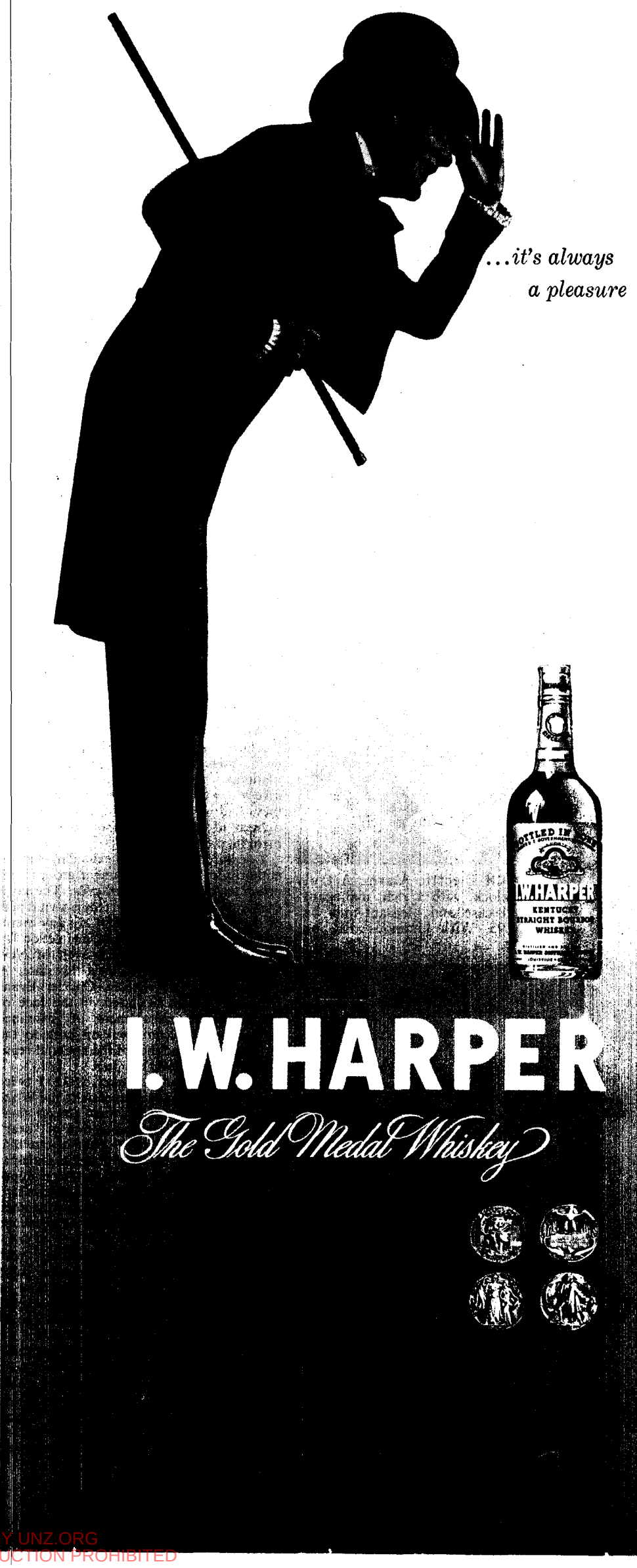
My proposal to overhaul our weak banking system provided yet another major battleground. In a country where almost everybody believed he had the capacity to go into the banking business, and with the vested interest of some 25,000 banks and deposit institutions, we were faced with formidabie opposition to any change.

In my annual message to Congress on December 3, 1929—before the real crisis—I had urged that a joint commission be set up of representatives of Congress, the administration and the public, to study our whole financial system. Senator Glass, the dominant Senate voice on banking, opposed this idea. The senator was a patriotic man except when he put on his political garments. He had an unparalleled lingual capacity for vituperation and a complete conviction that the worst Democrat was better than the best Republican. That he had learned at his mother's knee in Reconstruction days.

Although Senator Glass had rejected my idea of a joint investigation, six months after my recommendation he had introduced a banking bill, and on May 30, 1930, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee had announced that it hoped to have the bill ready for the next session. But it had not been able to agree upon a bill.

With the European economic earthquake of the spring of 1931, we had been engaged day and night in erecting props under our tottering banking system. I felt, however, that we must do more. In my message to the Seventy-second Congress on December 8, 1931, I returned to the subject, saying: "Our people have a right to a banking system in which their deposits shall be safeguarded."

We evolved a set of reform proposals which included compelling every commercial bank to join the Federal Reserve System; inspection of all commercial banks by the System; permission for state-wide



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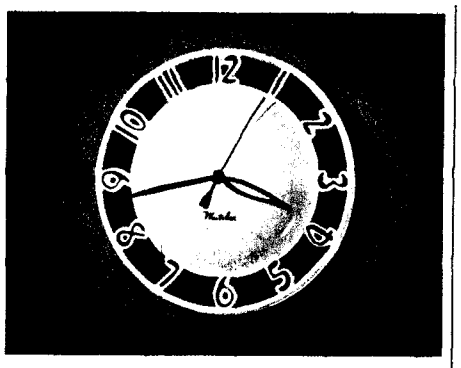

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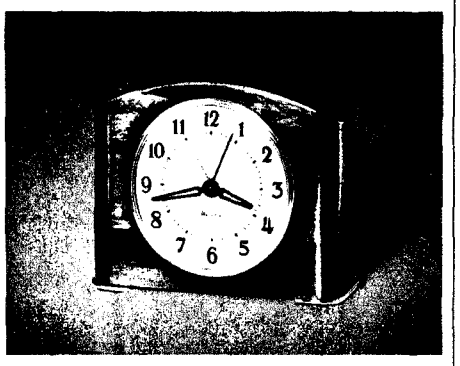

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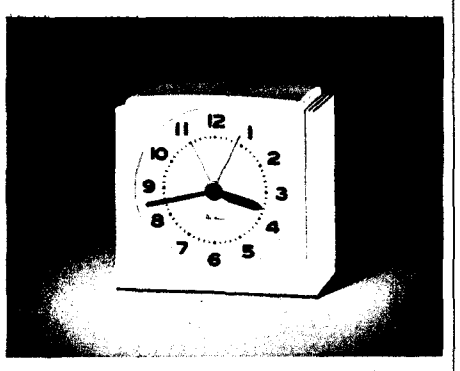

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branch banking by acquisition of existing banks, and gradual separation from banks of their promotion affiliates. Finally and belatedly, in January, 1932—three years after my original request for banking reform—the Senate committee began in earnest to formulate broad banking reform.

On January 22d Senator Glass reported his banking reform bill to the Senate. Five days later it was returned to the subcommittee for revision, and again reported to the Senate on March 16th. It provided for revision of laws of group banking and promotion affiliates, insistence on membership in the Reserve System, and limits on loans for speculation.

Public hearings were held amidst a deluge of banking opposition. Again the bill was sent back to a subcommittee for revision, and again introduced to the Senate on April 9th. On April 27th it was put on the calendar of privileged business. The battle raged through May, and on June 16th the Senate displaced the bill on the calendar.

Finally, after my defeat in the election, the bill was passed by the Senate on January 26, 1933—but in very mutilated form. The Democratic leaders of the House refused to take action—on instructions from the President-elect. The Glass bill was passed promptly in the succeeding administration (but even this legislation could be further improved).

Another vital part of my program was reform of stock-exchange and stock-promotion practices. The continuing misconduct of members of the New York and other stock exchanges was a contributing factor to public fear.

In a previous chapter I told how—well before the crash—I had tried in vain to persuade New York Stock Exchange officials to themselves restrain use of the exchange for manipulation and for promotion of destructive speculation. Conscientious exchange members had informed me that the exchange could do all this itself by changing its own rules.

Unwary Investors Victimized

With the slump, misuse of the exchange machinery appeared in another sinister aspect. Insiders "sold short," then, by manipulation which lowered stock prices, caught investors who could no longer support loans they had obtained on stocks and were obliged to sell. The "bears" then bought them in.

I deplored the idea of extending federal authority over nongovernment groups with power to remedy their own evils. The stock exchange, properly conducted, is a vital part of the free-enterprise system. In any event, primary responsibility for official action lay on Governor Franklin Roosevelt of New York, who had jurisdiction in this state. A former New York leader, Charles Evans Hughes, had not hesitated, in the face of the dishonest management of insurance companies, to clean them up both in the public interest and that of the national reputation of New York business.

In January and February, 1932, I twice again called exchange directors to the White House and urged that they amend their rules so as to stop manipulation of "bear" and "pool" operations. I pointed out that the bear raids had taken place in anticipation of every crisis and that obvious manipulation by pools had followed the crisis. I insisted that this had definitely contributed to public discouragement and had deepened the depression.

Responsible exchange members with whom I was in contact formulated some curative amendments to their rules. The directors repeatedly promised me they would adopt these amendments, but made only minor ineffectual changes.

Finally I warned Richard Whitney and the other directors that unless they took measures to clean their own house I would ask Congress to investigate the stock exchange with a view to legislation authorizing federal control.

At the end of February, I received still more depressing information as to continued vicious pools in which corporation and even bank directors were manipulating their own stocks. I therefore called in Senator Frederic Walcott, strongest Republican member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, who, having been an honest investment banker, was familiar with exchange practices, and Senator Peter Norbeck, chairman of that committee. Norbeck was a well-intentioned well driller from South Dakota, but not very expert on stock exchanges. I urged that the committee launch an investigation of exchange practices with a view to legislation, and gave them much information to start on.

I was extremely loath to take this step, as we had enough burdens to carry without all the discouraging filth such exposure entailed. But there was no other course in view of the public interest at stake. The truth could be brought out only under the compulsion a Senate committee would exert.

The Senate authorized the investigation on March 4th. There was some doubt as to the constitutionality of federal control of the stock exchanges, but I hoped that at least when we had exposed the situation, the governor of New York would recognize his fundamental responsibility.

On April 2d, a group of New York bankers, headed by Thomas Lamont of Morgan & Company, protested my actions in a memorandum, explaining the virtues of short selling. A few sentences from my reply are as follows:

"My dear Mr. Lamont:

". . . pounding down of prices . . . by obvious manipulation of the market . . . is an injury to the country and to the investing public . . . Men are not justified in deliberately making a profit from the losses of other people."

A committee of New York bankers had been organized, chiefly through the efforts of Secretary Mills, to support the bond market, which was thoroughly demoralized. On April 3d I received word from this committee that they could not get important financial houses to join them unless I agreed to call off the Senate investigation and halt my own activities in their direction. When I asked Secretary Mills about this, he made an unprintable reply—amply in the negative.

It soon became evident that efforts were being made to smother the Senate inquiry. In fact, Republican Senate leader Watson visited me with a strong appeal to quash this "dangerous activity." Senator Norbeck suddenly lost interest. But Senator Walcott's courage was equal to the mission. He undertook to build a fire under the Senate committee, and finally got the inquiry under way.

The committee soon exposed a rottenness far worse even than I had anticipated. Testimony revealed that directors of great corporations and banks had been manipulating and speculating in their own stocks. Huge pools had been organized for pushing stocks on to the public at prices far beyond their worth, and for manipulating prices upward and downward. Great figures in the industrial, financial and political world had engaged in these operations.

Loss of Public Confidence

The shock to the people and their loss of confidence in the integrity of men high in business and finance was great. Such exposures take no account of the fact that such men were one out of the thousand honest men in the same walks of life. But the extraction of the bad apples from the barrel periodically becomes necessary in order to save the good ones.

To Senator Walcott and his Republican colleagues, I outlined my views of the corrective legislation needed. These ideas were that:

(a) A prospectus be filed with the Justice Department on all stock offerings for interstate sale to the public, stating all essential facts, including direct and indirect beneficiaries;

(b) All promoters or other persons named by the prospectus be liable in damages to any persons injured through misstatement or incomplete disclosure, with the Justice Department authorized to act in cases of malfeasance coming to its attention.

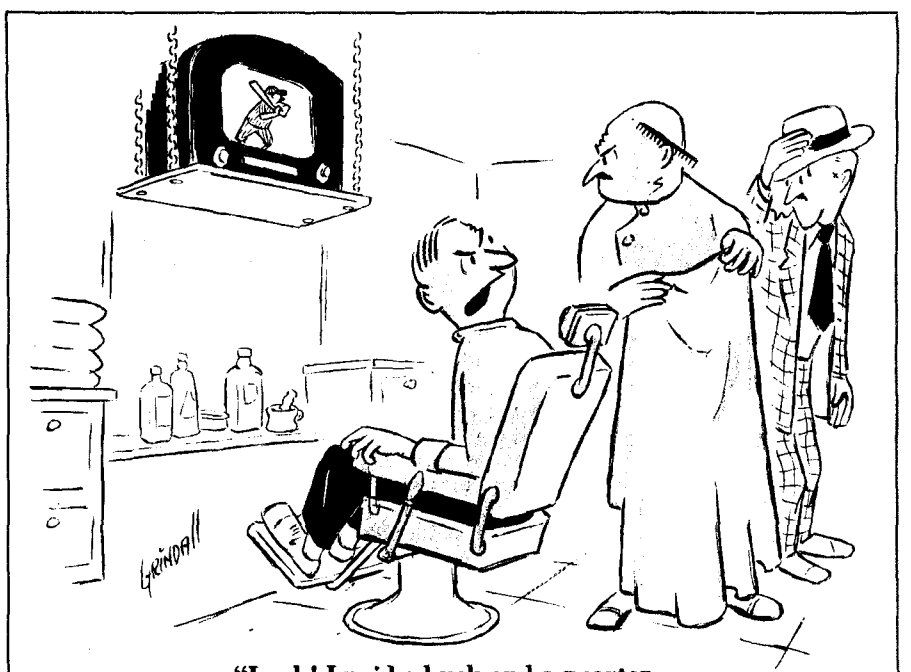
(c) Congress should enact definite statutory rules governing interstate purchase and sale of securities on the exchanges.

The Senate Committee had no time before the end of the 1932 session to formulate legislation and, having lost the election, we could go no further with the matter. But the reaction from these exposures paved the way for legislation in the Roosevelt administration. That legislation has perhaps hampered honest business—but when representative government becomes angered it will burn down the barn to get a rat out of it.

Measures to balance the budget formed yet another major part of our program of economic defense and recovery.

For the first two fiscal years of my administration—those ending June 30, 1929, and 1930—we had no budget trouble; in fact we had a surplus of more than $700,000,000 for each year. But the depression began to eat into our revenues during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931, and we had a deficit (not counting recoverable loans) of something more than $200,000,000.

This in itself was not serious, but our major revenues, being based on income taxes



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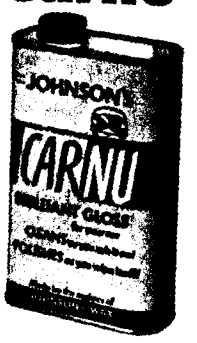

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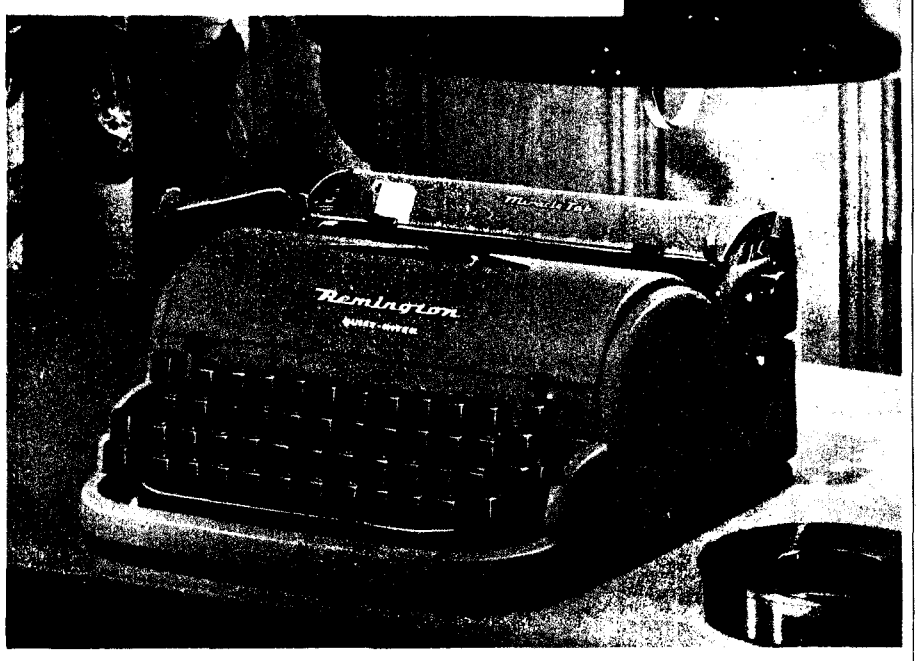

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and corporation profits, were going out from under us with appalling speed. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, revenues had dropped over $2,000,000,000, or more than 50 per cent.

National stability required that we balance the budget. To do this, we had to increase taxes and drastically cut expenses. In reducing expenses we had to limit ourselves to ordinary government activities; for our extraordinary expenditures—for unemployment, agricultural and financial relief—had to be increased.

At once the Battle of the Budget with the Democratic-controlled Congress was on, for the budget was a good political football.

In my budget message to Congress on December 9, 1931, I asked it to reduce its appropriations $369,000,000 below the year before, and recommended laws which would permit cuts of another $300,000,000.

The Democrats promptly attacked my proposals. On February 23, 1932, Speaker Garner, asserting that any reorganization of laws was the exclusive function of Congress, appointed a House Economy Committee to do the job. This body promptly went to sleep.

On April 4th, I urged that in view of the fact that four different committees of Congress claimed jurisdiction over these amendments I proposed to the laws, there should be set up a joint committee, representing the administration and the two houses, to formulate an emergency program in this sector. Democratic Senate leader Robinson roundly denounced this plan, and Garner's committee woke up and brightly demanded that the administration propose a detailed program of the legislation required to make the $300,000,000 functional reductions.

All this was tiresome political horseplay which in Garner's view would give the administration the responsibility for all the heartaches and political aches. But we accepted the challenge and went beyond it, giving him chapter and verse.

The "economy" bill finally passed by the House on May 3d had only $30,000,000 of our proposed economies left in it. The total economies emerging from Congress both from this act and from cuts in appropriations were $150,000,000 instead of the $670,000,000 I had proposed.

Pork-Barrel Bills Vetoed

In addition, I was compelled to veto a multitude of special bills for special pensions, Indian claims and a veterans' bonus. The worst, however, was Garner's own $2,300,000,000 pork-barrel bill, to which I will refer again.

The other side of the budget problem was to increase revenues. To balance the budget we were compelled to ask an increase of taxes by $1,300,000,000 per annum.

Congress was naturally reluctant to increase taxes in the face of a coming election. I myself was not ignorant of the liabilities in terms of votes. But it had to be done—votes or no votes.

Despite the urgent need, Speaker Garner, on January 1, 1932, announced that the Ways and Means Committee would take up tariff legislation before taxes. This meant months of delay and was of no purpose but political agitation on a subject concerning which no legislation was possible at that time.

On February 12th, Congressman Charles Crisp, the able Democratic chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, informed me that his committee agreed on some of our proposals to increase income, corporation and estate taxes, but that there would also have to be a manufacturers' sales tax. I replied that I would agree—provided there was no tax on staple food and cheaper clothing.

A month later the committee reported out the bill, including part of our recommendations and containing a manufacturers' sales tax. The committee consisted of 15 Democrats and 10 Republicans and had voted 24 to 1 in favor of the bill. Obviously they felt no partisanship on this issue.

It had been customary both under Democratic and Republican House majorities to limit debate on tax legislation, since every affected group in the country, if given time, would build up opposition to the measure in question. But this time Speaker Garner broke all precedent by ruling for unlimited debate. This was a good idea for government-prior-to-election.

From March 10th to 25th the House debated. Opposition developed at once from the manufacturers, who put on a high-pressure campaign. But the main opposition came from the Democratic side under the leadership of pseudo-Republican Fiorello La Guardia. Notwithstanding that there was no tax on food and cheaper clothing, La Guardia demagogued the manufacturers' sales tax as "grinding the face of the poor," and "taking milk from babies and bread from mothers."

La Guardia Reversed Himself

(Four years later La Guardia, as mayor of New York—elected on a platform of "protecting the poor"—enacted a sales tax on some food and all clothing. In a dinner conversation with him, I chided him on his inconsistency. His reply was: "You're no politician.")

The tax bill was defeated and sent back to committee. Garner then made an eloquent speech demanding a balancing of the budget. That the House did not require four months to enact a major piece of legislation was evidenced by the passage of the Philippine independence bill in 40 minutes under the limited debate ruled by the Speaker.

On April 1st the House finally passed a wholly inadequate tax bill and the struggle shifted to the Senate. By the end of May that body had not yet acted despite a special message and several public speeches by me and much press insistence on the subject.

Finally, on May 31st, I determined to address the Senate in person, not only on the budget but on other matters. I hope no President will have justification to use such tones again.

The Senate took on a burst of speed and I was able to sign a tax bill on June 7th. It was supposed to produce about $1,250,000,000 added revenue. But these additions to our income had been delayed seven months and came too late to do any good during the fiscal year.

Humor never dies in America. Democratic candidate for Vice-President John Garner, on October 17, 1932, said of us:

"Their failure to balance the budget of a family of 120,000,000 people is at the very bottom of the economic troubles from which we are suffering."

The question of unemployment relief, both direct and indirect, touched off another major battle with Congress.

As noted in an earlier chapter, right after the 1929 crash I had taken steps to provide such relief, distinguishing between the "direct" kind (that given individuals and families through charitable, local, county and state action) and the "indirect" kind (including public and private construction, spreading of work, etc.).

By now, "indirect" relief had shaken down into three possibilities: we could undertake, first, what we called "nonreproductive" public works, such as buildings, highways, etc.; second, "reproductive" public works financed by RFC loans; third, "reproductive" private works, including the expansion and modernization of plants, and also financed by the RFC. The "reproductive" works, both public and private, would repay their cost and be a continuing source of jobs.

During 1930 and early 1931 we had secured, without loans, great aid to employment from increased private construction, but by mid-1931 we had exhausted this private pool.

As to "nonreproductive" public works, although I had formerly been impressed with their effectiveness as a means of unemployment relief (during the depression of 1922-'23), our experience with them

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since 1930 now convinced me that they had certain limitations; one of them was that there were only a limited number of public projects which were needed and useful either socially or economically.

At the start of the depression the number of people directly or indirectly employed by the federal government to build and maintain public works was 180,000; in August, 1931, it was 760,000. As unemployment was running 10 times that amount, it was obvious that extended public works were not a complete answer.

My recommendations that the RFC be authorized to make loans to industry for expansion and modernization were aimed solely at increasing employment. This involved the use of government credit only, and would have cost the government nothing, but Congress refused to grant this authority.

Finally—after it was held up for eight months—we succeeded in getting authority for the RFC to make $1,500,000,000 of loans for "reproductive" public (not private) works.

From this came such notable accomplishments as the San Francisco Bay Bridge, the Jones Beach project in New York, the Mississippi River Bridge at New Orleans, slum clearance, and a hundred other reproductive works whose cost the government retrieved with interest. (This, I believe, was the first action ever taken by the federal government in slum clearance.)

The real battle came over the "nonreproductive" public works. There was popular pressure for more and more, in gigantic dimensions, and huge appropriation bills had been introduced into Congress—supported by sections of the press as well as by pork-barrel-seeking congressmen—to expand such works. We were already spending $650,000,000 annually on them.

Speaker Garner now took up the banner of a bill to provide straight "nonreproductive" public works costing an added $2,300,000,000 annually. His Congressional cohorts even sent out to the local press of each county the amount each would get from the pork barrel. Inspired by this vision of extensive appropriations for their districts, they pressed valiantly behind him. It was good Democratic politics—both from the point of view of appealing to local greed and proving me a heartless incompetent. Congress passed this bill and I vetoed it as an unexampled raid on the public treasury.

(The New Dealers quickly found that no such enormous program of public works as they promised could be usefully and efficiently constructed. Therefore, to provide jobs under this heading they resorted to a gigantic festival of "boondoggling," the physical remains of which quickly disappeared. The distribution of such works so as effectively to control Congressional votes became a public scandal.)

Our problem of "direct" relief had been intensified by Europe's collapse. Our estimates of the unemployed in August, 1931, showed about 8,000,000 jobless (including probably about 5,000,000 family breadwinners).

Colonel Woods, head of the "President's Committee for Unemployment Relief" which I had set up in 1930, was forced by ill health and overwork to resign in August, 1931. I persuaded Walter Gifford, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, to take charge, with an enlarged national committee. Local checks by his committee, as well as the high state of public health, indicated that distress was being provided for.

Facing Winter Relief Again

I therefore concluded that the responsibility for relief during the winter of 1931-'32 could be carried again by this voluntary relief system, aided by the municipalities and states.

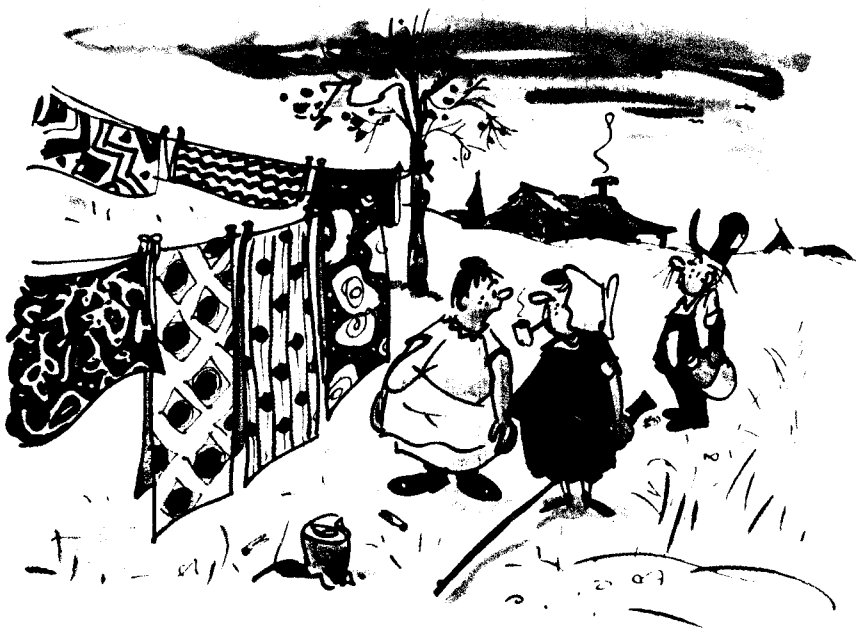
To check again on the "direct" relief situation, late in October, 1931, I directed a repeated general survey. This was done through our state committees and through the governors of the states, who were asked about their ability to carry the load. All the governors but one reported their belief that with federal "indirect relief," and state appropriations in some cases, our local committees could handle the problem.

As a still further check, I had a survey made by the Public Health Service. Surgeon General Cumming reported that the death rate was lower than even in the prosperous year of 1928. He showed that the most sensitive index of malnutrition—infant mortality—was at a lower rate than in any previous time.

Of the governors reporting, only Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania—second richest state in the Union—refused to cooperate. He refused any state aid and demanded that the federal government do the job; this became the cry of all pseudo liberals. The state relief committee informed us they could get along without Pinchot.

We came through 1931 with no failure to relieve any suffering. But as of January, 1932, reports by our committees and by government agencies showed that due

KENNESAW



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to the continuing degeneration of our general situation (arising from the financial collapse in Europe) the number of unemployed had increased to about 10,140,000, an increase of 3,300,000 over the year.

I got Congress to agree that 85,000,000 bushels of wheat and 500,000 bales of cotton from the Farm Board surplus be appropriated for the unemployed. To avoid any color of politics, I arranged that this be assigned to the Red Cross, which would distribute it through its chapters and our state and local relief committees. The Red Cross had the wheat milled into flour. It provided the full bread supply for about every family on relief for one year. The cotton provided over a dozen yards of cotton cloth to every unemployed family.

Senators Asked to be Candid

In early March, I called a conference of Republican Senators Watson and Reed, Democratic Senators Robinson and Glass, Republican Congressmen Snell and Hawley, and Democratic Congressmen Crisp and Steagall. They represented the Congressional committees concerned. I stated that I wanted frank advice and that I would make no public statement of their conclusions, so they could speak candidly.

I presented these questions to them:— 1. Should we continue to administer "direct relief" through our organization of committees? 2. Should the federal government make grants to the states for the committees' support, conditional upon regular state and municipal participation also? 3. Should the federal government appropriate funds for direct doles and also take over the administration of them? 4. Should we expand appropriations from the federal Treasury for public works beyond the programs I had proposed?

Republicans and Democrats alike favored continuing my committee organization; opposed federal doles; agreed to grants-in-aid to the state governments if this became necessary, and opposed expansion of "nonreproductive" public works for relief.

But the more political-minded Democrats in Congress, together with a consolidation of all left-wing organizations in the country, were demanding that the federal government provide a dole. They could cite no failure of any consequence by our voluntary committee system. Their motive was political, and their fire directed at the stonyhearted Hoover.

On May 31st, as a part of the RFC expansion bill, I proposed to Congress that $300,000,000 be made available to the states to aid them in dispensing relief under our committee system. At once we had a battle with Democratic congressmen who wanted to base distribution of the funds on population rather than on need. But on July 17th we snatched this measure from the pork barrel.

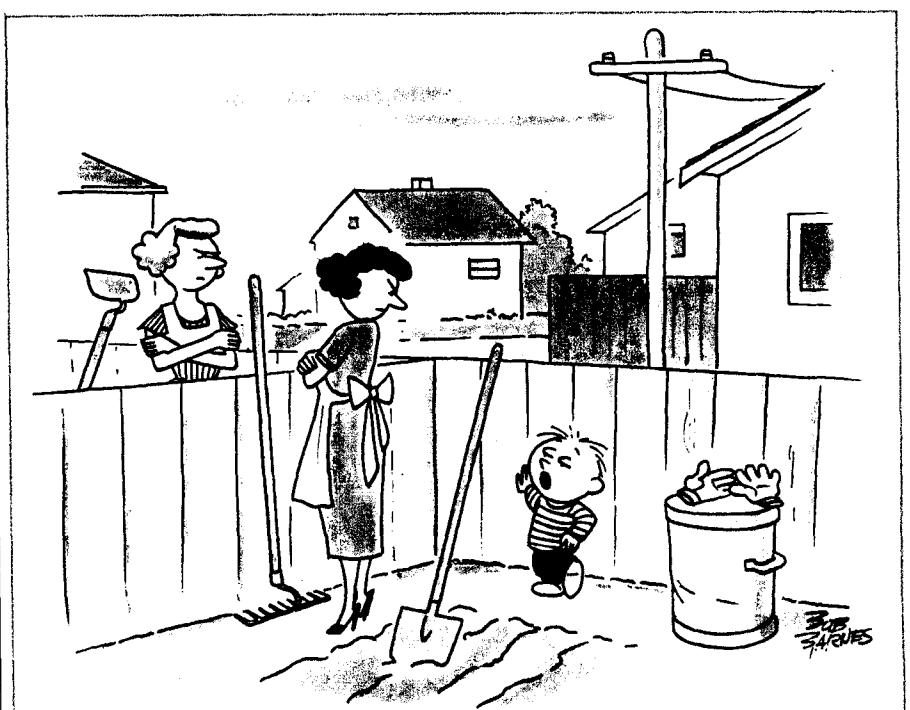
From all this Congressional obstructionism, and the resulting public discouragement, our economic situation deteriorated more and more. The low point of the depression was July, 1932. The discouragement and deterioration were indicated by the fact that despite all RFC efforts, banks with total deposits of $121,000,000 closed during June; even more poignant indication was the total number of unemployed—now estimated at about 12,400,000—an increase of about 2,250,000 over January, 1932. But our measures were effectively preventing any hunger and cold.

In all, our running battle with a Democratic-controlled Congress bent on delaying recovery until it would come too late to affect the impending Presidential election lasted eight months.

Although opposition leaders had agreed to the main lines of many of our proposed measures at the October 6th White House meeting two months before Congress convened, and despite my constant attempts during the session to secure co-operation by conferring with leaders of both parties and chairmen and members of important committees, the stalling and sabotage began immediately with the opening of Congress in December, 1931, and lasted until the end of June or early July, 1932.

At that low point the Democrats apparently thought they had done enough to insure the election, and through the rest of July, before adjournment, we were to get many of our measures approved.

A notable incident of the bank problem at the high point of public pessimism was the threatened closing of all Chicago banks. On Saturday, June 25th, I had gone to the Rapidan Camp for a week-end respite from the Washington heat. For the same reason, Treasury Secretary Mills was on Long Island and Governor Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board in upstate New York. The day before, scattered runs had begun on the Chicago banks. On Saturday morning these spread and increased in intensity, and great crowds gathered at the banks; the run was especially strong on the Central Republic Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, known as the Dawes bank. It was administered by the brothers of General Charles G. Dawes, president of the RFC; he had not owned any interest in it since he became Vice-President of the United States in 1924.



COLLIER'S

"They had fishin' poles and a case of beer hidden out in the alley. Mr. Davie drove the get-away car"

BOB BARNES

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The origins of the run on the Dawes bank are still obscure, but subsequent investigation disclosed a systematic propaganda of alarm carried on by telephone, and some information indicated it to be a Communist operation.

On Saturday afternoon Melvin A. Traylor of the First National Bank of Chicago telephoned me, saying that while his own bank could hold out for some time, the Dawes bank was the great danger point. While his institution would help the Dawes bank, he added, it could not carry the full load, and he appealed for substantial RFC aid. "If we do not get such support by Monday," he concluded in substance, "every Chicago bank—ours among them—will have to close its doors."

I spent the rest of that day at the telephone bringing the various financial agencies of the government in touch with one another. I directed the Federal Bank Examiner at Chicago to look into the situation and rush a report to RFC directors Jesse Jones and Wilson McCarthy, both Democrats, who were in Chicago for the Democratic National Convention.

I asked Jones and McCarthy to find out what could be done about the Dawes bank. They recommended an immediate loan of about $80,000,000 to it as the only means of averting a disastrous crash which would close not only the Chicago banks but also hundreds of correspondent banks in the Midwest. The other RFC directors agreed by telephone, and the loan was made. It averted the threatened panic.

In the subsequent campaign, the Democrats made much of this loan, charging, of course, that we had spent a huge sum in fattening an eminent Republican while deserving Democrats ate husks. They entirely ignored the fact that General Dawes owned no interest in the bank; that half the members of the RFC board were Democrats; and that the loan was made on their unqualified recommendation. (The loan was later entirely repaid with interest.)

With the adjournment of Congress, confidence began to return. A sigh of relief swept over the whole country. For the next four months net bank reopenings exceeded closings.

Another index of the strain induced by these Congressional battles appeared in the gold withdrawals from the banks. After the gold-protection legislation was passed in February, gold withdrawals averaged only about $33,000,000 per month. But in May they rose to $195,000,000, in June, to $206,000,000. From then on, until after the election, the tide turned and the amount of gold redeposited in the banks averaged about $12,000,000 a month.

The Congress That Dug Too Deep

The Democratic Congress had dug the depression deeper than would have been necessary if we had had a co-operative Capitol Hill during the emergency—even deeper, in fact, than was necessary to win an election.

Throughout the session I had been badly battered about. But as slow and painful as progress was, the sum of accomplishments in terms of items of our program was considerable, and the net result was gained on our side from an economic, if not a political, standpoint.

We had secured creation of the RFC and home loan banks; expansion of the Federal Land Banks; liberalization of Federal Reserve credit-expansion operations; protection of the gold standard; some bankruptcy-law reform, and ratification of the intergovernmental debt moratorium. We had, by veto, stopped billions of dollars in wasteful legislation. We had maintained the unemployed through a nonpolitical direct relief organization and had secured funds for indirect relief.

The passage of major parts of our program, the adjournment of Congress, the emergence of the American Gibraltar from every foreign financial attack, Europe's relaxation of German reparations, the moratorium, the "stand-still" agreement mentioned in an earlier chapter—all contributed to rebuilding world confidence.

Another hopeful factor was the calling in June, 1932, of a World Economic Conference for the winter of 1933 in London—after the elections were over. This conference, which I had urged on Prime Minister MacDonald of Great Britain was aimed at working out some plan to stabilize currencies, curb growing barriers against international trade, and remove other obstacles to world recovery. Later I will deal with this matter at length.

Recovery was now on the way everywhere. To quote some independent views, the National Industrial Conference Board on November 10, 1935, declared: "The facts . . . bring out clearly that the first steps toward recovery were taken in the year 1932." The New York Times on November 26, 1935, said: ". . . the beginning of the turn must be assigned to 1932."

The Beginning of Recovery

Professor Irving Fisher, in a speech before the American Economic Association on December 28, 1933, declared: "Recovery started under Mr. Hoover but . . . a recession occurred because of fear over political uncertainties." Even the New Deal Department of Commerce, in its World Economic Review for 1933, said: "In the United States business improved substantially, from July (1932) until September."

Proof of recovery was not merely a matter of opinion, but of statistical fact. The AFL reported a decrease in unemployment of 800,000. Various Federal Reserve indexes showed that between late June and late September industrial production rose 14 per cent, factory payrolls, 10 per cent, prices of farm products, 12 per cent, and common stocks, 60 per cent.

But with the ominous election returns from Maine on September 14th, the country began to realize that Roosevelt would win and there would be an abrupt change in policies.

The business world at once began to weigh the consequences of his policies, and to stop, wait and listen.

Roosevelt's attitude in the campaign was one of increasing bitterness toward businessmen, and he indicated that an era of government competition with, and dictation to, business was at hand. The conglomeration of men of declared radical and collectivist intentions who were his intimates and associates, and who were certain to occupy important posts in his administration, was in itself disturbing to the economic world. Thinking businessmen began to draw in their sails for the coming storm.

Although he promised a cut in national expenditures and a balanced budget, Roosevelt also promised expenditures for pressure groups which would prevent any budget balancing unless taxes were enormously increased.

There were promised reductions in the tariff which naturally caused merchants and manufacturers to cancel orders and reduce stocks awaiting lower-priced imports and their effect on domestic prices.

The most immediately disturbing factor was the fear of currency manipulation. The Democratic platform had straddled the issue of the gold standard by calling for "sound" money, but many bills seeking "fiat money" and "managed currency" had been fathered by important Democrats in the Seventy-second Congress. There was thus plenty of evidence that there would be some sort of tinkering with the currency.

The sum of all these matters was to turn the clock of recovery abruptly back.

The 1932 campaign, writes Hoover in next week's issue, was marked by "below-the-belt" strategy of the opposition and by techniques new to American political life. For his report on this crucial contest, order your copy of Collier's now

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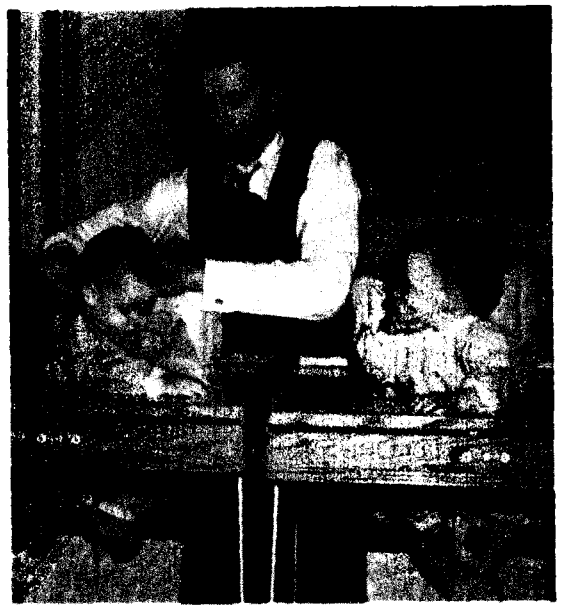
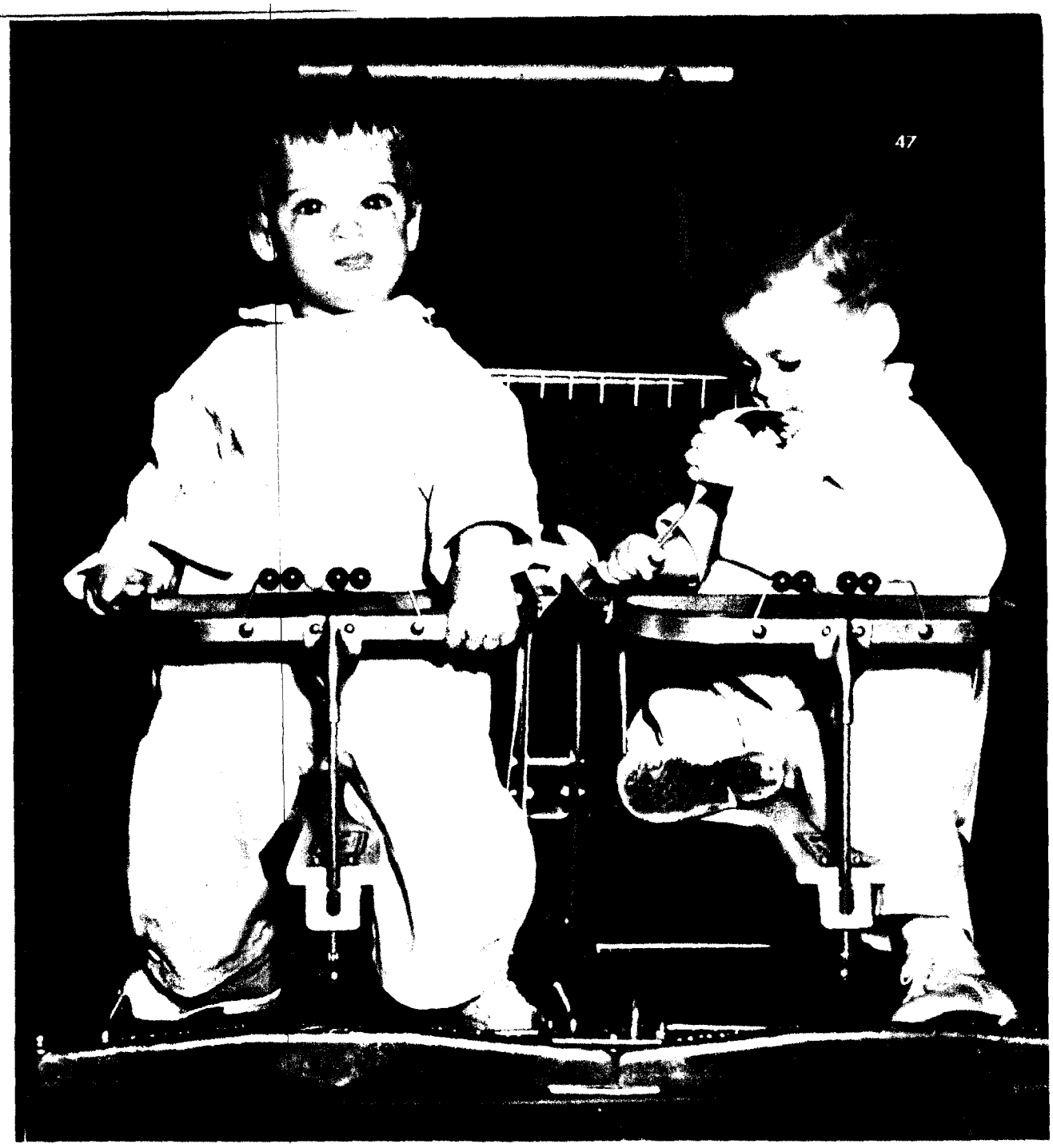


Bibbing Judy, Jimmy gets ready for feeding job, above. Below, actor and wife, Gloria, dress the squirming girls on nurse's day off



Jimmy Stewart's year-old twins (Judy, mugging; Kelly, chewing) wait for Dad to pilot stroller

JIMMY'S TWINS

KELLY and Judy Stewart are a pair of home-grown leprechauns who were born on May 7th a year ago—the twin daughters of Hollywood's perennial bashful boy, Jimmy Stewart.

The movie star, whose own birthday is May 20th, has known many kinds of excitement during his almost forty-four years. As a top Hollywood figure who has made a career of being as real as a next-door neighbor, Jimmy's been featured in more than 40 major films. Celebrated beauties have been among his leading ladies. During World War II, he knew the sound and fury of enemy flak on bomber flights over Europe. But he is learning rapidly that life with the diaper set has a zest all its own.

At home, Jimmy acquired a large family more swiftly than most. He had been a well-publicized "confirmed bachelor" until he married Gloria Hatrick McLean in August, 1949. His new wife arrived with two boys—Ronald, now eight, and Michael, five—from a previous marriage. When the twins were born, Stewart found that, in less than two years, he had become the father of four.

He's delighted, of course, and occasionally bewildered—especially when the nurse who tends the tiniest Stewarts has a day off and Jimmy personally assists with the care of his brood. But if he's asked how he's enjoying this latest and most natural of all roles, Jimmy says, as he so often has in the movies: "Well, gosh!"

MARTHA WEINMAN

Reading a script, Jimmy gets crowded by twins and sons Ronald and Michael (kneeling, right)

Proud as Punch, Mr. & Mrs. Stewart show the girls off to popular columnist Hedda Hopper

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

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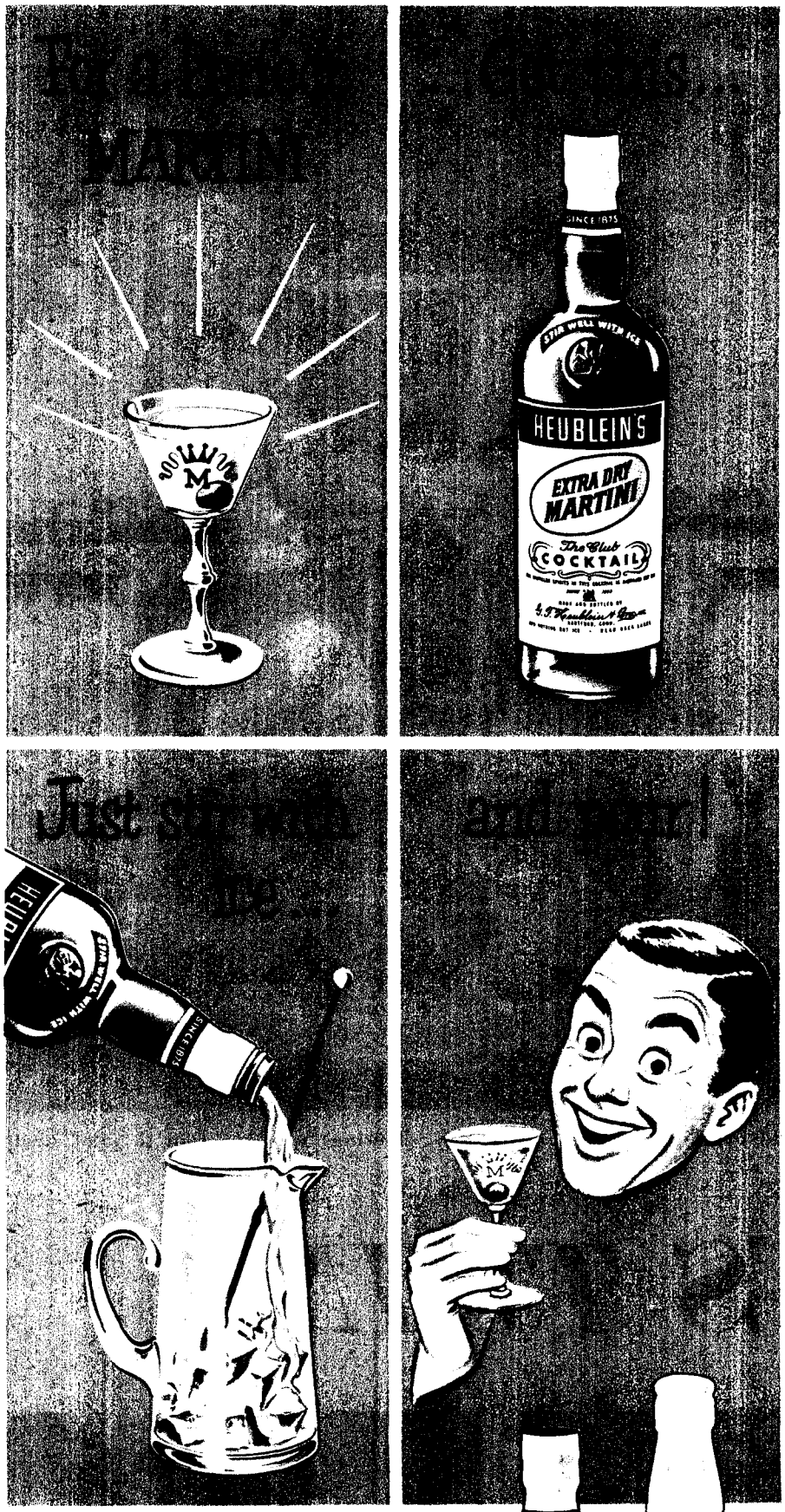

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Glamor Gal at 87

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

been bountiful. From 1893 to her "retirement" in 1911, she was a successful concert singer both here and in Europe, under the name Georgia Powers-Carhart (Powers having been her maiden name). The late critic, James Gibbons Huneker, once wrote that her mezzo-soprano was "the only female voice I've ever heard that could bring tears to my eyes."

She also enjoyed, for 30 years, a "supremely happy" marriage with Carrington E. Carhart, a Kansas City newspaperman. But not long after her husband's death in 1917, Georgiana found that her funds had run pretty low. To put it bluntly, she needed a job.

"So I came to New York," she recalls. "I sold books at Macy's and, later, dresses at Lord & Taylor. My voice wasn't nearly as good as it was in the old days, but I was still able to pick up a few dollars here and there by singing at small dinner parties. I managed."

She's been managing ever since, but even her popularity as a television figure hasn't given her anything resembling affluence. Living in a tiny three-room apartment on the upper East Side of Manhattan, she sleeps in the living room, so that she can rent out the lone bedroom. Money means little to her at her age, but she can use all she can get, since Life Begins at 80 is not one of TV's high-budgeted shows.

For Georgiana, the Monday-evening program is easily the high light of the week, for nothing else she does affords her so much excitement. Because of the speed and regularity with which she reels off gags and aphorisms, the question often arises as to how much of her output is original and how much she culls from memory. No one can say for sure, but Jack Barry, who's been moderator of the program since its inception, suspects that most of the bright sayings sprout spontaneously.

Himself one of the best repartee men in the business, the young and able Barry confesses, "Georgiana can murder me in free verbal exchanges. She has the quickest mind of anyone I know, regardless of age."

Mrs. Carhart's baiting of her colleagues on Life Begins at 80 is pure showmanship, of course, and belies her unlimited respect for the feelings of her fellow human beings. Thus, she is made very uneasy by fans who meet her at the studio door after the telecast and gush, "You're simply wonderful, Mrs. Carhart! The others are fine, too, but you're really the whole show!" To make sure that none of her teammates is around to hear these "thoughtless" compliments, she never leaves the studio until the others have gone.

In contrast to her high-spirited television appearances, Georgiana's home life is quiet and usually uneventful. She arises about noon each day, cooks a substantial breakfast for herself, and spends the rest of the afternoon reading the newspapers and listening to radio serials.

She eats heartily, but limits herself to two meals a day. "I'm a very plain cook," she says, "and I'm not referring to my appearance." One of her favorite dishes is spareribs and sauerkraut, cooked together with a potato, onion and apple; she doesn't take it off the stove "until the apple has completely disappeared."

Georgiana spends part of each evening with her fan mail, all of which she tries to answer personally. She receives hundreds of letters each week, so she's constantly behind in her correspondence. Somewhat surprisingly, quite a chunk of the mail comes from children of nine or ten, who tell her how much they enjoy the "funny faces" she makes. "The mugging I do on the show," Mrs. Carhart explains, "is for them. Undignified, maybe, but if it gives the youngsters a few laughs, it's worth it."

The facial acrobatics are aided and abetted by the rakish angles at which Georgiana wears her celebrated hats. Festooned with flowers or feathers (depending on the season), the headgear is given to her by such well-known milliners as Janet Meisner and Walter Florell.

Several evenings a week, Georgiana allows herself the luxury of dining out. For several years she's been a regular and most welcome customer at the Blue Bowl, a cheerful restaurant just a few blocks from her home.

"She's an inspiration to every woman who comes in here," the hostess there said recently. "When people are waiting in the vestibule for a table, the best thing that can happen to them is to have Mrs. Carhart waiting there with them. The wisecracks never stop coming. She's a floor show in herself."

Extremely modest beneath all her brashness, Georgiana glosses over this talent for spreading cheer by saying, "That's one good feature about getting old. You can talk to anyone."

But her capacity for brightening the lives of others is better explained by her credo, "My life is God's gift to me. What I do with it is my gift to Him."

One of the most important things she does with it is to attack prejudice wherever she finds it. Not long ago, she was a passenger on a bus when she overheard two men in front of her discussing the national origin of a mutual acquaintance whom they obviously despised.

"They weren't sure," she now tells, "whether the fellow was born in France or England, and this seemed pretty vital to them. It made me terribly angry. 'What difference does *that* make?' I asked them. 'If a cat gave birth to a litter in an oven, you wouldn't call the kittens biscuits, would you?' "

THE END

From Adam On Down

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

fatherly smile. "The human race must go on."

"Give me one good reason why, George," I said. "I'll have the macédoine of fruit for dessert."

After dinner, I took a whodunit out of the club library, went upstairs to my room, practiced putting a golf ball into my toothbrush glass for ten minutes, and then went to bed with the book. It was very peaceful. No squawking radio next door, no children playing tag under my window.

In the office the next morning, Jim said, "The baby's rash disappeared, Fred. The wife's expecting you for dinner tonight. Don't expect anything fancy. You'll have to take potluck with us."

That was just the trouble. It *would* be potluck. At noon I went out and bought a box of candy, and at five I trailed the boss in my car.

We ended up in a typical colonial-style development, with crab grass in the front lawns, swings and playhouses out back.

As we went up the walk, I could see a flurry inside—his wife yanking something off the floor and throwing it out of sight. She met us at the door, a nice-looking woman, pretty well preserved at thirty-three or thereabouts. A baby clung to her skirt with sticky hands; two others peered around her. I hoped they were shy. I like the kind of kid who sits under a table in a corner and sucks his thumb.

I handed over the candy, and we went into the living room. "I'll make a drink," Jim said, and they left me with the small fry, who lined up and looked me over.

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"Hi," I said nervously, but they didn't say anything. Jim came back and his wife came in and it wasn't bad. I was just a young man working for Jim, and his wife didn't have to put herself out to be nice to me but she was very pleasant. The only trouble was the conversation.

"You're from the East, aren't you?" she said. "Do you have a girl back there waiting for you?"

I told her I had no commitments, and she looked at Jim. I knew that look. "We'll have to do something," she said. "We'll have you over for bridge some night soon. Who could we get, Jim? How about Madge Henderson?"

"Not Madge," Jim said. "I don't think she's Fred's type. I think that sister of Wally's would be more Fred's type."

A married woman hates a single man. I was going to have to watch my step. Jim and his wife and their crowd wouldn't be satisfied until they had me living in a development and pushing a baby carriage on Sunday mornings.

"I'd rather not," I said. "You see, there was a girl." I tried to look very sorrowful; I tried to sigh. "She married another man," I said. "For me," I said, "there will never be anyone else."

IT DID the trick. Jim's wife was on my side right away. In the kitchen a little later I heard her whispering to Jim that I was a very romantic type. I was beginning to breathe a little easier when the doorbell rang. They both seemed busy so I went to answer it.

A girl stood on the threshold. Brown hair, about five six, brown eyes, a slim, willowy figure. The kids ran over to her, and she grinned at me. "Aren't they the nicest kids you ever saw?" she said.

"How would I know?" I said. "I just met them."

"Just look at them," she said.

"I'd rather look at you," I said.

"You can't," she said. "I'm the sitter. I take care of the kids when there's company. Come on, kids."

She took them off upstairs, and I went back into the living room. Jim's wife said, "Did I hear Sally come in?" A light came into her eyes. "Sally Hayes," she said. "The sweetest girl—"

I shook my head, and she remembered. She gave me a melting look and patted my arm. We went in to dinner, and later on, after we had finished, Sally came downstairs. She joined us for a while, and finally I got up to leave.

"I'll run you home, Sally," Jim said. His wife kicked him in the shin. He started to protest, looked at her, and got one of those signals wives can give their husbands with the lift of an eyebrow.

"Fred," he said, "maybe you wouldn't mind dropping Sally off on your way home."

We went out to my car together. As we started off, just to make conversation, I asked her what she did besides baby-sit.

"Nothing," she said. "I graduated from college this June, and sooner or later I'll have to get a job, I suppose. I majored in home economics in college and I don't really want to work."

"What do you really want?" I said.

"What I really want," she said, "is to get married."

I may have twisted the wheel a little, but I didn't really mind her saying that. It is my experience that almost all girls want to be married, and at least she was honest in admitting it.

"My house is next on the left," she said, and I turned in the driveway. I got a notion as she started to thank me for bringing her home. I had nothing against girls; it was just matrimony I disapproved of.

"There's a dance at the country club this Saturday," I said. "Would you like to go?"

She stared at me. "Aren't you working for Jim? Maybe I misunderstood. You're not Jim's boss, are you?"

"I work for him," I said. "I belong to the club because I'm single and unattached and I don't have to provide for anyone but myself."

"That must be very nice," she said.

"It is," I said. "What about the dance?"

"Come on in," she said, "and we'll talk about it."

We went in a side door which led to the kitchen. Sally turned on the light.

"Would you like a piece of apple pie?" she said. "There's also some ice cream in the freezer and we have some Cheddar cheese. Do you prefer ice cream or cheese with your apple pie?"

"Cheese," I said nervously.

"I'll make some coffee," she said.

There was a breakfast nook in the kitchen, and I sat down and watched her put water on for coffee. In my experience, it is very dangerous to spend much time in a kitchen with a girl. There's something very appealing about seeing a girl flitting around in a kitchen handing you apple pie with Cheddar cheese and making coffee. It can get you, when you're single and unattached. It makes a very romantic and rose-colored picture. Then after you marry the girl, if you walk in the kitchen you get hit in the face with a dish towel.

I took a bite of apple pie. The crust was very flaky and I had to admit I had never tasted better.

"Your mother made it," I said hopefully.

"My mother hates to cook," she said. "I made it. I love to cook and I'm very good at it."

She sat down next to me. "Aren't you going to have some pie?" I said.

"No, thanks," she said. "I'll just have a

"I hope you'll forgive the appearance of the place—my mother is an outrageous housekeeper!"

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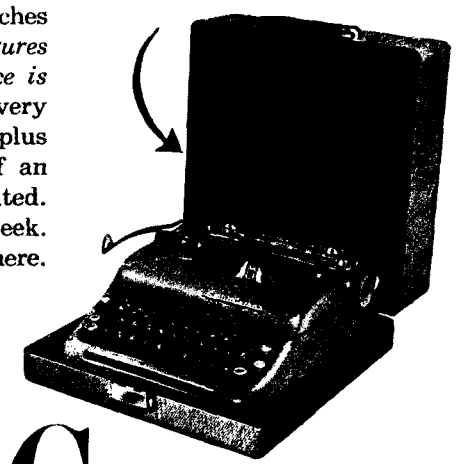

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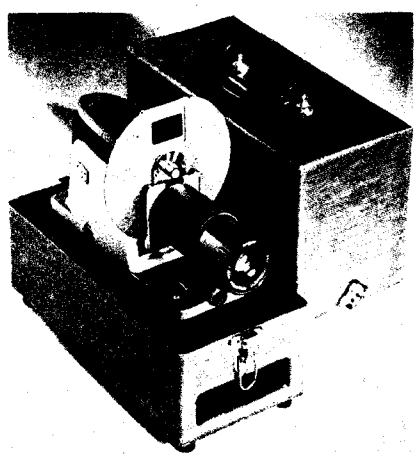

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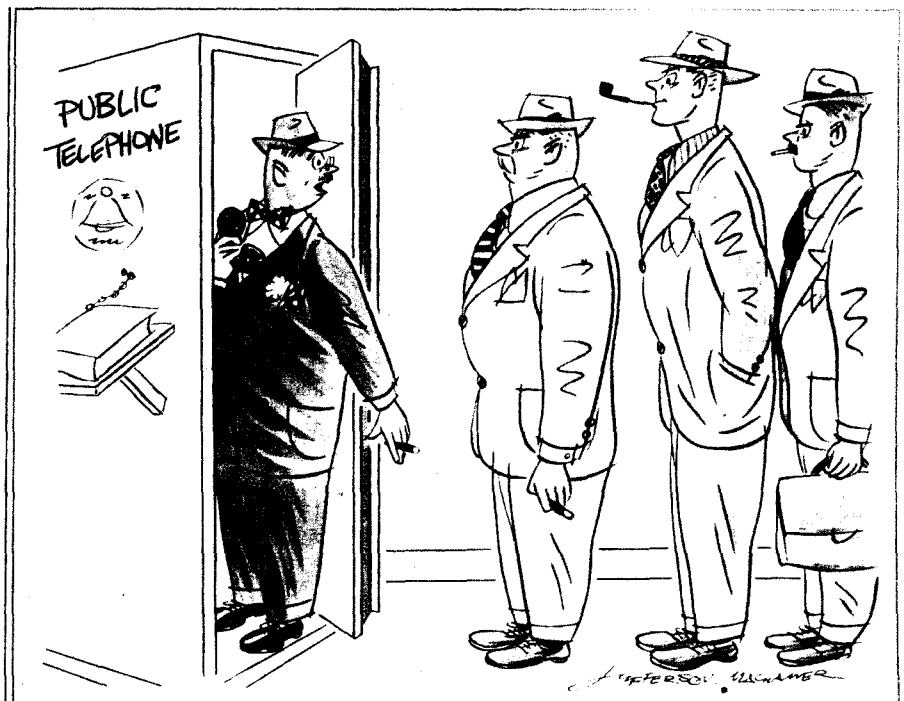

COLLIER'S

"Say, would one of you be interested in a fun-loving, blonde wrong number? I'm married"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

bite of yours." She reached into a drawer, took out a fork, and speared a wedge of my pie. If there's anything about girls that annoys me, it's that. You take them to a ball game and ask them if they want a hot dog. They don't want one, so you knock yourself out to get one for yourself and then they want a bite and you end up starved.

The trouble was that with this girl I liked it, suddenly. "Have another bite," I said foolishly. "Have some of my Cheddar cheese."

"Just a tick," she said and nibbled a piece of my cheese, looking like a cute little mouse or something. I had to admit I liked it. I got a very cozy feeling and it scared me.

She got up to pour the coffee, and we had a cigarette and talked, and finally I said, "What about the dance?"

"It sounds like fun," she said. "I wasn't sure in the car. I thought you might be pretty conceited. I hate snobs, and the way you talked about the country club I wasn't sure."

"I hope I'm not a snob," I said. "It's just what you want in life. Some guys save up their money to get married, for example, or they buy stocks or put their money under the mattress. With me it's just that I think it would be nice to spend it all at a country club. I've got everything I want there."

"Can you raid the refrigerator at night?" she said.

"Maybe I can come over here once in a while," I said. "I'll call for you about eight thirty Saturday."

WE SAID good night, and I drove back to the club and left the car in the parking lot. It was the only car there. I walked across the grass and inside the front door and it was a little dismal. The lounge rooms were black and empty and the stairs creaked as I walked up to my room on the second floor.

It was a little better in my room, but I didn't feel sleepy, and after I brushed my teeth I put my toothbrush glass on the rug and practiced putting into it.

I could picture myself down through the years becoming the club champion and finally the senior champion, heading up the important committees and ending up as president of the club, a touch of gray at the temples and still with an eye for the ladies, God bless 'em, but still unattached.

I put away the toothbrush glass and climbed into bed. It was quiet as a morgue except for an occasional creak, and I tossed and turned a lot. It was probably the coffee, I told myself.

In the morning, I felt better. By then I had a proper perspective. I had got quite excited the night before but it hadn't meant anything. It would be nice to show Sally around Saturday night, though.

The club didn't serve breakfast so I ate on a drugstore stool downtown before reporting to the office, eager to demonstrate that they hadn't made a mistake in hiring me.

I had a desk alongside a fellow named Joe Reedy.

"How's it going, Joe?" I said. "Swell day."

He gave me a sour look. "How's everything at the country club?" he said. "You get in a few holes before breakfast?"

"I don't like to play that early," I said. "I don't like to play when the dew's on the grass."

"Well, that's a shame," Joe Reedy said. "You might get your little tootsies wet. The steward serve you breakfast in bed?"

He didn't say it like a joke; he was sore.

"What's the trouble, Joe?" I said. "Your wife burn the toast this morning?"

"I took my wife to the hospital at four A.M." he said. "She's going to have a baby. Nothing's happened yet. I'm sorry. I shouldn't take it out on you."

"Well, of course, Joe," I said, "it's not my fault your wife's going to have a baby, but go ahead. I can take it."

I knew what would happen. His wife would have the baby and he'd come around the office the next day so chesty that you'd think he'd accomplished something unusual. He'd be chesty as all get out and then when the bills came in he wouldn't be so chesty. Guys would be knocking down his door to sell him diaper service, life insurance and children's furniture.

I got through the morning's work, and come lunchtime I tagged along with some of the gang. We sat around a big table, and they were a good crowd; I liked them.

Then somebody said, "Nice of you to come slumming with us, Fred. Very democratic. The boys want you to know we appreciate it."

They went on from there. I took quite a ride. I figured I had it coming, being the new man in the outfit, and I tried to grin through it all but it got a little tiresome before the day was over.

I was glad when five o'clock came. I went out to the country club and into the bar to talk to Mike, a great guy.

"It's a very nice deal here, Mike," I said.

"Good place to work," Mike said. "Of course, I get home late and that part's not so good. The kid's in bed by the time I get home, and I don't get much chance to play with him."

"What kid?" I said, and I should have known better. Before I finished, Mike had taken out a wallet and was showing me pictures of his son.

I never know what to say when people

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show me pictures of their children. They always look so stupid, and what can you say? You tell a guy his kid looks stupid, and he practically froths at the mouth. People with small children have no perspective.

"Well, well," I said, which is what I usually say, which can mean practically anything. I should have left it right there, but it was very quiet in the bar and I felt like talking. "How old is the kid, Mike," I said, "about four?"

Mike looked at me. "What do you mean —four?" he said. "The kid's seven years old. He's in the second grade already. What do you think he is, a midget?"

"All right, Mike," I said. "All right. I didn't mean anything. I just don't know about kids."

I signed my bar check, went in and had dinner, and then went into the deserted lounge. I went over to the club library and looked at the titles. The guy who donated the club library had probably died in 1885. I'd read all the whodunits and there was nothing on golf, and finally I took Ivanhoe upstairs with me, but I couldn't get interested.

I went downstairs again and called Sally.

"Hello," I said, "how about taking in a movie?"

It was on the spur of the moment, but I got quite steamed up thinking about it.

"Oh, that's sweet," Sally said, "but I couldn't."

"Why not?" I said. "You don't have to be in bed by eleven o'clock, do you?"

"There's somebody here," she said.

"Oh," I said. "Oh. Well, I'll see you Saturday."

I hung up. It was natural that there might be somebody at her house. It didn't mean a thing to me and I didn't really want to go to the movies anyhow. I'd rather stay at the club and read Ivanhoe.

I wandered around the lounge by myself. I poked my head into the dining room and then went downstairs where the lockers were and turned on a light and started reading the handicap chart.

I heard footsteps and I turned around to see one of the stewards watching me.

"Did you want something, sir?" he said.

"No," I said, "I'm just sort of wandering around. I guess I'll go up no..

He watched me, and I don't know why I felt guilty. What did he think I was going to do—steal a couple of lockers?

I went back to my room and got in bed with Ivanhoe. I read the same page over and over, wondering if whoever was calling on Sally was sitting out in the breakfast nook in the kitchen, eating apple pie with Cheddar cheese.

Of course I didn't care if he was. I didn't care if he choked on it. That is a technique girls have used since time immemorial but it wouldn't work with me. I was immune. I threw Ivanhoe across the room and went to sleep.

THE next day, after I had gone back to the club after work, I got the idea that it might be nice to ask Sally out to the club for dinner the night of the dance. A girl like that who did a lot of cooking and baby-sitting would appreciate eating out.

Her mother answered the phone and said she was baby-sitting for my boss, Jim. I called Jim's number and Sally answered. She sounded very short.

"What did you want?" she snapped at me.

"I just thought you might like to make it for dinner on Saturday," I said.

"Well, fine," she said. "I didn't mean to take your head off. But I've had a terrible time getting the baby to sleep. She just dropped off two minutes ago and your phone call woke her up. She's screaming."

I said something which was absolutely crazy. "I'll come over and help you," I said.

It was a nutty thing to say but I'd committed myself. I drove over, and Sally met me at the door, with the baby in her arms.

"It's probably colic," Sally yelled so I could hear her. "I thought I was so efficient. Jim's at a very important dinner with his boss and it's the doctor's day off and I don't know what to do. Maybe you can help."

"Me?" I said, and before I could protest I was holding the baby. I put it over one shoulder, so as to get an iron grip on it, and patted it on the back.

"Don't knock the breath out of it," Sally said, and just then the kid gave a tremendous burp and stopped crying. Sally thought it was amazing.

"Why, you're wonderful," she said. "Just the way you hold it. You're terrific with children."

Just then the door opened, and Jim and

"It was a very nice divorce settlement. I got custody of his money"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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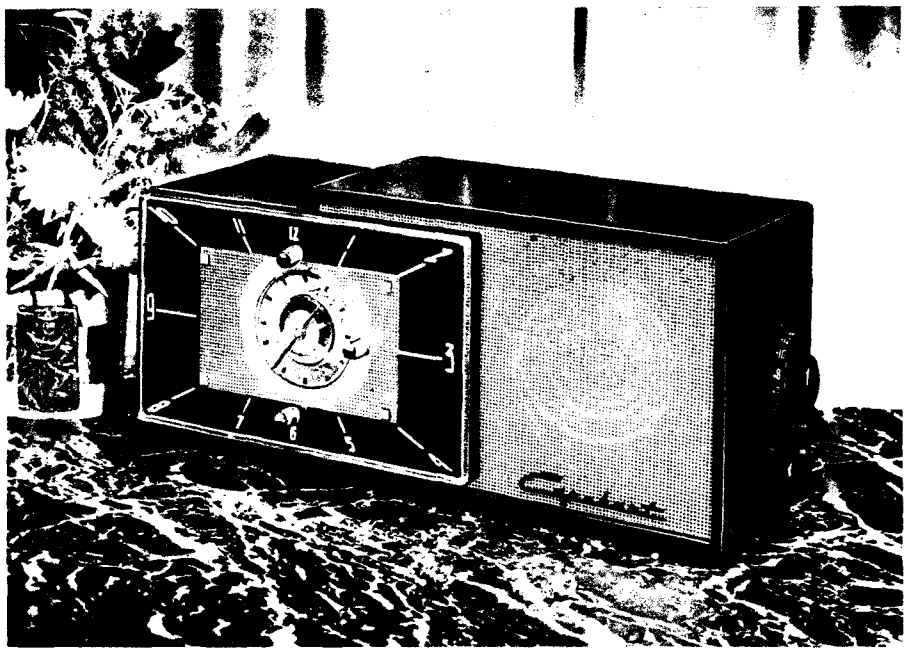

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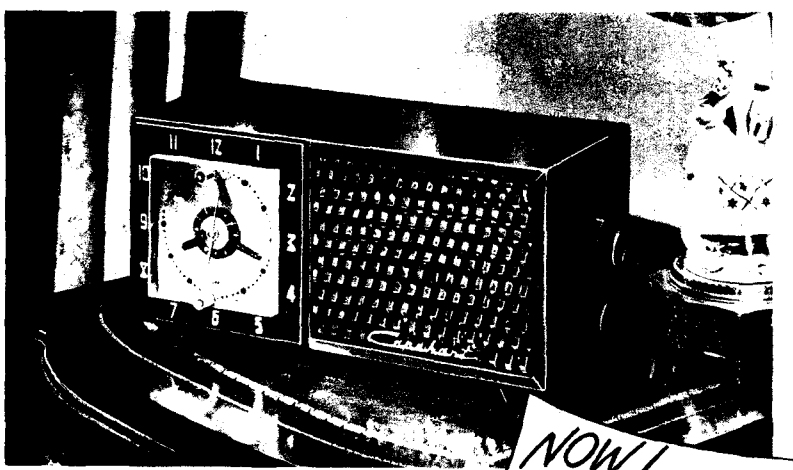

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his wife came in. Sally made a production out of telling them how I stopped the kid crying. Jim and his wife thought it was wonderful. His wife took me off to one corner of the living room.

"That girl who jilted you, Fred," she said. "She made a terrible mistake, and personally I don't think she was worthy of you. It was all for the best."

I didn't say anything. I just got my hat and took Sally home. She didn't ask me in for apple pie or anything. She said good night quickly and ran in the house. I didn't know why; maybe she was sore because by the miracle of a burp I'd turned out to be a better baby sitter than she was.

The next day was Saturday. I played a round of golf in the morning. I got in a very hot foursome of business tycoons and they wanted to make things interesting with what they considered a small bet. I drew a partner who said his handicap was eight. He must have got it at miniature golf. In addition to that, I had one of those days when I'd lost my putting touch. It cost me four dollars, and my caddie collected three, and then in the locker room we threw poker dice for the drinks and none of the tycoons lost.

It was kind of rough. But they were good company. "How about some lunch?" I said.

They couldn't make it. One fellow had to take his wife shopping, another had the lawn to cut, and the third had promised to take his children somewhere.

"Pretty soft for you, boy," they said to me. I had lunch alone. Somehow I didn't feel like playing another round. I wandered around the clubhouse all afternoon, trying out chairs in the lounge and then on the terrace. I began to wonder how big my bill was going to be at the end of the month. I was beginning to get a little worried.

I FELT better when I'd got dressed and was driving over to collect Sally. It was quite a shock, though, when she came down the stairs. I was sitting in the living room, talking with her father, who was asking me where I worked and the other details that the father of a marriageable girl is always asking.

Suddenly she came into view. I had seen her knocking around in a sweater and skirt for baby-sitting, and here she was in evening clothes looking as sparkling and radiant as the view from the clubhouse terrace over the eighteenth fairway when the sun comes out after a shower.

We drove back to the club. I introduced her to Mike at the bar. I took her into the dining room and she met George, the headwaiter. We had dinner and strolled around outside until the orchestra began to play.

It was wonderful but there was something about it that was very disturbing and was keeping me from having a good time. When someone else asked Sally for a dance, I went out to the terrace to try and analyze it.

I felt like Cinderella. It was wonderful now, but soon the music would end and Sally would be back home and there I would be wandering around the country club like a ghost. I didn't think I could stand the idea of staying there alone all night. I looked in at her dancing and I knew what had happened. Out the window went the principles and philosophy of a lifetime.

This is the way it happens, I thought. From Adam and Eve on down the line. I rushed back in and collared Sally and took her out on the terrace.

"Sally," I said, "something wonderful has happened to me. You. I'm in love with you. Will you marry me, Sally?"

"Thanks for asking," Sally asked. "No."

"You mean you won't?" I said, stunned.

"That's right," she said. "Let's dance."

She pushed me back onto the dance floor. I had it figured out by then. It was logical.

"There's someone else, isn't there, Sally?" I said.

"No," she said, "there's nobody else."

It was quite a jolt. I tried again later in the evening but she hadn't changed her mind and I took her home at twelve thirty. She let me kiss her good night and I went back to the club and up to my room. The party was still going on and it was too noisy for me to sleep. At two o'clock the orchestra quit, and after the last car had left I still couldn't sleep. It was too quiet. I could see myself spending the rest of my life at the club, an eccentric old recluse, a hermit. And suppose she had said yes, I thought. I didn't have a thin dime. All my money was invested in the country club.

I drifted off finally, and in the morning I went down to the pro shop to get a golf game. Everybody seemed to have a foursome lined up and I had to wait an hour before the pro dredged up a couple of tottering ancients. It took us five hours to crawl around the course. It ruined my golf.

Afterward, I went in the dining room. All around me were happy family groups, with papa lying about his golf game, but I ate in solitary splendor.

I went up to my room for some heavy thinking. I felt very depressed. Point number one: Sally had turned me down. She disliked me. Point number two: the fellows at the office had ridden me. I had thought it was just because of the club, but maybe they disliked me too. Point number three: maybe the reason I'd had trouble getting a golf game that morning was because I already had a reputation as the club pest. Maybe there was just something about me that people couldn't stand.

I was almost ready to make a swan dive out the window onto the eighteenth green when I thought of Jim. I felt a little better. Good old Jim, my boss, liked me. Maybe Jim would tell me what was wrong.

I could hardly wait for the next day, but Jim was in conference all morning. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before I saw him sitting alone in his office. If ever a fellow needed a friend, I was the guy, and I dashed in.

"Hi, Jim," I said cheerily.

He looked up at me. A change came over his face. He scowled. He made me feel like a leper. "Oh, it's you," he said. "Well, what do you want?"

"Nothing," I said, slinking out. It was the last straw.

I got through the rest of the day somehow but I didn't want to go back to the country club. I phoned Sally after I had dinner downtown, but she wasn't home. She was baby-sitting.

Taking a chance, I drove out to Jim's house. I went up and rang the bell, and Jim's wife answered. I saw Sally at the top of the stairs with the children.

"We're going out for dinner," Jim's wife said. "Celebrating."

Jim came downstairs with his hat and coat on. He gave me a hard look, then shook hands.

"Didn't mean to bark at you today," he said. "I got a raise this morning, a pretty good one. What happened was that just before you came in my office I'd been talking to the manager of the country club. I've been wanting to join Hillcrest for years. Today, with this raise, I figured I could swing it. I called the club and they told me the membership was closed. Then you dropped in the office. It's not your fault. I shouldn't have taken it out on you. What did you want to see me about?"

It was embarrassing. Sally had gone out of sight upstairs. "I asked Sally to marry me," I said. "I don't think she likes me. I just wondered if there was any specific thing about me people dislike. I mean, if it's not my face, if it's my personality, maybe I could do something—"

Jim's wife took my arm. "Sally knows about *her*," she said. I guess I looked blank. "The girl who jilted you back East," Jim's wife said. "The one you were so much in love with. Sally doesn't like the idea of winning you on a quick rebound, Fred. Don't be discouraged. It will take time."

SUDDENLY I got a brilliant idea. Maybe I could straighten out everything with Jim, the office force, and Sally, with one stroke. "Jim," I said. "It's a darn' shame about the country club, but I have an angle. I'll resign from the club tonight. That will create a vacancy. They'll refund a portion of my dues and I'll sell you my five-hundred-dollar bond."

"I couldn't let you do that," Jim said, but he was so excited he was stuttering. "I couldn't let you make that sacrifice."

"Jim," I said, "it's done. I'll bring the bond and an application form in to the office tomorrow. You're in."

Jim said huskily he would never forget it, and they went out the door. "Sally," I said, and she came to the top of the stairs and looked down at me. I couldn't read her expression, but I had all evening, once those kids were asleep, to convince her that there never had been, and never would be, anyone else. "Sally," I said, speaking with dignity and firmness, "I have something very important to say to you. Get those kids to bed and come on down here."

I walked into the living room, picked up the evening paper, and sat down to wait for her. "Make it snappy," I said.

"You come on up here and help me," Sally yelled, and I saw that that was the way it was going to be. I might as well get used to the idea, I thought. I put down the paper and ran up the stairs. THE END

COLLIER'S **"Better not. Father's got it rigged so it turns off the reading light in his den, too!"** BOB PAPLOW

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Mother Is Like an Old Ironsides

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Just then the front door opened, and Jancie came in with her best friend, Toodles Rosenbaum.

"Quick!" I said to Banjy. "Get the stuff out of the way! Hide it!" I grabbed his papers and crayons and swept everything I could into the shoe box.

"Why don't you demand an explanation?" said Toodles. "It isn't reasonable not to give you a reason."

"Reasonable, huh!" cried Jancie. "Like I told you, I asked her last night and she got so mysterious about it. As if she's hiding a deep dark secret!" Then Jancie's voice got sarcastic. "I'm lucky enough to be in high school the year the Frosh Frolic is a moonlight sail and my mother says no! Why? She says children can drown. Me, a woman of fourteen!" And Jancie laughed out of the other side of her face.

THEN Jancie shrieks, "Well, look who's here! Mutt and Jeff, the Gold Dust Twins!" She should talk, with the way skinny her and fat Toodles looked in their gym middy blouses and bloomers. And with that Jancie grabbed my paper—I had left it out on the table—and in a nyah-nyah voice began reading aloud, "To Mother on Mother's Day 1925. Mother is like a Ship of State, sailing through the Golden Gate—"

"Gimme that back!" I yelled. "It's my personal property!" And I got it away from her.

"Ha!" Jancie laughed. "The ten-year-old genius! He makes Mom a ship. A ship!"

"Yeah, yeah!" I said to Jancie. "Sour grapes!"

"Very sour," said Banjy.

"Well, let me tell you something," cried Jancie, her voice knocking back and forth like a clapper in a bell, "I'm going to start a Down-With-Mother's-Day movement!"

She made another grab at my poem, and Banjy butted her. Jancie twisted around—her afternoon in gym must have done her a lot of good—and knocked Banjy over. He let out an *oof* and grabbed her leg. I tried to help him, and, in my excitement, the shoe box dropped open, scattering red and blue and yellow papers and scissors and pencils and everything, and, worst of all, the bottle of mucilage smashed.

Just then, from out back came a singing voice, loud and clear and organy: "When lo! I meet a fellow, aha!"

"The broom," hissed Jancie. "The anti-boat woman!"

"Get some rags!" I yelled.

"Look at the glue!" wailed Toodles.

"Oh, my," Banjy said weakly.

The door opened and closed. There was the sound of something being put down on the kitchen table. "He says he will marry me, hoo ha!"

We didn't move. It was too late. "Tra-la-la-la-la-la, only—iy!" The song was ended. *"Veys meer!"* Mama was standing there on the shore of the mucilage ocean, with the sirupy tide coming in carrying beautifully colored papers. "What happened?" There was no answer. "Somebody tell me what happened!" Her voice went up five notes. "Children! Can't I go out an hour without you turning the house upside down, topsy-turvy? Did I say children? Devils! I'm sorry I ever became a mother. I could be having the time of my life myself, going to Frosh-schmosh drownings, shmearing glue on floors . . ."

There was my poem stuck in it, face up.

Banjy was sniffling with more sound than heart in it. Suddenly I felt mad. Heck, it was only because we wanted to make Mother's Day cards. You began to wonder did it pay to knock yourself out for a mother. Maybe Jancie was right.

"So stop already, Banjy!" Mama said. "I didn't beat you. It'll take me three hours to clean up!"

"We'll clean it," I said.

"Don't do me no more favors. Thanks for nothing. Go out, please, Davie, Banjy. Jancie'll stay and help me, and Toodles, too. Boys'll only make it worse."

Jancie gets to be the favorite! So we went, and on the way out I stooped down and yanked my poem off the floor. I didn't want anyone to see that I was making such a fool of myself over mothers. . . .

Since we had nothing better to do with the rest of the afternoon, we went through with our shopping plans, looking now at the things we *wouldn't* get her. The first place was Beddows Stationery Store.

On one table were all kinds of pictures and poems in frames. "Who's she?" Banjy asked. "The old lady wearing the football hat and knitting."

"That ain't a football hat, dopey. That's Whistler's Mother. It's famous for Mother's Day."

"Why?"

Him with his why. "It just is, that's why. Banjy, listen and tell me what you think of this:

" 'Mother gives us every day,
April, March as well as May.
June, July and August too,
She's the one who thinks of you.
Mother dear just lives for others
So let's make every day dear Mother's!
Floyd Parks' "

Banjy just sighed. Then he said, "Too bad she gave up being a mother."

I took it back to the man. "How much is this, please, mister?"

Without looking up, he said, "Two fifty."

"We got twenty-six cents," said Banjy.

"This isn't the Salvation Army, you know," the man said. What's the matter with him, so snooty? The Salvation Army truck used to come up our street, picking up secondhand junk.

"Oh, we got more than that at home. Can you put it away for us? We just don't want it too soon. It gets soiled."

When we were back in the street, I explained it to Banjy. "Now, don't *you* get the feeling we're buying it for her. We got to pretend we're serious in the stores or they wouldn't even let us look. And, please, stop bringing up the twenty-six cents!"

"Why?"

WE WENT into the Hempstead Confectionery. "Could you show us one of those fancy boxes of candy like in the window, that says 'Mother's Day' on it, Mr. Acropola?" I asked.

A couple of kids came in, and—some businessman!—Mr. Acropola kept us waiting while he sold them a quarter pound of jelly beans! Then he says, "Very expensive, boys. Three dollars."

"Price is no object," I told him proudly. "We'll pick it up on Saturday."

"We already got twent—" But it was all right. I had my hand over Banjy's mouth.

We stood in front of the Hempstead Music Shop. "All her life," I said, "she's been dreaming of a music box that played a song from the opera. Let's see what she missed."

They didn't have very many music boxes, and nobody paid any attention to us, so we tried playing them. The only one that had anything to do with mothers played Daddy, Dear Old Daddy, You've Been More Like a Mother to Me.

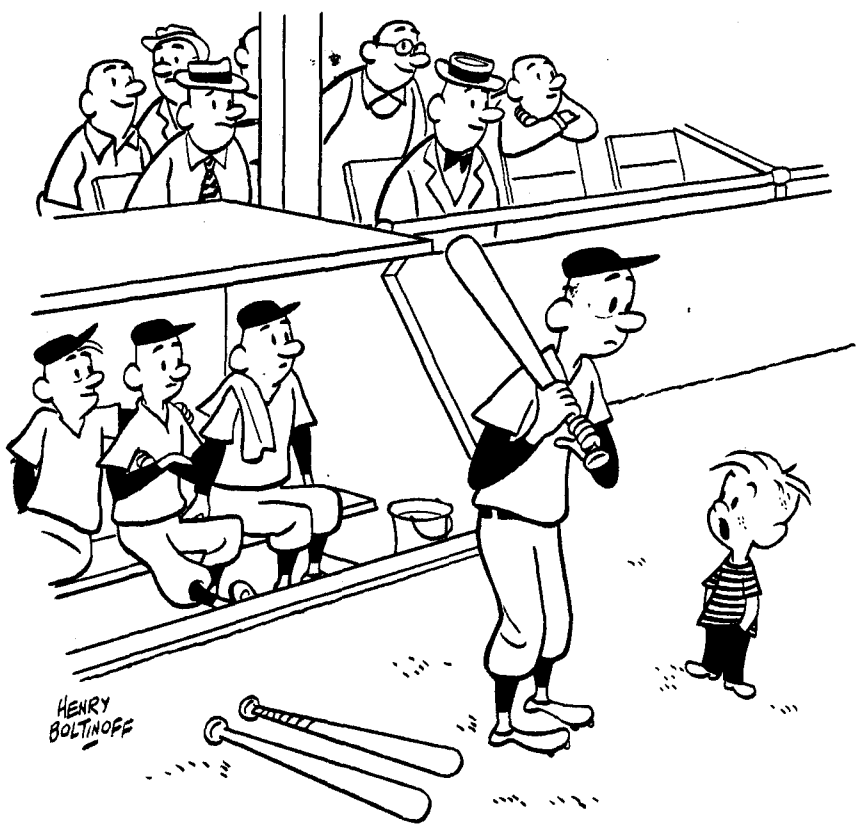
"Still," Banjy said, "it's something that at least says mother—I mean if we was getting one."

"I don't know. I think she'd like the one that looks like a piano. So what if it ain't a mother song?—but who's getting it anyway?"

On the way home, Banjy was dancing in the street. "Boy, oh boy! What a Mother's Day!"

There's a kid for you. Already he forgot there wasn't going to be any Mother's Day—even if we had the money to buy a single one of those presents. Just for the heck of it, I figured it out to see how much money we were saving by not getting her anything, and with the nightgown, plant, perfume and genuine hand-painted oil painting, it came to thirty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents. Whew! Lucky for us she had been mean. . . .

Sid was home when we got there. Sid



"Gee, Dad, can't you ever take me downtown to an office—like other kids' daddies do?"

COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

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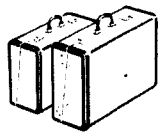

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always had his dinner early because then he had to go back and take care of J.L. BRIERMAN GENTS' FURNISHINGS while J.L. came and ate. He was at the table and he was grumbling.

"I'm eighteen. Give that some thought."

What was the matter with him?

"Eighteen! Eighteen's so old already?" said Mama, her voice traveling up and down, questioning and answering. "And even if you was ninety-eight, you'd still be my boy. It's too late to come home—midnight every night. What are you doing running around all night with the boys? You'll kill yourself and ruin your health."

Sid ran his hand through his Valentino hair-comb; the cases of goo he used! "Please, stop treating me like I was Davie or Banjy."

Him! What was bad with being Davie or Banjy?

He pushed his plate away. "You'll forgive me," he said, "if I don't eat." He got his jacket on and went to the door.

"Oh, Sidney!" cried Mama. "Why are you so sensitive? A mother only wants to help."

But, without another word, he was gone.

"Well, now she ain't going to get any presents at all," Banjy said, when Mama had gone back to the kitchen. Somehow he didn't look happy about it.

"Yeah," I said. "It makes it complete. When a mother starts losing children . . ." I didn't feel happy myself. I guess I was depending on Sid for Mama to get at least one present.

SUDDENLY I began living my whole life over again like I was drowning. I was sick with the flu and she wouldn't leave the side of my bed all night; I might choke. I was in the hospital, so weak, and who was smuggling in chicken soup in a jar?

"Hey! I got it!" I cried out. "You know what the Elks do, the Lions, the Ladies Aid Society?"

"March in parades?"

"No! They hold raffles. We can draw our own tickets and sell them and collect money and—" I could see it in Banjy's eyes too, how sometimes she was the only one who understood a kid. I could also see how she stood by J.L. when he was in trouble, and when Sid needed the money, how she hocked her watch. "Oh, heck!" I said. "What's the use of kidding? We shouldn't have shmeared glue on the floor, no matter why. Who wouldn't get sore?"

"You said something!" Banjy banged one fist into his other hand.

The first one we tried for a raffle ticket was Jancie, but she said, "Yeah! I asked her again could I go to the Frosh Frolic, and she said, 'In a ballroom, yes. In a park, yes. On a boat, no!' So the answer is no for me, too." The mother-hater!

It was the same with Sid, who said, "I think it would be better to use the money to keep people off the streets after nine o'clock." The ungrateful child!

We even tried J.L.—that's how desperate we were—but he just seemed surprised that there was such a day as Mother's Day; every holiday always surprised him. And the way Mama seemed to be feeling—could she still be angry at us? Anyway, we couldn't ask her to take a raffle ticket. And we were left with the same twenty-six cents to buy a present.

MOTHER'S DAY dawned. Banjy and I were up early. Five o'clock? Who could tell without that swell mantelpiece clock we weren't able to buy? We lay there in bed, in the gray dark, talking it over, not looking at each other.

"You know, Banjy, here's how we would have done it. Mama comes down. She thinks she's the first one, like always, but we, her good-for-nothing kids, are hiding behind the curtain, seeing it all."

Banjy lay looking up at the ceiling, but his eyes lighted up.

"She goes straight into the kitchen, and then she stops and there it is—the candy."

He looked at me. "We didn't, did we?"

"I'm pretending. And, you know what? She smiles. With happiness. In the closet she finds the black nightgown with pink rosebuds—and all the other stuff in different places."

"Don't forget the Orange Blossoms perfume," Banjy said eagerly. " 'Makes every girl smell like a bride.' " He heard it once in the store, and you know what that did to the kid.

"Yeah! She'll never smell it now."

At last we got out of bed and dressed. On the way downstairs, I said, "And don't forget the music box we almost bought."

"Yes! Yes!" Banjy started tinkling away like the music box would have: "Yes, we have no bananas, we have no bananas today." Or music boxes, I thought. "Poor Mother. . ." After a while, I managed to go on. "For the finest mother in all the world—and what have we got!" I touched the one package we had. It was in an old box, tied with ribbons.

"Maybe she'll like it anyway, huh, Davie, huh?"

"Sssh!"

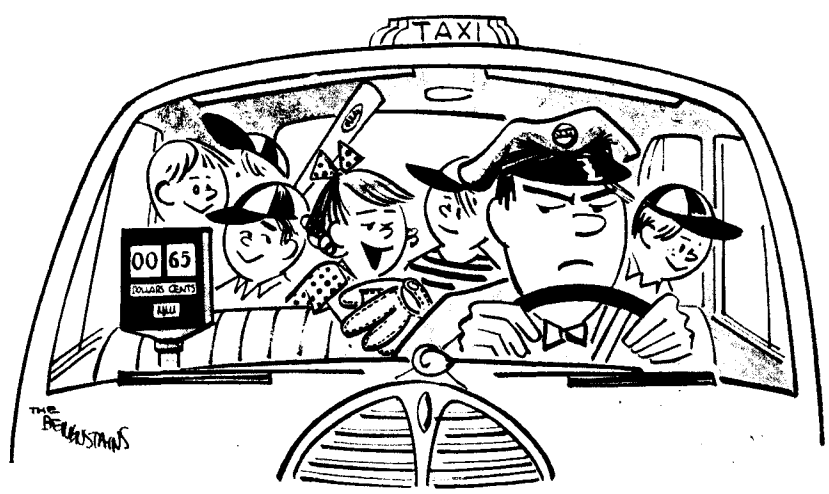
Mama was in the kitchen. She had squeezed orange juice. She had mixed up a batter for pancakes, and now she was testing the frying pan with a drop of water.

"Good morning," I said, trying to see in her face how she felt. I kept the present behind me.

"Good morning, Mother," said Banjy. He gets so formal. He stood close to me so the package wouldn't show.

"Ah, boychicks," Mama said sorrowfully, but she didn't seem to be paying any more attention to us than she had for the last five

SISTER



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days. "What shall I tell that Jancie? She's so unhappy. Boats she's got to ride on!" She took the ladle and dropped a tremendous blob of batter into the frying pan.

I got our present under the table. At the right time I would produce it. Now Mama took the cream cheese from the icebox and stripped off its silver paper and put it on a plate. The coffee was starting to perk and give out good-smelling steam, so she turned it down. "Boats!" she mumbled. "Girls who have never been on boats think they're wonderful. What I had to go through to learn better. But will Jancie listen?" She got the biscuits out of the oven, her own kind of powdery-tasting flat biscuits. She seemed to be doing all of this thinking of something else.

"What's wrong with boats, Mom?" I asked.

"Boys don't know about boats, either," Mama said. She put a plate of lox on the table. "I once took a boat trip myself," she said. "Yes, me, your old mother, when mother was a girl like Jancie. It was a moonlight sail and a sunlight sail and a week-end sail and a three-week sail. No wonder. I crossed the whole ocean. And a girl looking too close at the ocean fell overboard and we ran into six storms and the boat was hurt and a fire broke out and we were five days late and I was sick the whole time. And Jancie's telling me about boats! To this day I never got over it. Boats! If I say no to Jancie, she thinks I'm a bad mother."

She sighed deeply. "And if I say yes, *I'll* think I'm a bad mother. Iy, it's burning!" She quickly turned the flapjack over. Then she started again. "The question is, should Jancie think I'm a bad mother or should *I* think I'm a bad mother? And Sid—now he's mad, too. A young man wants to grow too quick, he'll end up the wrong way, growing like an onion with its head in the ground. And even you boys. Something with you—I don't know."

She could see so much. "It's just that—"

"When I first got the job being a mother," she interrupted me, "I didn't mind becoming a nurse, a doctor, a janitor, a cook, and a bottle washer rolled into one, but I didn't realize also I would have to be a policeman. A funny thing, a policeman is needed in the world, but if he ever gives out a ticket for speeding, God help him!"

AT NINE o'clock, Jancie came down. Naw, she didn't have anything. At nine ten—as if you could tell from that kitchen clock—J.L. came down, carrying his newspaper; his suspenders dragging. So far nobody even said anything. Then Sid, the night owl, came down, his eyes pasted together yet, still more asleep than awake. This family, they were all asleep, walking around without feeling.

So then, to make me a liar, Sid takes out a box from behind him and says, "For you, Mom."

That was like a signal. Before Mama could even close her mouth, Jancie—the girl who was going to start a Down-With-Mother's-Day movement—goes into the living room and gets a box and brings it in and says, "Happy Mother's Day."

And then J.L. who all the while looks like he's grumbling to himself, takes out a little package and pushes it over the table toward Mama.

We all froze stiff. This was something that couldn't happen. J.L. said, "Go on, open it." He looked bashful and tried to pass it off. "A man came in the store and wanted to get rid of it," he said. It was a little gold watch, nicer than the one Mama had hocked.

Mama's face was just surprised. It was like her heart was trying to catch its breath. Maybe it was turning out to be the best Mother's Day in history, but me and Banjy, the guys who reformed too late, didn't belong in it.

It was no use. I realized what I had to do. While everybody was looking at the watch, I got under the table, got hold of the package, and I was sneaking out of the room, when Mama called, "Davie, where are you going? No breakfast on Mother's Day? What's that? Oh, a present for me?"

"No, it's just—"

"Well, let's open it!" And she took it. "What a pretty package. Hand-wrapped, too!" She untied the ribbons. "Ooh! A cactus garden from out— No, no, it's a—it's a hat, ain't it?" Mama lifted it out. "An old-fashioned hat, you might say." She didn't like it!

MAMA lifted it up, the way a lady does with both hands, as if a hat was so heavy—and this one could be—and she went over to the mirror in the living room. She still didn't say anything. To us it looked good, but who could tell about a lady.

"There are cards, too!" yelled Banjy. "Look!"

So she stopped looking in the mirror and opened mine up. "Ah, a picture of a boat. 'Mother is like—' Go on, read me, Davie."

But of all people, Sid—the guy who already cost me five thousand dollars in the puzzle contest—took it and said, "Let me," and he read:

"Mother is like a Ship of State
Sailing through the Golden Gate.
Mother is Captain and Crew and All,
Mother's the one to carry the ball.
Mother will often keep you from drowning
Then cheer you up so you'll stop your frowning.
On the Ocean of Life she proudly rides.
Mother is just like an Old Ironsides."

Everybody was waiting to see how Mama would act. She took a deep sigh. "Like Longfellow, like Shakespeare, like Julius Solomen."

"Who's Julius Solomen?" asked J.L.

"He would have been something. He was my Aunt Ida's intended who died before she could marry him. To this day she's an old maid."

"And mine! Read mine!" Banjy jumped up and down.

It was supposed to be a picture of Whistler's mother having a party in a house with her children, the table loaded with presents, with the sun shining through the window. The rest was scribbling, but in a voice like he was on the stage of the Sunday school taking part in a Purim holiday play, Banjy read:

"Dear whistling mother with old iron sides.
Mother, Mother, you ain't really mean.
Glue on the floor spoils it from being clean."

It was really an awful poem, and he had no business bringing the glue up, but when I looked at Mama, she was crying! All the nice stuff she gets and she doesn't cry until she hears this. Go figure a mother out. "The glue? Is that what is eating your heart? I forgot all about it as soon as it happened." She wiped her eyes with her hands so that for a minute all you could see was the hat, large like a boat itself with all its flowers and berries and big red cherries.

Now the crying changed to laughing. "It's a beautiful hat. It makes me look like something." Then she turned to Jancie. "By the way," she said, "maybe a moonlight sail is different from a three-week sail. Maybe boats are better. Maybe the ocean is calmer. If you promise to watch out for seasickness, fire, falling off the railing, and storms, and give me a report, maybe I would like to know how boats are today."

You could have knocked Jancie over with a medium-size wave. She grabbed hold of Mama and hugged her again. The hat almost fell off. It was beautiful! Like the spirit of summertime. In a way it was a hat that not only belonged to a woman, but to a mother. It was spilling over with the good growing things. It made me wonder why everybody was always saying hats from Paris, hats from Paris. This one was from the Salvation Army—how lucky we were to have found the place—and we hardly paid anything for it. "You really like it, Mom?" I asked.

"I love it! Whistling Mother," Mama said, and she gave a whistle like a canary. "That's me, just an Old Ironsides." THE END

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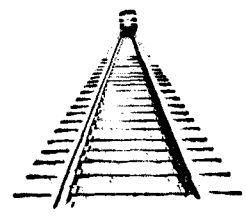

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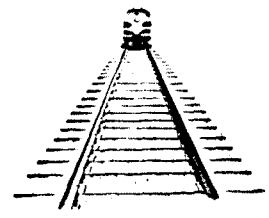

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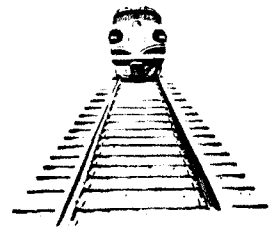

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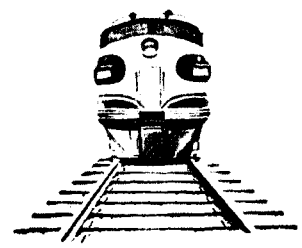

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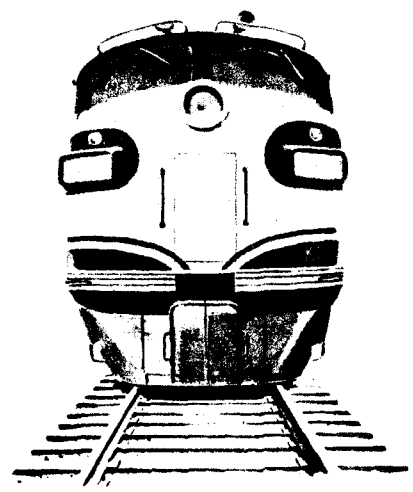

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MATT CLARK

Drake had found breath enough to swear he'd wait in the hollow to even the score

Hanging Hollow

By CHARLES CARVER

MARY and I bought the old house near Drake's Hollow chiefly because of the trees. Even for Texas they were outstanding—a great walnut, two lusty pecans, and three tremendous black Spanish oaks, plus some plum and dogwood. In early spring, people would drive out from town, down one side of the hollow, across the aged plank bridge, and up the other side, just to look at the profusion of pink and white against the new green.

In winter, however, when the great limbs were bare and cold, a less wholesome brand of sightseer visited the hollow, generally around dusk. They were the people who had heard about the hanging, who came to gape at the ancient trees and to wonder from which of the branches Ben Drake had swung at the end of a rope. The fact that the event had occurred in 1895 made no difference to them at all.

Though Mary and I are as literal as they come, I must confess that sometimes, especially on cold autumn evenings when the mist curled in the silent moonlight below the grotesque bleak limbs, it wasn't too difficult to picture the gruesome scene being re-enacted below us.

No matter how we tried to forget the affair, we couldn't, because even after fifty years the grim business at Drake's Hollow still kept the town split into two bitter factions: those who defended "the Judge," and those who hated him. For Tom Phillips, who had formed the posse which had tried and executed young Drake, was still very much alive, and as sour and picturesque an old character as there was in central Texas.

He was a real old-timer—drove longhorns up the cattle trails to market, won gun fights, became rich on cattle and cotton, and wound up a county legend who stalked around wearing the string tie, wing collar and broad black hat of another era. His son, Mason, was a chip off the same old block. He was a sharp lawyer with a finger in local politics. Father and son were in business together, the younger learning every sly trick in the book from his slippery old father.

The Judge's enemies claimed that, because of a girl, he'd framed Ben Drake on a charge of cattle rustling and persuaded a gang of hotheads to hang his rival without even time for a prayer. But prayer or not, Drake found breath enough for a dying man's curse, and he swore he'd wait in the hollow to even the score with Phillips. Then the rope choked him off, and the only sound as Ben's soul left his body was a last frightful jangle of his shining spurs.

Taking their cue from Ben Drake's curse, the Judge's enemies said that if Tom Phillips ever went near the hollow again he'd find Ben there, waiting to settle accounts. Considering the sad state of the rotting old bridge, their prediction became more ominous as the years passed. In fact, Phillips used the condition of the thing as a very logical excuse for detouring whenever business or pleasure took him north of town.

"Drive a car across that thing?" he would say. "I'm not that crazy. This town ought to do something about that trap. Need a new mayor around here, that's what we need!" and he'd be started on a caustic harangue.

THE Judge's son, as arrogant and mean as the old man must have been in his own youth, took perverse pride in flouting the legend. He told the story of the lynching defiantly in public speeches, making a great joke of the matter by calling Drake the ugly duckling, and so forth. He drove at breakneck speed through the hollow, challenging the ghost to wreak vengeance if it could.

But the bridge never gave way, although it became more and more decrepit. Finally the city fathers had to take notice. Money for a new bridge was appropriated, and I suppose the little groups of people who stood about watching the workmen take up the rotten old planks felt pretty much the way Mary and I did—that we were watching a legend die. "If the story of the curse is true," I told Mary, "that ghost is going to have to hop into town to get the Judge. That new bridge will last a hundred years."

The new bridge was a beauty. Too nice, in fact, because after the bulldozers had churned up the ancient roadbed and the new concrete had set on the span, cars would roar down the hill, shoot across, and zoom up the far side recklessly, no longer held back by the weak old wood. . . .

It was sundown one evening, about six months later, that Mary and I heard a terrific crash in the hollow, which was less than two hundred yards from the house. I rushed outside and down to the scene. A new car lay twisted and shattered on its side against the concrete guardrail. The driver was dead.

I ran back to the house and called the police. I asked them to call the family of the victim; I didn't have the courage to do it myself.

They arrived in a little while—the police, and the ambulance, and the old man himself. I watched him, stern with grief, stand by while they took away his son. I thought he would follow, but he stood near the wreck as though he were reconstructing the accident in his mind.

The police, doing the same thing, were busy with cameras and a steel tape measure. After a while, one of them walked over to the Judge. "It was a tire, sir," he said. "It blew here"—he paced off several steps—"and he didn't have time to slow down before he hit the bridge."

The policeman was standing about twenty yards from the bridge, to one side of the road, and almost directly under the smooth black limb of a Spanish oak. The Judge's face was a white mask, but I felt a chill take my heart when his eyes flicked suddenly from the man to the limb, then back to the man again.

Another policeman had been inspecting the car. "Here's what did it," he said, and he pulled something sharp from the left front tire of the crumpled car.

The grader had evidently brought the object to the surface, for it was bent and pitted. The two policemen and I gathered close to examine it, and then we looked from one to the other in awe, the three of us wondering the same fearful thing.

For it was as though Ben Drake himself had come riding up from the dead and dug his spur into the old man's heart. ▲▲▲

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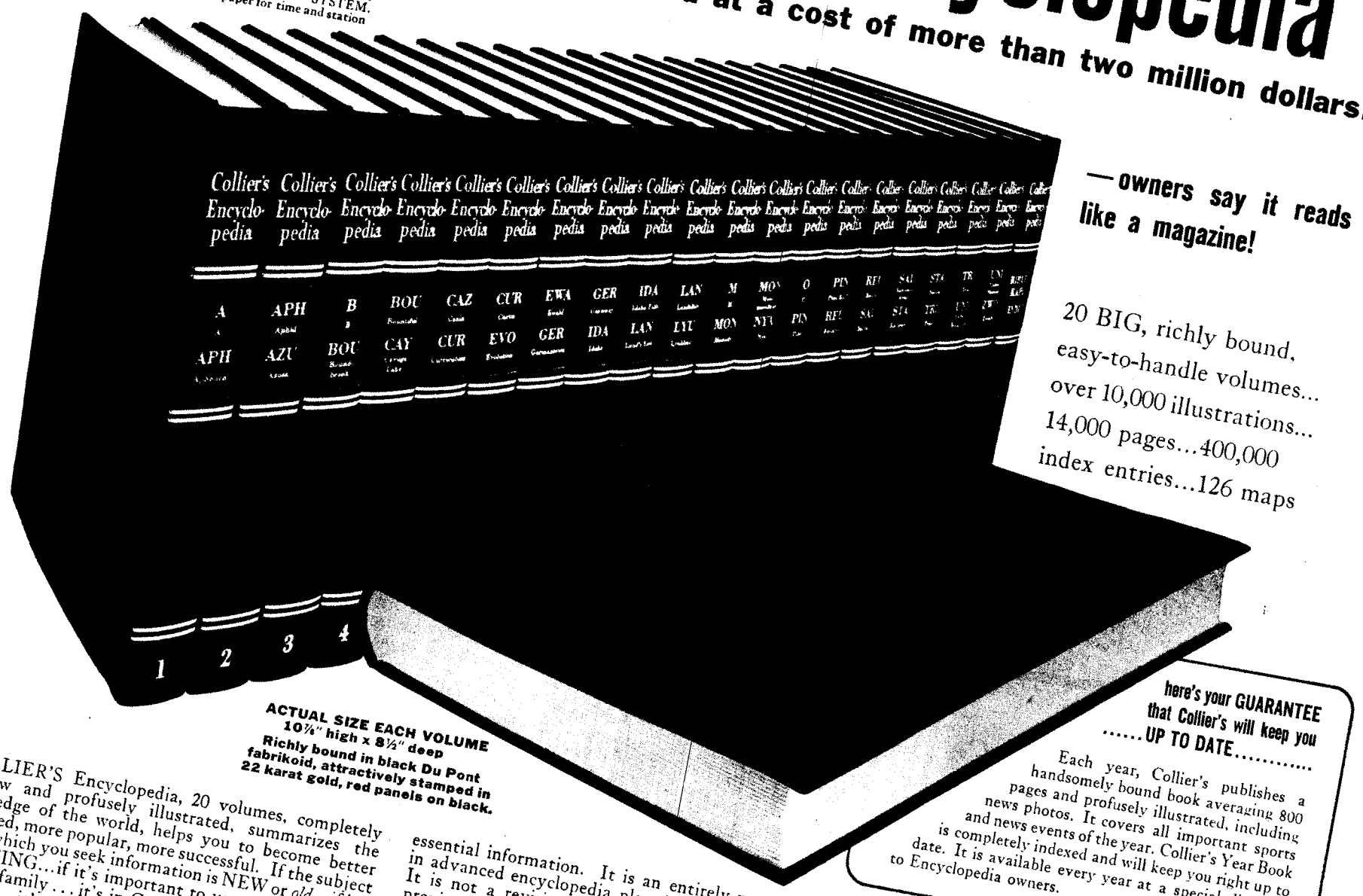

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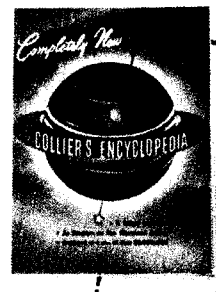

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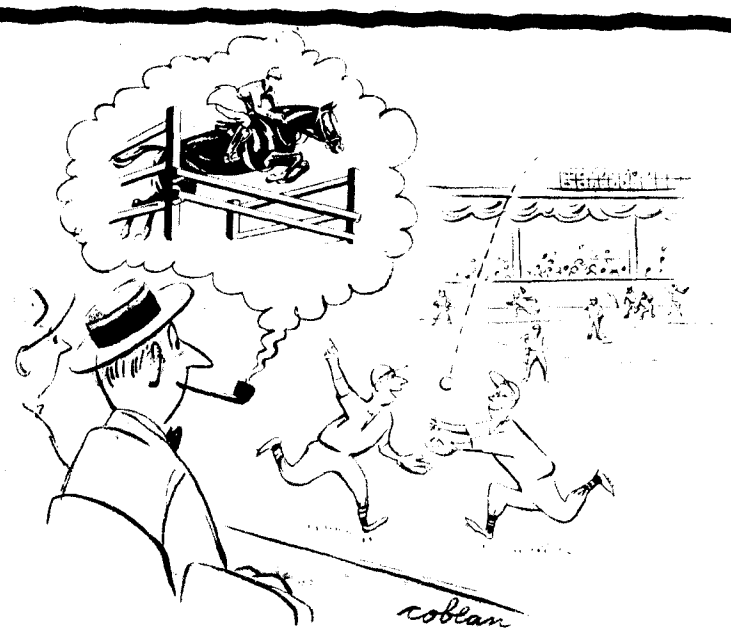

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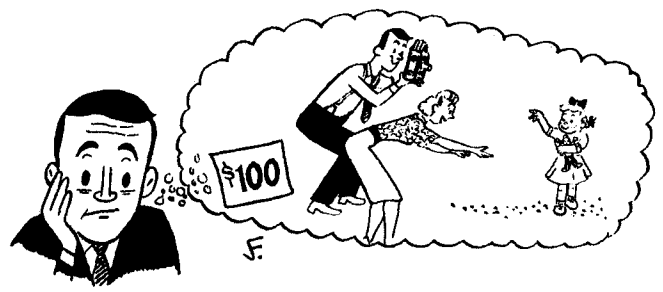

HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

By BOB MAGINITY

MY WIFE had been urging me to get a movie camera from the time Susie was able to turn over in her crib—and when Spring came, she really put the heat on.

One Sunday we were all out in the yard, with Susie in her play pen, when my wife suddenly grabbed my arm and exclaimed, "Look, Bob, she can *almost* walk. We must get that movie camera in time to take her first steps."

The next day I stopped in a camera store and they showed me a beautiful movie outfit for a little over $100. They were willing to sell it to me on time but I'm an accountant and as our budget was running then, it was a photo finish between income and outgo every month.

While I was thinking it over, another customer came along smoking a pipe. "Gee that tobacco smells good," I said to him, "what kind is it?"

"Kentucky Club," he replied, "ever tried it?" I told him no—I smoked cigarettes. That guy must have been a mind reader because his next remark sure hit me between the eyes. "You know," he said, "a man can save over $100 a year by smoking a pipe instead of cigarettes." Imagine—me, an accountant, not knowing that!

We've been getting some wonderful movies of Susie growing up. One of the cutest are some shots of Susie watching me blow smoke rings and trying to put her hand through them.

Luckily I remembered the brand of tobacco—Kentucky Club—because to my way of thinking, Kentucky Club is the secret of really enjoying a pipe. It's mild and mellow and smooth and really satisfying.

Ten Ways to Beat the High Cost of Living

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

had thought of purpose and price together, they would have bought a much larger box with plenty of storage space.

In a short time, they would have been able to save enough by bulk buying of meat and vegetables to make up for the extra cost.

You can figure out for yourself a long list of ways to cut your living costs through wise planning and timing of your buying when you recognize the fundamentals. And soon you'll be experting the experts.

2. ***If you're buying a home, put down the largest down payment you can manage and arrange to pay off your loan in the shortest feasible time. When you buy a car, follow the same rule.***

"No down payment for veterans, take 25 years, take 30 years, take a lifetime to pay . . ."

"One third down, take 30 months, take 36 months to pay . . ."

These are what are known from one end of our land to the other as "easy credit terms." But the truth is, what you call "easy" credit terms may work out as the "toughest"—for you. From a strictly pocketbook viewpoint, the government is doing you a favor when it clamps down on your ability to get exceedingly liberal credit. What you pay in interest on your loan is part of your cost of living; the "easier" the credit, the higher these bills and, thus, the higher your cost of living. The "tougher" the credit, the lower these bills and, thus, the lower your cost of living. And this is no "take the castor oil, it's good for you" preaching. This is bright, blunt fact that can be proved with a few statistics.

Let us consider the case of three veterans —Jack, Jim and Dick—who just before Korea bought their own homes in the suburbs.

Each figured that with his pay check and a mortgage loan at 4 per cent interest, he could swing a $9,000 home purchase. Each went to his bank, got a mortgage, on which he promised to pay $47.51 a month. Each, though, had different ideas about down payments. Jack put down nothing; Jim put down $1,500; Dick paid in $3,000.

Now let's follow through on each deal.

Jack took the fullest advantage of the veterans' benefits under the housing law then in effect—no down payment, 4 per cent interest. At $47.51 a month, it will be 1975—a full quarter century—before Jack owns his home free and clear. At 4 per cent, he'll pay his bank $5,253 in interest on a $9,000 loan.

Jack's total cost: $14,253.

Jim chose the middle road. He made a down payment of $1,500. At $47.51 a month, Jim's home will be paid for in 1969 —which Jim considers late enough. At 4 per cent, he'll pay his bank $3,166 in interest.

Jim's total cost: $12,166.

Dick paid down $3,000 on his $9,000 house. At $47.51 a month, Dick's home will be entirely his by 1964. At 4 per cent, he'll pay his bank $1,815.40 in interest.

Dick's total cost: $10,815.40.

And Dick will own his home 10 years sooner than Jack; Dick's interest charges will be $3,437.60 less.

Similar case histories could be written about other major purchases. There may be a lot of valid reasons why you must—or want to—slash your down payment to a minimum and stretch your repayment period to the limit allowed. But don't fool yourself into thinking you're not paying—and paying heavily—for those privileges.

3. ***Buy for cash wherever and whenever you can, and when you do buy on the installment plan, know what you're paying for the service.***

We are a nation of installment buyers; we have developed borrowing-to-buy to a peak that has no parallel anywhere in the world. And there is no question that installment buying has a definite place in our economy, that it has contributed tremendously to America's prosperity, that it has given comfort and happiness to millions. But there also is no question that you usually pay more for an item when you buy it on the installment plan than when you buy it outright for cash. It may not seem so when you go into a store, but the plain truth is you must pay interest on the loan you assume when you buy a product "on time." And often there is a higher price tag attached to an article sold on the installment plan than on one sold for cash.

Just as "no down payment, take a lifetime to pay off your mortgage" is one of the most expensive ways to buy a house, so "minimum down payment, take a couple of years to repay" is one of the most expensive ways to buy anything. A store that sells you goods on the installment plan is offering you a real service. It has to maintain a credit and collection department, employ extra clerical workers, make investigations, issue monthly statements—and all these things cost money. It's only reasonable to expect that the store will charge you for these services. It does charge you; and you pay, whether or not you realize it.

These are axioms:

The cheapest way to buy any major item is to pay for it with your own cash.

The next cheapest way is to put down as much as possible and pay off the balance as quickly as possible.

The most expensive way is to pay down as little as possible and stretch out the repayment as long as possible.

4. ***Shop for money when you need a loan; know the six basic sources of credit; look for the best bargain in borrowing.***

If you're a normal American, you wouldn't dream of walking into the nearest automobile showroom and, then and there, buying whatever car the dealer offered you at whatever price he asked. You'd do at least a little shopping around; you'd make at least a few price and performance comparisons. But strangely enough, when it comes to "buying" money, most Americans do walk into the nearest lending agency and promptly accept whatever terms are asked for a loan. Often they pay much more interest than they should pay; often they take on a top-heavy burden; often their borrowing heightens rather than softens the strain on their pocketbooks.

When you *borrow* money, you are *buying* money. And certainly you should shop for a loan with as much care as you shop for furniture or food.

Let's say that one reason you have the h-c-of-l jitters so badly now is that you're already up to your ears in debt. You have a lot of little loans outstanding to a lot of creditors—one loan to the furniture company, for instance, another to the automobile dealer, a third to the appliance store —and the burden of so many payments so frequently through the month is driving you quietly batty.

Then perhaps the solution for you is a "consolidation" or "rehabilitation" loan. You might go to a neighborhood bank or finance company, explain precisely what you owe and to whom, and apply for a loan that will be sufficient to repay all your little debts. Instead of a lot of little creditors, you'll have one big creditor; instead of a lot of little loans, you'll have one big loan

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which you will pay off at a specified date every month. Your one big loan probably will be cheaper, it certainly will simplify your financial problem and it will make it easier for you to get out of debt and thus to regain your peace of mind.

Or let's say the reason you're so worried is that you're facing the necessity of borrowing a fairly large sum of money—either because you've been hit by a whopping bill or because you need some special expensive item. Here are three fundamental guides that will help you get the maximum benefit from your borrowing at the minimum price:

First, borrow exactly what you need—neither more nor less. When you're applying for a $300 loan, it's so easy to say, "Make it $500," and walk off with extra dollars in your pocket. But that's wrong for you, because you'll be tempted to spend those "free" dollars too freely. And you'll have to repay that larger amount and hand over a larger amount for interest. But if it's $500 you need, don't try to squeeze by with $300. You'll not manage it, you'll have to go back to ask for the extra amount and, in the end, your $500 loan will be more expensive.

Second, before you apply, figure out whether you have any assets that you might put up as backing for your loan. For if you have these assets, your loan may cost less than one backed just by your signature and your pledge to repay. A regular life insurance policy on which you've been paying premiums for years may be superb collateral for a loan; so may your relatively new car or any stocks and marketable United States securities you own.

And third, *shop* for your money, for you have a number of choices and one will be the best for you. You may go to the small-loan department of a commercial or industrial bank in your neighborhood, borrow from a few dollars to a few thousands and arrange to repay your loan in 12 to 24 monthly installments. A $100 loan to be repaid in 12 monthly installments will cost you $4 to $12 or so. Or you may go to one of the licensed small-loan companies in your community, get a loan which you'll repay in a few big chunks. Small-loan companies are not as strict as banks; thus, their charges are higher. A $100 loan for a year will cost you between $11 and $19.50.

Or you may go directly to your insurance company and borrow against the cash value of your policy, with the understanding that you'll pay back your loan when you can or wish. You'll pay $5 or $6 for $100. Or if you own shares in a savings and loan association, you may just put up your passbook showing the value of your shares. You will pay $3.50 to $6 on a $100 loan for 12 months. Or if you belong to a credit union, this may be a quick answer. Your interest charge will be about the same or slightly less than that on a personal loan from a bank. Your last resort should be a pawnbroker, for he'll lend you only a fraction of your property's value and he'll charge you plenty. A $100 loan from him for a year may cost you $24 to $120.

5. ***Think of your savings as an "expense," make savings a "must" and budget for your savings from week to week as you budget for food and shelter.***

One leading bank with a thriving small-loan department always says something like this to its customers when they come in to make their final payment on a loan:

"For the past year, you've been putting aside $20 a month to pay off this loan and you've managed to get by. Now you have the savings habit and you know you can do it. So, for your own sake, don't interrupt your program. Keep putting aside the $20, maybe even more, just as though you were still repaying this loan; but now deposit the money in a savings bank or invest it in United States bonds.

"That's the way you'll build an emergency fund, a basic nest egg in cash which every family should have. Then, the next time you want to buy something big or are hit with an unanticipated expense, you'll have the money at hand. And as your nest egg mounts, you can buy other investments and create a balanced reserve of cash, insurance, U.S. bonds and other securities."

It's wonderfully sound advice, born out of long experience—and it's advice all of us should follow. For every one of us should have the equivalent of at least one month's income in a nest egg and, preferably, the equivalent of three months' income in a reserve.

How odd to slip a section on savings into an analysis of how to beat the high cost of living? Not odd at all! Underlying the discouragement of so many of us is the fact that we just don't seem to be able to save; we just don't seem to be able to get ahead. Much as we try to cut the corners, when the

COLLIER'S

"Did you know the news ten years ago was gloomier than it is today?"

CHARLES PEARSON

ERIE ... Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading

Hold on... Erie's Quick Action Service has the answer!

● If you took a quick count, you would find there are some 30,000 freight cars on Erie rails every day. Yet Erie's **Quick Action** Car Locater Service can tell a shipper where *his* car is—often while he holds the phone!

His car may be in a switching yard or in a speeding freight train. Wherever it is, Erie's **Quick Action** Service comes up with the answer for the inquiring shipper.

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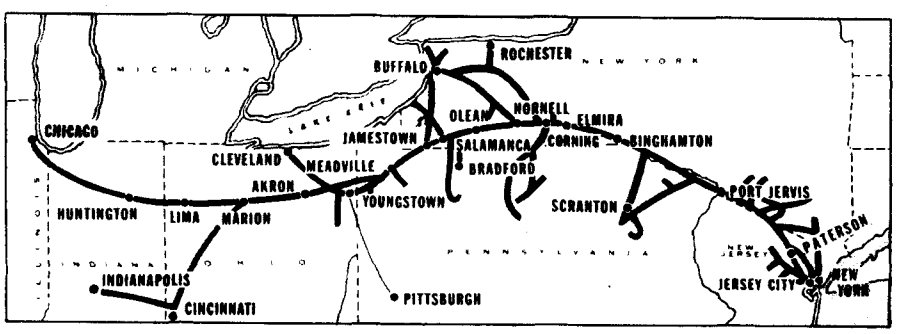
That's Erie's **Quick Action** Car Locater Service at work. It's the answer to the shipper's problem and another example of Erie's progressive railroading!

Erie Railroad

SERVING THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA



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1o
CHOICE QUALITY
Fleischmann's Superb Straight Whiskies Blended With Fine Grain Neutral Spirits

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90 PROOF
rich, robust, delicious!

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WINNING PRICE
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month ends, we find we've lived to the limit of our incomes, perhaps gone beyond that limit and dived deeper into debt. Moreover, it's downright nonsensical to try to separate "saving" from "spending"—even though that's what most budget experts like to do.

Saving is really only "postponed spending." When you save, you simply are putting aside money so you can spend it in the future—on your home or a vacation or a college education for the youngster.

You're probably thinking: That's all very pretty chatter, but after we've paid the rent and bought food and clothing and the rest, there's little or nothing left for the savings account. We can't manage it . . .

You *can* manage it, though. And assuming you're not struggling along at a minimum subsistence level, you will manage it once you grasp the key point that "savings" belong at the *start* of your budget, not at the end. The way to save is to put aside the money even before you cash your pay check.

To be thoroughly honest about it, the reason I buy savings bonds every week under a payroll savings plan is not because I'm excited about the interest the bonds pay. The reason I buy bonds that way is because I need the *discipline* of a payroll savings plan. Although I'm a more disciplined person than most, I don't trust myself to save without some compulsion.

Just the knowledge that you are saving a percentage of your income will help cure your jitters. Just the knowledge that you are working toward the balanced reserve the bank so strongly recommends will help give you some sense of security.

6. ***Know the ways you can cut your tax bills, for by avoiding the common tax boners and minimizing your income tax, you can substantially lower your cost of living.***

A scrawny neighbor of ours put on 20 pounds, and his wife coaxed him into buying an entirely new wardrobe. Then she sent all his smaller-size suits, sport jackets and slacks to the Salvation Army.

We met him shortly after March 15th, and he was groaning.

"With my clothing bills piled on top of her clothing bills and with the tax collector coming in after that, wow!"

"But at least you took a deduction on your income tax for your gift to the Salvation Army, didn't you?" I asked.

No. He hadn't taken that deduction on his income tax. He hadn't known that he could deduct the fair-market value of a gift of clothing, food, furniture and other things to a charitable organization—just as he could deduct gifts of cash. And I suspect many of you haven't known that little fact until now either.

Millions of Americans overpay their taxes because of ignorance of what the law allows as legal deductions and exemptions. Countless numbers make awful tax boners year after year because they don't take the time to learn how to fill out their income tax returns. And since most of the errors are not apparent on the face of the returns, they usually remain forever undiscovered and uncorrected—a loss to the taxpayer.

The American consumer is now paying more in taxes than he is spending for food. The tax bite of the federal government alone in the fiscal year beginning this July will be about $472 for each man, woman and child, compared with $50 a person at the peak of World War I and $313 a person at the peak of World War II. From coast to coast, families are finding that their tax bills are eliminating their last financial leeway. And considering the stratospheric level of federal, state and local taxes today, it's painfully apparent why the pinch feels worse than ever.

If you can save $50 on your income tax, that's the equivalent of $50 extra in your pay envelope. When you cut your income tax, you're cutting your cost of living. And you really can achieve major savings—properly and legally—if you know your rights under the tax laws.

7. ***Start to keep a few simple records of your spending and income tax deductions.***

There are two ways you can cut your income tax. You can cut it, first, by knowing the ins and outs of the tax laws and avoiding the common tax boners. You can cut it, second, by knowing the full total of what you spend during the year that may be subtracted from your tax bill.

And that second point means you must have some records of your "deductible dollars" when you sit down to fill out your tax return.

Even if you're a well-organized individual with an unusually excellent memory, you won't recall all your deductible expenses unless you have records at hand to remind you. A dollar given to church one day, a small amount contributed to a charity the next day may amount to surprisingly large totals over 365 days and thus make a pleasant dent in your tax debt. If your job involves traveling, you won't remember all the tips, taxi fares, long-distance phone calls and telegrams, unless you write down the expenses as they occur. If you're an older person and have stiff medical and drug bills, you won't be able to take top advantage of the new tax law unless you help your memory along with some records of your medical expenses.

It's extravagant to let dollars slip through your fingers because you've forgotten your proper tax deductions—or even worse, because you can't prove your deductions when the Revenue Bureau questions your return.

8. ***Concentrate on middle-priced lines, emphasize conservatism in style and in price, and look for quality.***

It has been some years since the fashion rulers threw that "New Look" at us—but I'm still wincing from the blow and obeying the rules I learned then. Overnight my wardrobe—and that of every woman in the country—went completely out of style. Being a typical female with a typical female vanity about clothes, I wouldn't have dared wear my tight, high-styled, knee-length dresses when all around me women were wearing loose, conservative dresses that almost touched their ankles.

Without the graciousness the gesture deserved, I gave away all my suits and dresses and flattened my pocketbook making the replacements.

But that experience taught me some fundamental lessons and, since then, I've never gone in for "high" style in clothing—or furniture or anything else. I know now that the simple, conservative, middle-priced line is not only the best for my pocketbook but also the best for my appearance. I haven't the ability to judge the quality of the lowest-priced articles; few people have. And while the top-priced may give me higher styling, this very fact means the life of my purchase will be limited.

And what is true of clothing is equally true of furniture and equipment. In furniture, materials and equipment are as important as styling and perhaps more important. Simply designed, middle-priced equipment will involve the minimum expense for upkeep and give satisfyingly long service.

POOCH PANDEMONIUM

Loud dogs whose barking fills the breeze
At night have plainly indicated
That most municipalities
Are over Rover populated.

—CLIFF WALTERS

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9. ***Investigate the little items, the seemingly small leaks in your budget.***

The big leaks in a budget often are made up of a lot of little leaks. So another cure for your cost-of-living jitters may lie in calling a family conference to examine all the small extras and decide what can be done to shave them.

You may find that you can save a fair amount by switching your insurance payments from a monthly or quarterly basis to a semiannual or annual basis. You'll continue to put aside the insurance money every month but you'll pay only once or twice a year and thereby get the benefit of reduced charges.

Or you may find that your bank has been slapping a penalty on your account whenever your balance has fallen below a specified minimum. A proper step under those circumstances would be to look for a bank that has facilities designed for the smaller-income family and has no regulations about minimum balances.

Or you may find that you can reduce the cost of your home by refinancing your mortgage with the same or another institution.

Again, these are just illustrations. But every budget is full of holes and if you look for the holes in yours, you'll discover them.

10. ***See if you can increase your income.***

When J. K. Lasser and I published our book, How to Live within Your Income, in 1948, the first reaction of a famous columnist friend of ours was, "Yeah, the way to live within your income is to make more income!" It wasn't nearly as silly or superficial as it sounded.

Millions of families operate on the basis that their income is limited to their weekly pay check; either they keep their spending within that limit or they go into debt. But the solution to your cost-of-living problem may lie in an entirely different area—specifically, in padding your income rather than cutting your expenses.

Have you considered the ways you can use your leisure time at home to increase the family's income? The possibilities are vast, and restricted only by your imagination. One New York woman has made a thriving business out of her hobby of decorating dolls. A Baltimore couple started hand-painting Christmas bulbs and wreaths in their spare hours just for fun; now they can't fill the demands of the cash customers. When I was in Florida a few months ago, I met a woman who apparently has a flair for knitting unusual ties. She began by making ties for her husband; today, the biggest stores in the country are selling her ties. As you know, many a food chain has originated in the kitchen of a gifted cook.

And these, of course, are the spectacular examples. You may be a trained musician. Maybe you can turn that talent into a little extra money by teaching youngsters or adults in your community who would like to learn how to play the piano or violin or banjo. You may enjoy making things with your hands. Maybe there is a market in your neighborhood for some of the things you create in your workshop or sew or knit or bake.

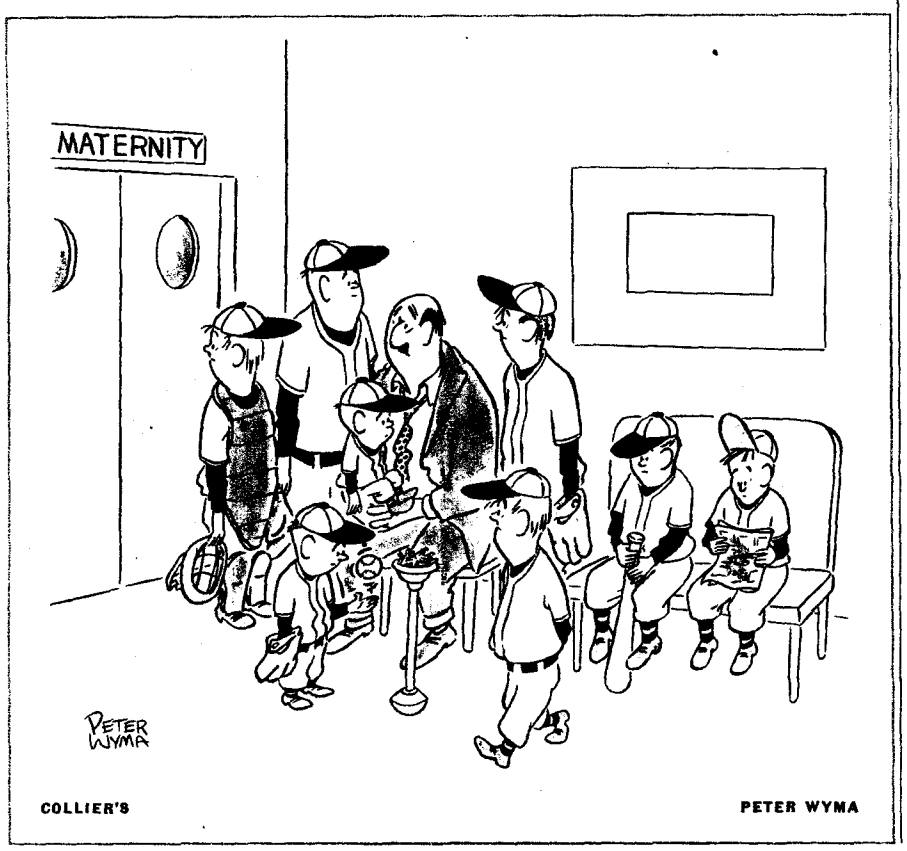
The first question that comes to mind when we find we're living beyond our incomes is, naturally, "Where and how can we cut our outgo?" But that should be only the first. The second question should be, "Where and how can we increase our intake?"

Now that our dollar has slumped to 53 cents, we might as well face the fact that its major losses are permanent. We'll never again hold a 100-cent dollar in our hands; the odds are heavily against even a 65- or 70-cent dollar. We dare not go back; we cannot go back. For a return to the "good old days" would reflect an economic crash in America that would make 1929-'32 seem a picnic in comparison. Our entire economy is now geared to the higher price level and any substantial price retreat would be catastrophic. As a shrewd banker put it to me a while ago, "Deflation to cure inflation seems a good deal like running over a man with an automobile and then, to make amends, backing up and running over him again."

And we also might as well face the fact that one of our greatest, most difficult jobs will be holding the price level right around where it is. A fundamental thesis of Lenin and Stalin is that the American system will be destroyed from within by a succession of ruinous inflations and deflations. On the home front, inflation is our deadly enemy, and another wild boom, followed by another sickening bust, would as surely crush our way of life and our freedoms as a thousand atom bombs.

As a nation, our big fight is, and will continue to be, the maintenance of economic stability. As individuals, our big fight is, and will continue to be, the maintenance of a high standard of living despite the high cost of living. If you'll follow even a few of the rules outlined here, you'll be well on your way to personal victory. And your personal victory will be your country's victory.

THE END



1827—DIXON'S 125TH ANNIVERSARY CONTEST—1952

$25,000.00 in Cash Prizes!

A writer once said to his mate,
"My TICONDEROGAS are great.
The lead is much stronger,
The point lasts much longer."

Last line should rhyme with "great".
Sample: Their quality, dear, is innate!"

It's Fun! It's Easy!
Just complete this Dixon Jingle!

567 Cash Prizes!

$5,000.00 First Prize!
$2,500.00 Second Prize!
5 $500.00 Prizes
60 $100.00 Prizes
100 $ 50.00 Prizes
400 $ 10.00 Prizes

Here are a few pointers about Ticonderoga Pencils that may help you complete the jingle.

Ticonderoga Pencils have a *Leadfast* construction that unites lead and wood... prevents splitting and burring in sharpening • They have a hexagonal shape with rounded edges, which makes them easier to grip, more comfortable to write with • Made of the finest cedar from California • Imported clay and graphite make Ticonderoga the smoothest writing of all pencils •

EASY CONTEST RULES

1 Mail entries to Dixon 125th Anniversary Contest, P.O. Box 8110, Chicago (Zone 77), Ill. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Use enough postage.

2 Send as many entries as you wish. Enclose the section showing the soldier from the one dozen Ticonderoga box with each entry. You can also enter this contest by sending in a section of the box, on which the name Dixon appears, from any of the following Dixon products:

1. Eldorado Drawing Pencils (1 doz. box)
2. Thinex Colored Pencils (any size)
3. "Best" Colored Pencils (any size)
4. Anadel Colored Pencils (any size)
5. Enduro Pencil Sharpener

3 All entries must be postmarked not later than June 3 and received by June 19th, 1952. Everyone may enter the contest except employees of Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, their subsidiary companies, their advertising agencies and members of their families, and the employees and families of the organization judging the contest.

4 Entries will be judged for originality and aptness of thought. Competent judges will be selected by the organization handling this contest.

5 No entries returned. All entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., for any and all purposes. This contest is subject to all state and federal regulations.

Dixon TICONDEROGA
The Nation's First Pencils... Get them at Your Stationer's

Leadfast MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON TICONDEROGA 1388 №2

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"Such traffic, M'sieu—*formidable!*"

HONQUE! HONQUE!

Paris

LIKE many other Americans, we have always thought the U.S. had the world's worst traffic conditions. But that was before we reached Paris. In this city, driving becomes a form of mechanical mayhem. Every self-respecting motorist here has a very loud horn (preferably of the three-octave variety), a complete disregard for the pedestrian and a strong right foot pressed hard to the floor. And any recommendation that a more cautious or conservative approach befits these demoniac drivers inspires the Parisian to shake his beret-covered head in cheerful surrender and mutter: *"Seul un poltron retire son pied de l'accélérateur."* Translation: "Only a coward takes his foot off the accelerator."

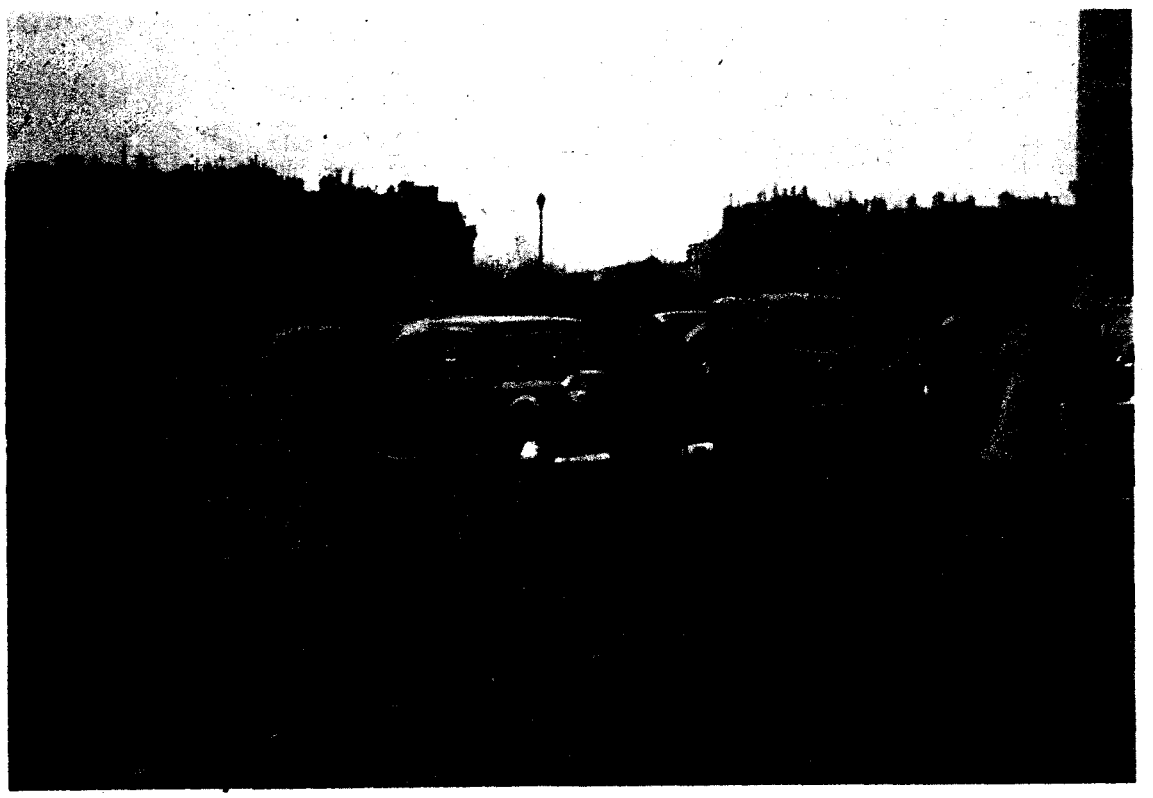
Traffic in Paris is a gay, uninhibited demonstration which goes on 24 hours of the day, excluding a kind of armistice during meal hours. Then, with the exception of the honking, careening busses, Paris screeches to a standstill and takes time out, while the hardy, fender-hopping pedestrians collapse somewhere to rest and plan further stratagems to survive the remainder of the day.

Despite this whirling, tumultuous battle which rages throughout the city every day, both attacker and attacked seem to enjoy it. But American tourists, including expert traffic terpsichoreans from such places as New York, Chicago and San Francisco, often leave Paris looking gaunt and haggard, and mumbling to themselves.

A few weeks back, a tall Texan staggered into the Hotel Crillon bar looking a little wide-eyed. "I never saw anything like it," he said. "I tried to cross the Place de l'Étoile to the Arc de Triomphe from the top of the Champs Élysées. It's about a hundred yards wide. The cop had stopped traffic, so I thought it was safe to go ahead. Durned if he didn't wave the drivers *(Continued on page 79)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

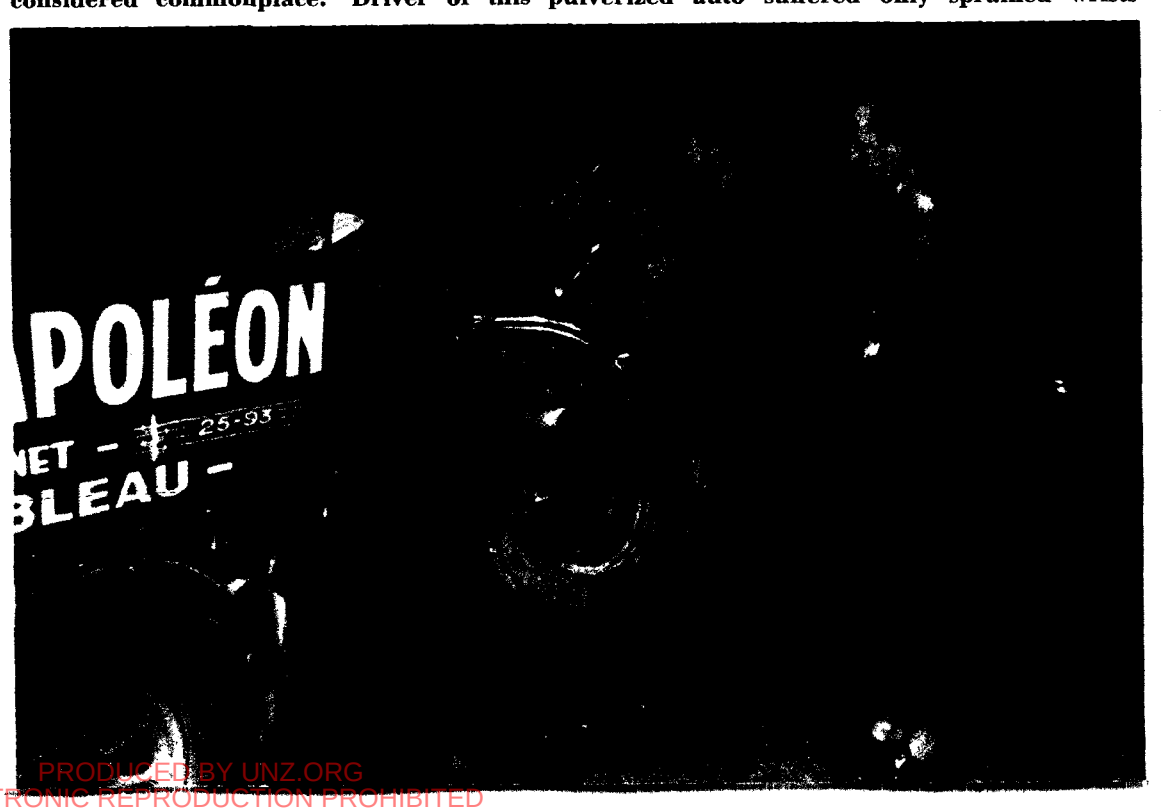
Parisian driver's *pièce de résistance* is a swift U turn. Only *les amateurs* make it below 30 mph



Hardy Parisians dodge cars, trucks, cyclists to cross spacious Place de l'Étoile, said to be city's most dangerous intersection. Twelve avenues meet here with Arc de Triomphe as hub

Crowds gather at scene of latest accident while Paris *flic* (cop) examines credentials of driver

Collisions are so numerous that dented fenders, ripped grillwork, smashed windows are considered commonplace. Driver of this pulverized auto suffered only sprained wrists



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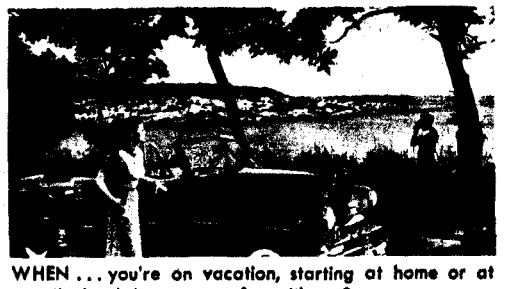

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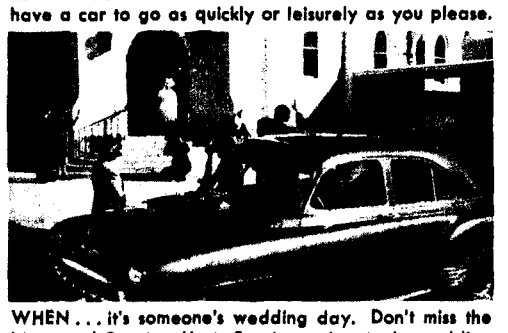

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George B. Cassidy, the starter at Hialeah race track, doesn't mind hot weather. He stays comfortable—and neat—in a blue linen suit

Real Cool Clothes

By BERT BACHARACH

Lightweight fabrics solve the problem of keeping cool while looking neat. Here's how the men living in Miami Beach do it

IF THERE are any men in this country who can be classified as true experts at keeping comfortably cool, they are the residents of southern California and Florida—not so much the sport-shirted vacationists as the year-round inhabitants, the business and professional men who must prepare to endure hot weather every day as they go about their various duties, trades and crafts. While the rest of us, with our relatively short summers, have only a part-time job of keeping cool, these men face the problem constantly.

On the theory that such heat-combating veterans should be able to provide considerable practical and valuable information on the subject, based on their own experience, we have delved deeply into the apparel habits of a large number of these citizens—choosing, for our survey, the fairly typical city of Miami Beach, Florida.

Our major discovery—really more of a corroboration than a discovery—was that men who live in a warm clime know how to lick the weather without losing sight of fashion. They have learned that it isn't necessary to doff hat, coat, tie or other garments to be comfortable. Instead, they have experimented with all the available fabrics, finishes and constructions, many of them new, and have settled on the apparel which has proved its ability to keep them fresh and neat-looking, as well as comfortable, through even the most humid days.

In outer clothing, the choices range from inexpensive cottons to luxurious silks; from wash-suit construction to the finest tailoring. And the selections do not necessarily reflect the financial status of the individual. It's more a matter of purely personal likes and dislikes, based on years of experience with clothes that have given satisfaction. Thus a millionaire's choice may run to cotton seersuckers which can be tossed into the laundry hamper daily, while a man with few worldly goods may prefer just a suit or two of the best quality. The males of Miami demonstrate clearly that comfort and appearance are not dependent on means, and that a man can be properly dressed in hot weather without spending too much money.

In today's summer clothing, two of the major categories are all-wool tropical worsteds and a vast variety of blended fabrics. Many men like the former because of the time-tried characteristics of wool; its porosity, draping quality and appearance. Others favor fabrics that consist of, or include, man-made fibers. In this class, amazing strides have been made in wrinkle-resistance, spot-resistance and, in the case of fabrics that are 100 per cent synthetic, a natural protection against moths. A most notable achievement has been the introduction of Dacron—the material whose makers say it can be worn in a swimming pool!

From the fashion standpoint, there are some important trends. Silk suits, and their counterparts in less expensive blends, were seen in profusion at all winter resorts this past season, and their success is certain to be duplicated nation-wide. Linens, Shantungs and other rough effects are also good. Featherweight tropical worsteds are available in a broad selection of new patterns and treatments. Sport jackets and slacks run to bright color, and you'll find every shade in the rainbow—although white and off-white are increasingly popular in jackets.

Furnishings and accessories keep pace in the trend toward greater comfort and practicality. Sheer shirts are the weight of a feather and the ties to go with them seem to weigh half a feather! Shirt collars are lower and much less bulky. Hats are porous, to let the cool air in and the warm air out. Shoes are perforated, braided and made of various meshes to permit full circulation of breezes, and they feel almost weightless on the feet. And so it goes—with belts, hose, underwear and sportswear all achieving a new low in weight and a new high in comfort.

Too many men throughout the country are completely unfamiliar with the progress that has been made by the men's wear industry in producing apparel that will keep you cool. So they wear much the same things all year long—and suffer the consequences.

The men of Miami Beach—those pictured on these pages, and hundreds more who were interviewed on days when the temperature was in the eighties—have learned the secret of keeping cool and looking well-dressed when the weather is hot. Why not follow their example? ▲▲▲

Black and white of summer evening wear are displayed by Copa City club's Murray Weinger (l.) and Miami Herald columnist Jack Kofoed

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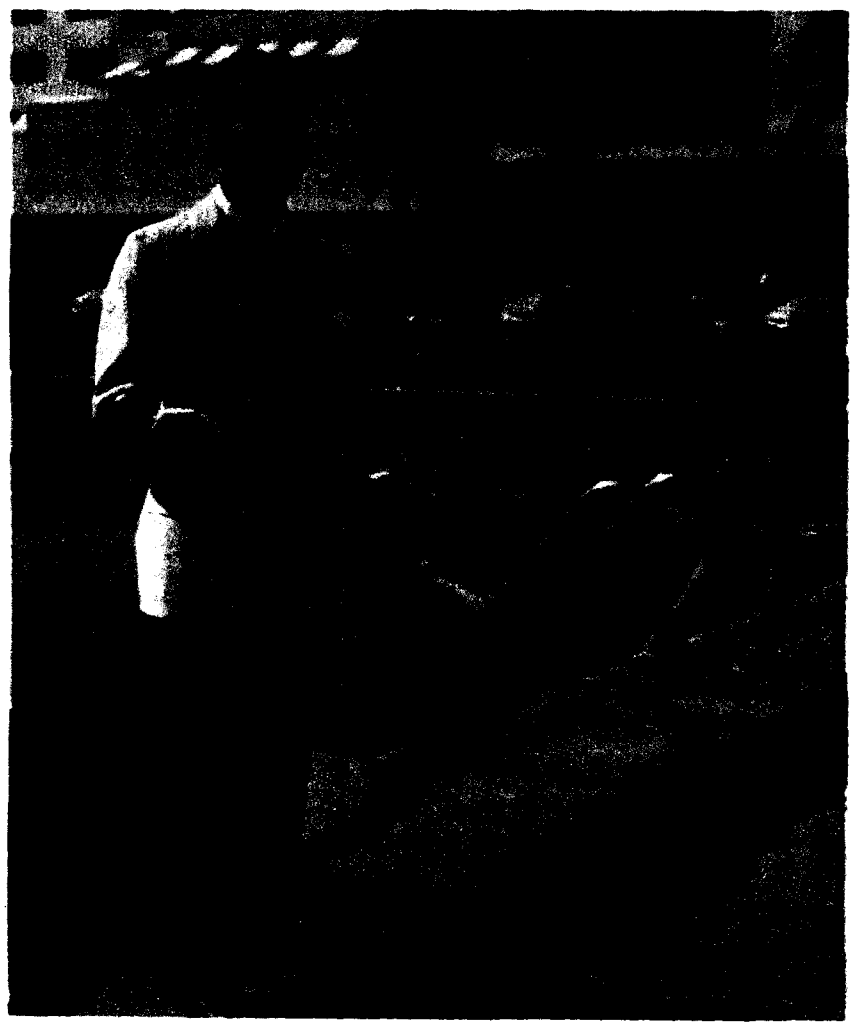
This is Miami Beach's Mayor D. Lee Powell, looking businesslike and cool, in his well-tailored tropical worsted suit of gray-blue hue

Outside Burdine's store in Miami Beach, vice-president Freeland B. Cresap shows the ladies his silk gabardine suit (weight: 8½ ounces)

Hotel man Rush Strayer, of the Sherry-Frontenac, is partial to rayon jackets in pastel shades, worn with darker slacks of the same fabric



Nylon cord jackets are very popular. Charles F. Sharp, the general sales manager of National Airlines, wears his with tan gab slacks

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

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The Menace of Measles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

rheumatic fever. One of the rarest, but most serious, complications is encephalitis, an inflammation of the brain tissue. Striking after the measles symptoms have abated, encephalitis causes drowsiness, convulsions or paralysis, and kills from 10 to 30 per cent of its victims. About half of those who survive are left with mental defects. In recent years encephalitis has been occurring about once in a thousand cases of measles.

However, all these dangers can now be thwarted by gamma globulin, the onetime useless by-product of blood plasma. Gamma globulin, which is distributed without charge by the American National Red Cross, is a double-edged weapon. It can create an immunity to measles that lasts about a month. Or it can lessen the severity of the disease. The reaction depends on the dosage. In either case it must be administered to the child *not later* than seven days after he has been exposed to measles. Otherwise it has no effect.

To Insure Lifelong Immunity

"Temporary immunity is best for babies and small children," says Dr. David N. W. Grant, tall, gray-haired former Air Surgeon of the Army Air Forces, who came out of retirement a year ago to become director of the Red Cross blood program. "For everyone else, modified measles is better. Despite its mildness, modified measles gives lifelong immunity. And it is almost a guarantee against any complications. When more parents know about gamma globulin, measles deaths will become a thing of the past."

Pediatricians are hailing gamma globulin as the most important contribution to child health in the last 10 years. But while it is in wide general use, it is hardly known to the public. As one mother commented to her doctor: "Gamma globulin? Sounds like a college sorority."

Actually gamma globulin was created by a fraternity—the brilliant band of scientists dedicated to the study of blood under ruddy-cheeked, drum-voiced Professor Edwin J. Cohn, head of Harvard University's physical chemistry laboratory, Cambridge, Massachusetts (You May Be Drafted to Give Blood, by John Lear, Collier's, March 10, 1951).

Dr. Cohn, who conducts his scientific soirees like a pledge meeting, received a request in 1940 from the National Research Council and the Navy to find a substitute for the dried blood plasma then being used by our armed forces. The plasma was vital for the treatment of shock. But before it could be administered it had to be mixed with sterile water. In the fighting zone this would be impossible to obtain.

The best substitute for plasma was albumin. This is a protein ingredient of plasma itself. It helps the body to maintain an even flow of blood to the heart and lungs, thus relieving shock, which impairs the flow. However, scientists had never been able to separate the albumin from the plasma.

After less than a year of research, Professor Cohn and his "blood brothers" (several of them were barely out of their teens) succeeded in extracting the albumin from the plasma. In its own field this event was comparable to splitting the atom, and militarily as important. The process became known as blood fractionation.

Although it solved a great wartime problem, it bequeathed a new challenge to Professor Cohn and his colleagues. Lanky, thirty-five-year-old Dr. Sam T. Gibson, now medical director of the American Red Cross Blood Program, who was then a naval commander and a member of the wonder-boy group, recalls: "Professor Cohn was swamped by plasma. Since he was only extracting the albumin, the rest was going to waste. And Professor Cohn despises waste almost as much as he despises holding a meeting without refreshments."

Professor Cohn thereupon decided to subject the plasma to further fractionation in his laboratory centrifuge. By the time the machine—which operates on the principles of a cream separator—paused in its whirling in 1942, he had broken the plasma down into more substances than science knew what to do with. But the value of one protein—gamma globulin—was instantly recognized, for it was the fraction of the blood which contains antibodies against disease.

"Professor Cohn took gamma globulin in his stride, but the younger scientists fell over themselves with excitement," says redhaired Dr. Charles W. Ordman, now a Washington, D.C., internist, who, as a Harvard bacteriology researcher, helped carry out the first trials on patients.

The excitement was logical. The blood of any person who has ever had measles contains antibodies against the disease. Blood from a convalescent measles patient contains even more antibodies. Injections of both types of blood had been used with occasional success in the twenties to give an exposed child limited immunity or a case of modified measles. But the two methods had serious drawbacks. Both required large injections, which were particularly painful to children. And convalescent blood was hard to obtain.

Then, in 1933, Dr. Charles F. McKhann discovered in experiments at the Harvard Medical School that better results could be obtained by using an extract from the blood of the placenta—the structure which nourishes the fetus in the womb and is expelled after birth. However, this serum often caused bad side effects, such as fever and nausea.

"It was obvious," recalls Dr. Ordman, "that gamma globulin might be superior to all of these. Unlike blood—or even placental extract—the antibodies were not diffused. They were concentrated in the gamma globulin. Only a very small injection would be necessary. And since the blood for the gamma globulin came from Red Cross donors, it would be the most available medicine in the nation—a dividend to Americans for their democratic spirit."

The first tests of gamma globulin were just as democratic. During the winter and spring of 1942-'43 a measles epidemic broke out in Boston, and the new substance was tried on exposed children of families on relief and the more secure sons of comfort attending fashionable Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, and Milton Academy, Milton, Massachusetts. Among the children who were inoculated, 93 per cent escaped measles entirely or developed it in a modified form. And no complications followed. Those who were not inoculated suffered measles of regular severity, and 15 per cent of these children developed pneumonia or middle-ear infections.

Beneficial Results of Trials

The trials proved that a scientific goal had been achieved. Not only could gamma globulin modify the disease, but it ended the peril of complications.

The trials also established the dosage of gamma globulin that is in use today. Like all medicines, it is measured in cubic centimeters, one cubic centimeter being equal to about a quarter of a teaspoon. To give temporary immunity to a child under two, doctors inject two cc.s intramuscularly. They use the same dose to modify measles in an older child.

Gamma globulin is sent by the American Red Cross to health departments and thence to doctors in all communities which co-operate in regional blood donor programs. Distribution started in April, 1944. Since then the Red Cross has given away almost 3,500,000 ampules of gamma globulin, worth $14,000,000 in the commercial market. The Red Cross supplies more than half the nation's needs. The other half is furnished by drug companies which sell

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gamma globulin through normal channels.

Gamma globulin for the Red Cross is fractionated by the Cutter Laboratories, Berkeley, California; Armour Laboratories, Fort Worth, Texas, and E. R. Squibb & Sons, New Brunswick, New Jersey. At the Squibb Laboratories the work is headed by tall, lean Dr. John N. Ashworth, whose crew-cut brown hair makes him look even younger than his thirty-two years. He was one of the boy geniuses of Professor Cohn's group—"I wore a mustache and a B.A. degree"—and went off to Wisconsin for his Ph.D. in chemistry after winning renown as a researcher.

All the laboratories use the method perfected by Professor Cohn during the war. "It takes patience and the fortitude of an Eskimo," says Dr. Ashworth. "You have to work in a room that is kept at 23 degrees Fahrenheit. Otherwise the proteins in the plasma are ruined."

Two hundred gallons of plasma are mixed with an alcohol-water solution and placed in a centrifuge. Here it is whirled night and day at a constant, dizzying speed. At the end of a week pure gamma globulin emerges in a powdered form that clings to the bowl of the centrifuge. The powder is then converted into a liquid by dissolving it in a 16½ per cent solution of sterile water. This process takes more than two months, since the gamma globulin must undergo government tests at various stages for purity and potency. Finally it is measured out in two-cc. ampules and delivered to the Red Cross.

"If you donate one pint of blood to the Red Cross," says Dr. Ashworth, "it makes five cc.s of gamma globulin, equaling two and a half doses."

Measles today is mainly a children's disease because of the overcrowding of civilization, not because of the choosiness of the virus. In some rural areas of the United States people still escape it. But history shows that everyone is a potential victim.

Doctors cite the Faroe Islands as a classic example. Isolated in the Atlantic, between Iceland and Scotland, the Danish-owned islands were the healthiest region on earth late in the eighteenth century. For 65 years every infectious disease, including measles, disappeared, and the natives lived to be eighty-five or ninety.

Then in March, 1846, a Danish cabinetmaker arrived from Copenhagen. With him came measles. By the time the epidemic ended, it had felled 6,000 of the 7,782 inhabitants, regardless of age. The only exceptions were those who had had measles 65 years before.

Even more devastating was the epidemic that swept the Fiji Islands in 1875. Previously unknown in that region, the disease was brought back by the son of the king, who had accompanied his father to Sydney, Australia, to witness the transfer of the islands to the British Empire. Measles struck almost the entire population—150,000 persons—and 40,000 Fijians died. The natives believed these deaths were a punishment by their god for having ceded their homeland to a foreign power.

During Revolutionary days the disease was a constant menace to the colonists. In Charleston, South Carolina, 900 children perished in an epidemic in 1772. Measles also added to the misery of Washington's troops, making victims of many of those at Valley Forge. Both sides suffered heavily in the Civil War. The Union Army had 67,763 cases, with 4,246 deaths. Among Confederate troops epidemics were so serious that whole regiments had to be disbanded and the men sent home.

A Lesson from World War I

In World War I, 98,000 American soldiers came down with measles here and abroad. The chief sufferers were recruits from the rural areas of the South, where they had escaped the disease in childhood. Not one troop train arrived at Camp Wheeler, Virginia, during the autumn of 1917 without a score of measles cases. And at Camp Pike, Arkansas, where the division consisted of men from Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi, there were more than 62 times as many cases as at Camp Upton, Long Island, where the draftees were mainly from New York City.

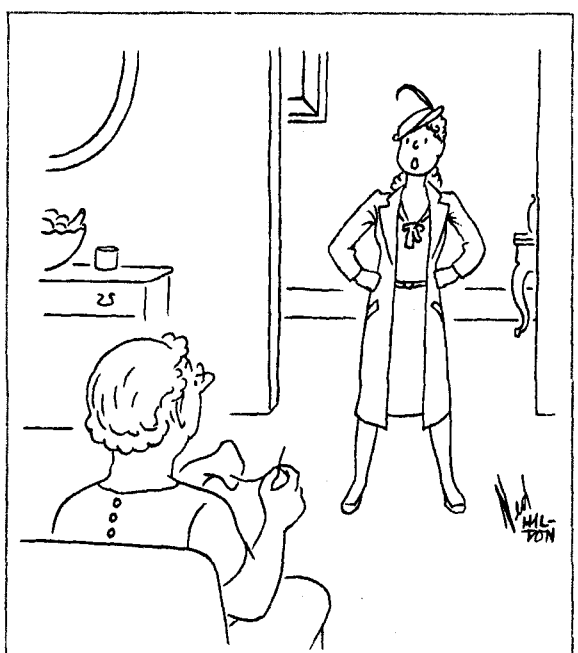
The spring of 1941 saw the worst epidemic in American history. Measles officially felled 894,000 persons, mostly children. Of these, 2,279 succumbed, not counting those who died of complications. However, there were only minor outbreaks among our armed forces. And rural soldiers were no more vulnerable than the others. They had gained immunity by having the disease in their childhood. For between World War I and II consolidated schools and increased travel had ended isolation in America.

Since then measles has become more than ever a childhood illness, striking most often at the ages of six and seven. It will never be eradicated until a vaccine is found. But gamma globulin has neutralized the disease and its dangerous complications.

With the battle against measles practically won, a new enemy has arisen to challenge medical science. The foe is German measles, contemptuously known to doctors as rubella (measlettes). Named in anonymous honor of Carl August von Bergen, the German physician who first described its symptoms in 1752, the disease is less bothersome than a severe cold. An attack lasts only three or four days and is accompanied by a rash, mild fever and swelling behind the ears and back of the neck.

Sometimes the rash leads to a wrong diagnosis of true measles. At other times there is neither rash nor swelling, so that diagnosis is doubly difficult. But like true measles one attack usually gives lifelong immunity.

Masquerading as the most harmless of ailments, German measles was regarded as nothing but a medical nuisance until 1941—when an Australian physician saw for the first time what 20 generations of other physicians had failed to see: that while the disease is harmless to everyone else, it is of great peril to a prospective mother. Stricken with German measles during the first three months of pregnancy, she stands more than an even



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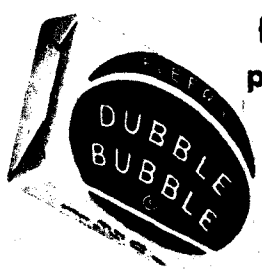

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chance of bearing a deformed child. The observant physician, aptly enough, was an eye specialist—Dr. N. McAllister Gregg, of Sydney. His investigations began early in 1941 when his list of patients suddenly included 13 babies, suffering from congenital cataracts. All were blind. Twelve also had heart defects. Several were deaf and a few seemed mentally retarded.

"Heredity" Wasn't the Answer

Dr. Gregg's sympathy was aroused. And with it his medical curiosity. He was dissatisfied with the convenient cliché that blamed such suffering on the "immutable laws" of heredity. He suspected a common, sinister influence. These suspicions grew stronger when he got in touch with physician friends throughout Australia. Their experience paralleled his. Never before had they seen so many infants with congenital cataracts. They furnished Dr. Gregg with 78 case histories. Not only were all these babies blind, but 44 of them also suffered from other defects, exactly like his own little patients. He was positive now that a single factor had blighted these lives. He tracked it down by simple mathematics. The babies had been born after the worst German measles epidemic in Australia's history. Hence the mothers must have become pregnant during the epidemic.

Questioning these 78 mothers, as well as the 13 who had brought their babies to his office, Dr. Gregg learned that 80 of them remembered having suffered an attack of German measles. The majority had become ill during the first two months of pregnancy.

Dr. Gregg's observation proved what science had long suspected—that a virus, feeding on an undeveloped embryo, could mar a human life beyond repair. But the disclosure that such a parasite could be the pallid little virus of German measles caused a world-wide sensation. All doubt was dispelled when Australian physicians discovered 350 other children whose eye, ear and heart defects were traced to the disease.

In this country medical circles were slow to awaken to the problem. But finally, in 1949, an investigating committee, supported by a grant from the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, was appointed by the American Academy of Pediatrics. The group, headed by Dr. Herbert C. Miller, of the University of Kansas Medical School, sent questionnaires to 6,000 physicians throughout the nation, asking them to check the results of German measles on pregnant mothers.

The report is still being compiled. But a preliminary survey throttled any forlorn hope that the malformations among Australian babies were caused by a particularly vicious virus that didn't exist in the U.S. The doctors found that among 199 mothers who had suffered German measles during pregnancy, 167 bore children with one or more defects. The others were normal.

One pediatrician, Dr. Murray H. Bass of New York, who was among the first to recognize the menace of the disease in America, reported an even more serious reaction. Of seven cases he treated, two babies were born deaf-mutes and the other five were mentally retarded.

The survey indicated that if a prospective mother contracts German measles during the first six weeks of pregnancy, she stands a more than even chance of bearing a malformed child. During the second six weeks the odds diminish to one in four. After that the danger is practically nil.

Recently, however, an additional peril was uncovered by Dr. Conrad C. Wesselhoeft, retired chief of Haynes Memorial Hospital in Boston, now lecturing at Harvard Medical School. Dr. Wesselhoeft, an authority on infectious diseases, disclosed that a woman may bear a deformed child if she suffers an attack of German measles for as long as six weeks *before pregnancy*. From this doctors conclude that the insidious little virus lingers in the body for at least two months after a person has recovered.

As in true measles, the virus of German measles has never been isolated or seen under a microscope. And it follows the same epidemic cycle, starting in the fall and reaching its peak in the springtime. In 1949-'50 a total of over 128,000 cases were reported from 36 states (12 didn't bother to report). But Public Health officials say the figure was closer to a million. Many of those infected failed to call a doctor, or were unaware they were ill.

German measles strikes mostly at young adults. And it is most contagious before the rash breaks out, so that it is often impossible for a pregnant woman to protect herself from infection. This is the most baffling problem of all. For once the disease takes hold there is nothing that can be done to safeguard the unborn child.

"The birth of one of these deformed babies is not only a disaster to the individual child, but tends to blight the life of the whole family," declares Dr. Wesselhoeft. "The mother has to give so much attention to this child that she becomes worn out in mind and body, and the other children in the family fail to get proper care.

"Moreover, parents of such a defective child usually are afraid to have any more children, even when it is explained to them that this tragedy will not happen again."

Other doctors find that the shock of bearing a malformed infant often endangers the mental health of the mother, sometimes causing permanent derangement.

For these reasons some medical authorities advocate abortion if German measles strikes during the first three months of pregnancy. But religious and emotional factors often stand in the way. When they do not, the law does. Only Colorado, Maryland, New Mexico and the District of Columbia specifically permit abortion if the mother's health is endangered. The other 45 states permit abortion only if the mother's *life* is at stake.

However, many physicians oppose abortion even when legally possible. They point out that miscarriages are very frequent in German measles cases—as much as 50 per cent. And that if the mother does carry the child full term, it will not necessarily be deformed. Moreover, they feel the moral issues outweigh the medical.

But all doctors agree that the best protection for the prospective mother is for her to have had German measles before marriage. They feel that every effort should be made to expose girls to the disease if it becomes epidemic in their community. "I wouldn't hesitate a moment to expose my three-year-old daughter," says slender, energetic Dr. Saul Krugman, who at forty-one is assistant professor of pediatrics at New York University–Bellevue Hospital Medical Center in New York City.

Some doctors have suggested setting up German measles clinics, throughout the country, where girls would be exposed in special hospital wards to children with diagnosed cases of the disease. They would remain for several weeks, and care would be exercised to guard them against other infections.

Dr. Krugman has a more positive technique which requires no hospitalization. Working with Dr. Robert Ward, also a professor at Bellevue, he has perfected a method for inducing German measles artificially. It consists of a saline solution made from the throat washings of infected patients. The solution is treated with penicillin to kill off other germs. When used as a spray, it causes a typical case of German measles.

At present neither the spray nor the clinics are feasible. The sanitary code of almost every city in the nation specifically forbids doctors to expose any person willfully to an infectious disease. Smallpox is the only exception, since vaccination actually means giving the individual a mild case of cowpox. Yet, with all its complexities, the situation is hopeful. For gamma globulin—that potent force in the fight against true measles—has also emerged as a power against German measles.

Tests on Two Child Groups

First proof of its possibilities came in the spring of 1948 when the disease broke out in the Children's Center, an institution for neglected youngsters on New York's lower East Side. With Dr. Ralph S. Muckenfuss, assistant city health commissioner, Dr. Bass isolated 262 children known to have been exposed. Half were kept as a control group and the remainder injected with six cc.s of gamma globulin.

"The experiment showed that if gamma globulin is administered on the supposed day of exposure, it provides immunity against German measles for about 18 days," Dr. Bass reported.

Since then gamma globulin is being widely used to protect pregnant women who have come in contact with the disease. Success varies with individual cases. But the greatest success has been achieved when gamma globulin is administered throughout the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, especially during the epidemic spring months.

Most hopeful of all is the latest news from Australia, where doctors are using gamma globuljn made from the blood of convalescent German measles patients. Tested at Queen Memorial Hospital, Fairfield, Victoria, on 670 exposed mothers-to-be, the superpotent globulin completely protected 663. Of the seven mothers who developed German measles, none gave birth to a malformed child. More extensive trials are now under way in Australia, and American doctors are watching them with great interest. The technique may soon be adopted here, if the spectacular, encouraging results continue. THE END

COLLIER'S

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The Take-Charge Guy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

holding out her hand. "Why, it's Mr. Baseball!" she said. Her voice was low and sort of husky.

Mario stepped toward her, and her expression changed as the boys followed him.

"You fiend," she said.

"What's the matter?" Mario said.

She waved her hand at the kids. "You didn't tell me you were married," she said.

"These mugs," Mario said, "are members of my boys' club."

"Aren't you a little old for that?"

"I'm not a member of the club myself," Mario said. "I sort of run it. In the off season."

"You really lead a hard life, don't you? Playing games the year round. What brings you here?"

"You," Mario said. "I thought I could run you downtown and maybe buy you a sandwich or something."

"All right," she said. "I'll accept the ride, anyway."

AFTER they had let the kids out at their houses and were on the way downtown, Mario turned to her and, with studied casualness, said, "That gag about marriage, back at the airport—you still engaged to the big athlete down South?"

"I am," Callie said. "But I've been holding you in reserve."

He knew she was kidding, but it made him feel good just the same.

"What about that guy?" he said. "Clay something, wasn't it?"

"Fletcher," Callie said. "Clay Fletcher. You must have read all about him in the Sugar Bowl game."

"I got to admit I did," Mario said. "He's pretty hot. All-America and everything."

"He's even better at baseball," Callie said. "You're going to hear a lot about him."

"A college pitcher," Mario said.

"Never mind," Callie said. "You wait and see."

"What I'd like to see," Mario said, "is for the Lions to buy Garver or somebody near his class. Give us just one twenty-game winner and we can take it this year. This will be my fifth year with the club and I ain't played on a pennant winner yet. All we need is one big pitcher."

"What happens if you don't get him?"

"I hate to think about it," Mario said. "Hank Garrison—that's the manager—"

"I know," Callie said. "What about Garrison?"

"Well, he's a wonderful guy and a wonderful manager," Mario said. "But the papers are starting to ride him. If we don't make it this time, I don't know what will happen to him."

"You'd love to play in the Series, wouldn't you?" Callie said.

"I'm a ballplayer," Mario said. "There's nothing I'd like more."

They arrived at her hotel, and Mario asked her how about that sandwich.

"I can't tonight," she said. "I'm bushed and we're getting out early in the morning. Give me a rain check?"

"Make it soon, will you?" Mario said. "That guy—Fletcher—he hasn't got you chained, or anything?"

"Not quite," Callie said. "Listen, if they don't change my schedule, I'll have a layover here Friday night.". . .

During the two days he had to wait, Mario did not think about much of anything but Callie. In the past few years he had asked for nothing except the privilege of playing ball. Now that did not seem to be quite enough. Maybe a girl like Callie could be important too. He could see that he might even want to marry a girl like that.

Driving out to pick her up at the airport, he got his mind back on baseball when he tuned in the evening sportscast. The announcer's voice cracked with excitement.

"For the first time in ten years," the announcer said, "Lake City will be starting the baseball season as favorites to take the pennant. On the basis of news received today, it is hard to see how the Lions can miss. They have signed Clay Fletcher, the college pitcher everyone's been after."

Oh, great, Mario thought. That's all we needed.

"Fletcher, you will remember, is the Georgia boy who ran wild in the Sugar Bowl and who is said to be able to throw a baseball even better than he pitches forward passes. For several reasons, it has been generally accepted that, with one more really good pitcher in the fold, the Lions would run away from the field in the American League. Well, Clay Fletcher, by all accounts, is that pitcher!"

Three years from now, maybe, Mario thought. And meanwhile what's going to happen to Hank Garrison? He'll be out on his ear and some other guy will take over and get the credit just about the time Fletcher shapes up, if he ever does.

"To get his signature on a contract, the Lions are reported to have paid off the mortgage on his family's farm and to have set up a trust fund protecting him against the future. There is also a story that they threw in an expensive convertible. Whatever the club paid, baseball men who have seen the young pitcher in action agree that he is worth it."

Mario twisted the radio dial angrily. He was still scowling when Callie's plane landed and she came to him at the gate.

"What's the matter?" she said. "You look like you'd been traded to the Senators."

"I feel like it," Mario said.

Looking at her as she stood close to him, smiling at him in a kind of mocking way, he suddenly realized that there could be a lot of complications in this Fletcher thing. The three of them would make a kind of triangle. They couldn't help it. Fletcher already had two strikes on him, so far as Mario was concerned, and when Fletcher found out that Callie and Mario had been going around together, then there would be two strikes on Mario in Fletcher's book.

"Maybe I *ought* to be with the Senators," Mario said, still frowning. "The club's gone and signed your boy."

"I knew it was in the making," Callie said. "What's so bad about it?"

"Oh, nothing," Mario said. "Only that they evidently spent enough money to have got about three *good* pitchers. Guys that had been tested in the minors. Guys that might help us."

"What you need," Callie said, "is a large steak."

THEY went to his car. He turned on the radio and tried to put his mind on the music and on having Callie beside him, but he could not feel anything very romantic. The thought of the Fletcher deal would not leave him. He had a deep prejudice against bonus players. He was convinced that any guy who was really a ballplayer would come in for free just to get the chance to be a major-leaguer, that a guy who held out for cash, a trust fund and a car must have a little touch of larceny in his heart. He hated to spoil the evening, but he had to find out. When they were in the restaurant and had ordered drinks, he said:

"Tell me some more about this guy. What's he really like? It's quite a jump, making the big leagues straight from college ball."

Callie looked down at her glass and turned it slowly a few times before she spoke. "I guess he could handle it," she said finally, "if it was just pitching he had to worry about."

"What else is there?" Mario said. "We can't expect him to hit, too."

"It's himself," Callie said. "He's got to fight that. The thing is, Clay's had it too easy. He's spoiled."

Mario sipped his ale and waited to let her tell it her own way.

"He was a wonderful kid when he first

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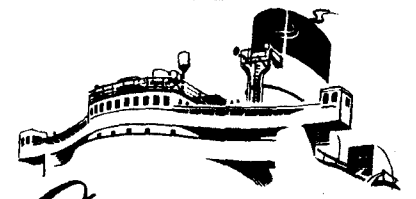

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FIG. 1

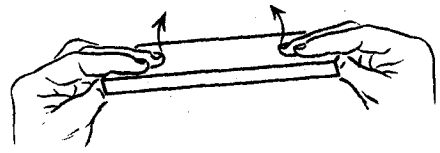

FIG. 1. See how the rigid ribs made by folding back the edges prevent flexibility! In making most men's shoes, the edges of the innersole are *cut and folded back* in just this same way, leaving rigid ribs for sewing.

FIG. 2

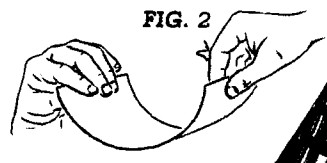

FIG. 2. Here's the Ward Hill principle! The K-B Patented Innersole Construction (Pat. #2,361,693), owned exclusively by Ward Hill, leaves the innersole extra strong, *uncut, unbent* and completely flexible just as this card is. There are no rigid ribs!

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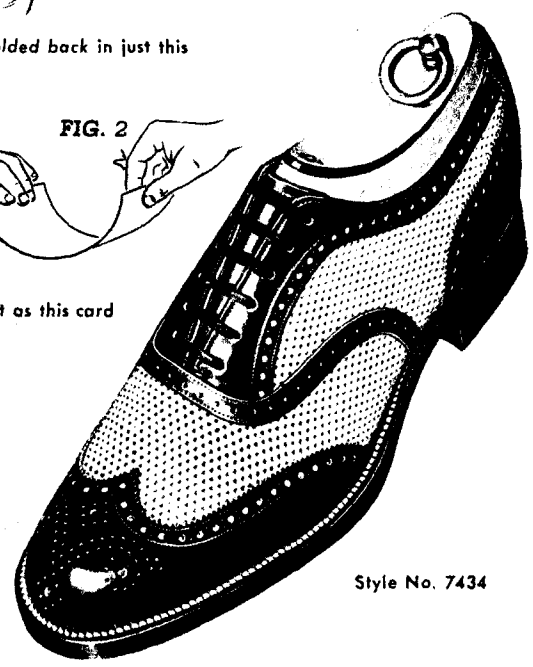

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came to town," she said. "Just a big old country boy with a strong arm and a sweet smile and a hankering to have all the fun he could. That's natural, isn't it?"

"Sure," Mario said. "Did I say anything?"

"Well, you look so serious," Callie said.

"I'll tell you something," Mario said. "I don't want you to misunderstand me. I *am* serious. About baseball, anyway. You know what I mean?"

"Uh-huh."

"I mean I don't want you to get me wrong," Mario said. "The Lions mean a lot to me, more than just bread and butter. I'm working for them all the time. I haven't got much sympathy for a guy lets his fun get in the way of his baseball. So don't tell me anything about Fletcher you don't *think I would want to hear.*"

"That's all right," Callie said. "I want to talk to you. I want you to know what I know about him. Maybe you can help him."

"Okay," Mario said. "If you want to."

"Well," Callie said. "They spoiled him, all those rich old men around town that are just silly about athletes. They just as good as hired him right out of the hills to play ball in our high school. They brought him to town and dressed him up and gave him too much money. And then they sent him on to college and told him don't worry about studying, just get us those touchdowns. You know how it is?"

"Not personally," Mario said. "But I've heard of it."

"*I know about it,*" Callie said, "because I was pretty close to him and I saw it all happening. I know that Clay never had the big head to begin with. He didn't think it was anything special that he could run fast or throw a ball hard. Then he saw how important it was to these old men in town and how they would pay him big money for it and take care of him. They even fired a teacher one year for giving him bad marks and they put the fear of God in the principal when he wanted to suspend Clay for some deviltry or other. All Clay had to do in return was enjoy himself on Saturday afternoon throwing a football around."

"I thought you were a sports fan."

"I was," Callie said. "And I still am. But I've been doing a lot of thinking about the whole thing. It doesn't seem so much like sports when you see what it did to Clay. It made him despise the people who were paying him and take advantage of them. He got so he wasn't interested in anything but the money that was in it. He lost any idea about the game being romantic or important."

"You think he's going to take advantage of the Lions?" Mario said. He was beginning to be sure that Fletcher must be a wrong guy. His voice sounded angry.

CALLIE noticed it and got a little angry herself. "I don't know," she said, "but I can see how he might think they have it coming to them. Giving him a car and a trust fund! They're just asking him to walk all over them."

"They?" Mario said. "Who's they?"

"Whoever paid him all that money," Callie said. "That's who I mean."

"That's the front office," Mario said. "But the Lions are something more than the front office. In the dugout, or on the field, it's a ball club, see? Hank Garrison and Blair and Ferry and—well, me. We're the Lions. If your boy's smart, he won't try walking all over us."

"Don't call him my boy," Callie said.

Mario noticed that her eyes had got bright, and he realized that he had been pushing her kind of hard. "I'm sorry," he said. "I am. I didn't mean anything. I don't care how he's acted up to now, as long as he settles down when he puts on the uniform. Do you think he will?"

"I hope so," Callie said. "Will you help him?"

Mario did not feel much like helping Clay Fletcher but he said he would do what he could.

"I like you, Mario," Callie said.

"Me, too," Mario said. "I mean I like you."

"And I'm tired of talking about Mister Clay Fletcher," Callie said. "Do you realize that every time we've been together he's been the main topic? We're practically old friends, and I don't know anything about you. I mean before you were a big-leaguer. When you were a kid. How you came up. Did you get a big fat bonus to sign?"

"No," Mario said. "No, I didn't. Listen, we don't want to talk about—"

"Then, how was it?" Callie said.

Mario told her a little of how it was on the West Side of New York when he was growing up, how his father had been killed working on the docks, and how they would have had a hard time if Father Montana had not taken Mario's mother into the rectory to be housekeeper. He told her about Father Montana's friend, Spider Moriarty, who had played shortstop for the Toledo Mud Hens years ago and had retired to a farm upstate.

"You ought to meet him sometime," Mario said, and laughed, remembering the good times on the Spider's farm. "He's a great old guy—all arms and legs. He would have gone to the majors but he got all busted up. He was one of those guys that goes all out on every chance. He taught me pretty nearly everything I know about the game."

"In Toledo?" Callie said.

"No, on his farm. Father Montana got him to take me in after—"

MARIO *stopped, looking flustered, and* ordered another round. "After what?" Callie prompted.

"After my father died."

"When was that?"

Mario hesitated, and Callie watched him closely, wondering about that and wondering why he was making such a point of pouring his ale so carefully into the glass.

"I was about sixteen then," he said finally. He began talking rapidly again, in his usual way. "That was a great break for me," he said. "I mean going to the Spider's. I was one of the smallest kids on the block—" He looked up suddenly and grinned at her. "I'm not much bigger than you, even now," he said. "Anyway, I didn't go so much for boxing, like a lot of the guys. All I cared about was baseball. We didn't have any real baseball on the block. It was just stickball; you know—a broomstick and a rubber ball. That way you can't do much damage to the windows, and the equipment is cheap. It's not baseball, but it feels like baseball a little bit and maybe it helped develop my eye. But when I went to the Spider's I really got down to business. He laid out a kind of a batting area for me in back of the barn and made a kind of cage and a screen to hit into. After a while I was good enough to play on teams around the county, and then he fixed me up with a job in the minors."

"Where all did you play?" Callie said.

"I started with Greenwood, Mississippi, in the Cotton States League, Class C. I went to Class B the next year—Evansville, Indiana, in the Three-Eye League. Then the Army came along. I got hit in the foot at Okinawa and I thought that finished me. But it came out all right. The only thing, I have to keep in shape. That's one reason I took this boys' club deal during the winter. It keeps me loosened up. Sometimes the foot kind of stiffens if I loaf around. I guess it ain't too strong, but it's held up."

"What happened after the Army?"

"Well, I stayed at the Spider's until the foot was okay and then he got me a chance with his old club in Toledo. It was a big jump for me, up to Triple-A. I went good my first season and some major-league teams came after me."

"I'm surprised you didn't go with the Yankees," Callie said, "being a New Yorker and all."

Mario took a slow drink and set down his glass. He picked up the bottle and frowned, as though he had just noticed something wrong about the label.

Callie was puzzled. "The Yankees," she said. "Why didn't you go with them?"

Mario pushed the bottle aside and wet his lips. "Well," he said, "I like it in Lake

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City. They've been good to me, and I like the town."

It wasn't an answer, and both of them knew it.

After a while, Mario said, "What do you say we eat now? Maybe we could get that over with and go somewhere and dance. Would you like that?"

"I'd adore it," Callie said.

WHEN they had finished their meal, Mario took her to a new place that had a name band. She was a wonderful dancer, and they got along fine. Then the music stopped and they walked back to the table slowly, the way people do when they've got lost in the music and wish it had never ended. As they sat down, Callie looked past Mario and saw a man standing close to their table, grinning.

Callie was startled because the man looked something like Mario, except that he was bigger and broader and his features were a little bit hard, where Mario's were just a little soft. He was like a kind of bad version of Mario in every detail, even to his clothes, which were beautifully made, like Mario's, but were too extreme in style and too rich in color. Mario saw Callie looking past and turned in his chair.

"Angelo," he said, and started to get up.

Angelo stepped forward quickly and pressed him back into the chair.

"My baby brother," Angelo said. "How are you, kid?"

Mario pushed up again, but Angelo held him firmly. It would take some effort to break away, and that would attract attention, so Mario sat still. Angelo hauled a chair over from the next table and sat down beside him.

"Are you nuts?" Mario said. "You know the rule."

Callie wondered why Mario didn't introduce him.

"What rule?" Angelo said.

"Listen," Mario said. "Even if I wanted you around—and I don't—it would finish me to be seen with you. Now beat it."

"A saint," Angelo said. "Aren't you?"

Mario didn't say anything. He had to hold still and pray that no one would notice them.

"That's what the public thinks, anyway," Angelo said. "But you weren't always—"

"Get out of here," Mario said.

"Ah, relax," Angelo said. "You think I'm trying to put you in the middle? Listen, if I wanted to do that I wouldn't bother to do it this way. I got a better way, ain't that right? Come on, let's cut this out. Let's patch it up. I can do you a lot of good, Mario. You may need me someday."

"I only needed you once," Mario said. "Remember? And where were you?"

"Come on," Angelo said. "Let's get together. All right, maybe not in public like this. But we could work it some way."

"We got nothing in common."

"Sure we have," Angelo said. "Hell, I like baseball as well as the next guy. Which reminds me. You think you can take the Yanks this year? The way I hear it, your pitchers are fading, but I guess that's just a rumor. What's the dope, kid?"

"Well—" Mario said, and stopped immediately. For just a moment, it was the way it had been a long time before, when they would spend whole afternoons on the stoop, arguing about the Yanks, making rash bets, and claiming to know all about it. Then the other memories came in and blocked out that earlier time and warned him that this was the Angelo who was always shooting an angle.

"How do *I* know the dope?" Mario said. "I'm a ballplayer. You're the guy that knows about the odds. Now let go of my arm."

Mario stood up quickly, thrusting his brother's hand away. "Come on, Callie," he said. "This place stinks."

She flushed, and he saw that she did not like being ordered around that way, but he could not waste time on manners.

"I'll pick up the check," Angelo said.

"That would be a switch, wouldn't it?" Mario said.

He took Callie's elbow firmly and walked out. They went to another place, but neither of them felt like dancing. They just sat and fooled with their drinks.

"I guess you're wondering what that was all about," Mario said. "I don't know what to say. I never thought I'd run into him here. This isn't his beat."

"What does he do?" Callie asked.

"Oh, different things. He lives in New York."

Callie laughed nervously. "That explains everything," she said.

The rest of the evening was a flop. They were both a little embarrassed when he left her at her hotel and went home.

MARIO woke up feeling as if he had not slept at all. He was angry at himself for not telling Callie the whole truth about Angelo, and he was afraid the situation was getting to be too much for him.

After coffee and a shower, he began to cheer up some, and when he went outdoors his gloom left him altogether. It had thawed during the night, and most of the snow was gone. You could smell something like spring in the air, and he thought suddenly of Florida and the action of the training camp. He could see the constantly moving and always-graceful pattern of the players on the field. He could hear the varied sounds of ball and glove and bat, and the chatter, the whistling and whooping, the groans and curses—all the different responses that different men made to a new season coming up.

He wrote Callie that afternoon to make a date for the next time she was in town and got an answer a few days later saying she had been taken off the Lake City run. A couple of weeks went by, and then the phone rang one morning and it was Callie.

"I'm at the airport," she said. "Just passing through. I don't suppose you'd like to have breakfast with me?"

He dressed in ten minutes and made it to the airport in twenty-five. She was waiting for him in the dining room, with a newspaper propped against her coffeepot.

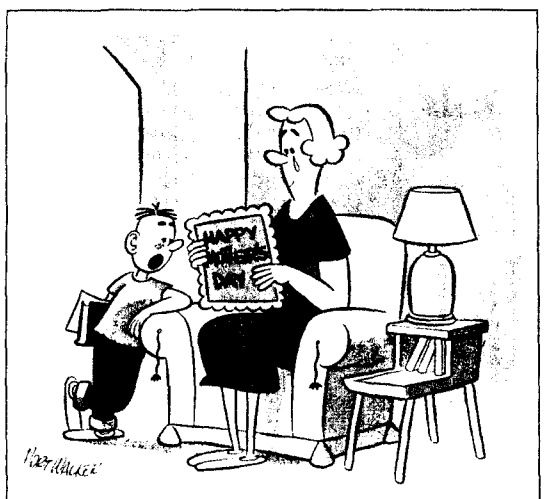
He sat down and leaned back in his chair.

"In case you're thinking of asking me to marry you," Callie said, "I'd better tell you that I always read the newspaper at breakfast. I can't bear it until I've found what happened while I was asleep."

"Go ahead and read," Mario said. "Only hold the paper to one side so I can look at you."

She turned to the sports section and glanced over the pages. "Nothing here at all," Callie said. "No new basketball scandals. Just hockey scores."

She turned back to the first



"We had to make them in class today. Sort of touches your heart, doesn't it, Ma?"

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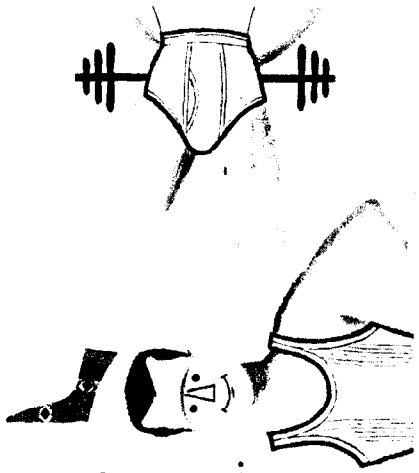

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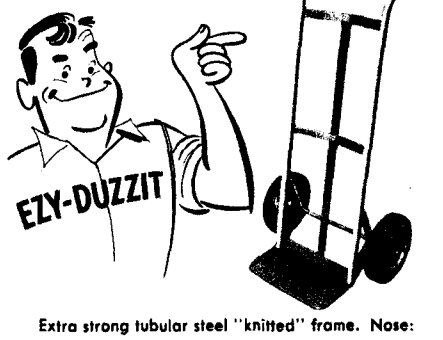

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section and began going through it. "Here's an item from your home town," she said. "New York has big new gambling probe, it seems."

He quit smiling, but she did not notice and went on, reading bits of the story and commenting. Then she stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked up at him.

"It says here," she said, "that they've flang one of the Canto boys in the clink. Any kin of yours?"

She saw his expression then and blushed.

"It could be," he said, hardly opening his lips. "It could be. We have all kinds in the family. What's the first name?"

She looked really frightened now. "Angelo," she said. You could barely hear it, her voice was so low. "Angelo Canto. He gave his age as thirty and his address as the Park Towers."

"My brother," Mario said.

Callie folded the newspaper slowly. "Do you want to read it?" she said.

"No," Mario said. "Not now, anyway."

"Would you like some coffee?"

He nodded, and she poured some from her pot.

"I was going to tell you," Mario said. "Sometime. I don't know when."

"That's all right," Callie said. "It's none of my business, and besides, what difference does it make? From what I saw, you two aren't exactly buddies."

IT HAD always made a lot of difference to him that his brother was a gambler, and he was surprised that she did not seem to feel the same way. He wondered whether she was trying to save him from embarrassment or whether she meant what she said.

"If a guy wants to shoot craps or play cards or bet the horses," Mario said, "that's all right with me. But with a guy like Angelo, there's got to be a fix. He's more of a thief than a gambler."

Callie tried to start a conversation about flying and pilots but it did not go very well, and after a while neither one of them was saying anything. She shook hands when she left him, but it was not the same as it had been before she had read the news about Angelo, and Mario was sure that it did make a difference to her to know that his brother was in the rackets.

He watched her go aboard her plane, then hurried away from the airport. He felt a little guilty for not having told her the whole story about himself. Somehow it seemed to him now that she was entitled to know. He was frightened, too, by the story in the papers. He had no idea yet what Angelo had done, but Angelo was in the news and that was enough. As long as he had been in organized baseball, Mario had been afraid that something like this would happen, that everything would come out and he would be ruined and driven out of the game that had saved him from poverty and misery and something worse, probably. He bought a paper and then went straight home. When he was inside his apartment, he turned to the New York gambling story and read it through.

Angelo Canto and a dozen other gamblers had been picked up and were going to be taken before a grand jury. There was no mention of sports, but it was said that the inquiry would be general, "going into all phases of the ring's operations." That would certainly cover boxing, and probably basketball. This was the first time that Angelo had ever been arrested, and the name was bound to be noticed. Canto meant baseball to the public. Now it would mean gambling, too, and then there would be questions about baseball and gambling mixed together.

Mario had been dreading this all through the years since he had left the Spider's and had been a part of organized baseball. He had been able to put Angelo out of his mind now and then, but it seemed that every so often something had to happen that would remind him of his danger. The last time he had seen him—before the night Angelo busted in on his date with Callie—was when Mario had just signed with the Lions.

It was the biggest night of his life up to then. He was a big-leaguer at last. He felt safe and sure of himself and he wanted his friends to see him on his way. He wanted to show how he felt about them, and so he threw a little party for them. He had some money saved over from Toledo. It would be a party for his mother and for Father Montana and the Moriartys, mostly, but he thought his mother would like it if she could invite some people from the neighborhood. So Tony from the meat market and his wife were there, and a couple of other people. They went to Leone's and had a nice table away from the crowd. Mario let Father Montana order the wine. He picked good wine, all right, and everybody felt fine. They began to give toasts, everyone saying how he knew Mario would make good. He felt happy and proud. It was like after confirmation when he was a kid. Everything was pure and bright.

And then he got a call to go out to the bar, and it was Angelo.

Angelo said he had heard that Mario had signed with Lake City and that he wanted to wish him luck. Mario had not seen him since the time he had asked Angelo to help out a little with the money for their mother. That was before Father Montana had given her the job at the rectory.

"I don't believe in your good luck," Mario said. "I think you called me out here to make a proposition."

"You got me wrong," Angelo said.

"No, I haven't," Mario said. "Listen, you can do business with some jockeys, maybe. Or basketball players. But I'm a *baseball* player. There's a difference, as far as I'm concerned. You can't fix a *baseball* player. You understand that?"

"Okay," Angelo said. "Be a sorehead. But don't get too loud about it, or I might pop off, myself."

"I haven't seen you for a long time," Mario said, "and that's the way I want it. Now stay away from me."

When he got back to his table, the people in the party clapped and shouted for him to make a speech. He did not want them to know that he had just seen Angelo, because it would embarrass them to make his mother unhappy. But he felt that in some way he had to tell them exactly where they stood with him and what he thought of people like Angelo. He went to his place and gripped the back of his chair to steady himself and took a deep breath.

"I got some good friends," he said, looking down the table at the faces turned to him, all rosy. "But my best friends are right here. I know that. I know what you've done for me. I want to pay it back. The only way I can do that is to play good ball."

He turned toward the Spider. "Father Montana," he said, "told me one time the Spider was the kind of ballplayer who went all out every day. That's the kind I want to be. I want to be the best damned player—excuse me, Father—in the American League. But if I can't be the best, I'm going to be the kind that tries, at least, on everything. You come to see me play here. I'll promise you one thing. When you go to see me you'll get your money's worth."

Everybody yelled and clapped, and the customers at the other tables turned around to look at them. Mario felt ashamed. It sounded like bragging. Where did he get off to talk like that to these people? He tried to explain.

"I mean," he said, "that you'll get a fair shake, the same as at Tony's meat market or Mr. Esposito's bakery."

They cheered again, and Mario blushed.

"Here's to Mario Canto!" Mr. Esposito shouted. "The best shortstop in the world—Rizzuto or no Rizzuto!"

They drank and laughed and sat down. Mario's mother had to put her napkin to her eyes. She was glad that the *minestrone* came just then.

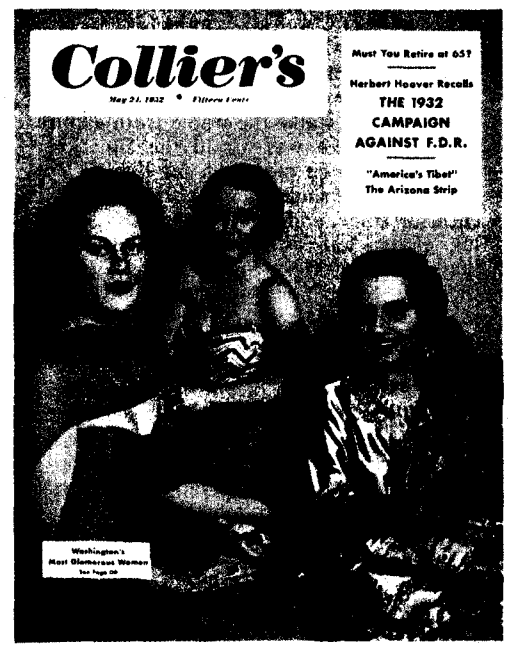
The meal was good. His friends enjoyed themselves. It would have been a perfect evening except for meeting Angelo.

That's how it had been the last two times Mario and Angelo had come together, and the time before that, it had been even worse, much worse.

DURING the next week, Mario bought all the New York papers and read every story on the gambling investigation. It was a big thing at first, but it came to nothing. The grand jury heard the evidence, and that was about all. Indictments were expected later, but nobody seemed excited. Angelo's name dropped out of the news early, and Mario's name was never mentioned.

The time came when none of the papers printed anything on the subject at all and Mario could go back to his habit of reading the sports pages first. The sports news made

Next Week



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him feel a lot better and helped him forget Angelo and not think so much about Callie. The pitchers and the rookies were beginning to assemble for spring training.

Three days after the Lions opened camp, Mario got a call from Garrison in Florida.

"Listen," Hank said, "could you come down here early? I got a job for you."

"If it's coaching rookies, I'm all booked up at the boys' club," Mario said.

"Well, it's coaching one rookie," Hank said. "Nursing him, anyway. But if you're busy, I won't make an issue of it."

"I'm just kidding," Mario said. "I'll come whenever you say."

"Fine," Hank said. "Make it as soon as you can. And don't talk to anybody about it. I'll tell you what the problem is when you get here."

MARIO got a plane the next day and arrived in time for dinner. Garrison took him out to a roadhouse at once so they could be away from the others. He didn't say anything about the job until they sat down at the table.

"You look worried," Mario said. "What's the matter? Hamilton drinking again?"

"No, no," Hank said. "I wish it *was* that. Even drinking, Hamilton ain't no headache like this. My problem is this Fletcher."

"Can he pitch?"

"Like Feller," Hank said. "That's the hell of it."

"Too bad," Mario said.

"It *is* too bad," Garrison said. "Because Fletcher knows he's good, too, and he's going to take a lot of handling. He's the cockiest busher you ever saw. One of these big, beautiful boys that was just born a winner, one of these guys that everything comes easy to him. He could win those twenty games."

"Not his first year," Mario said.

"He could," Hank said. "He could make it his first year. He's got control, he's fast, he's got the curve. He could even be a big winner his first year."

"Where do I come in?" Mario said.

"This is one of those fresh characters that won't listen to an old guy. He figures anybody over thirty should be put on ice. But you're young and at the same time everybody respects you. Even this Fletcher has heard of you. He must have come across a story about you on the back of one of his own clippings."

"Okay," Mario said. "But will he listen to me?"

"We can try it," Hank said. "I want you to room with him. If I can just get him out of Florida in one piece, I'll be happy. I'm surprised he hasn't killed himself in that convertible already."

"Some deal," Mario said.

"I know it's asking a lot."

"You don't know the half of it," Mario said. "I know a girl that's a friend of his and she's told me all about him. I mean what she thinks about him. I don't know that I agree with her."

"What does *she* think?" Garrison said.

"She admits he'll take some handling, but she says he's really a swell guy."

Garrison cocked his head and squinted at Mario. "That don't explain why this is especially tough on you," he said. "Maybe you like this girl yourself?"

"Maybe," Mario said. "But that won't keep me from taking on the job."

Mario went to the ball park early the next day and sat in the stands. It felt good to be in the sun again and see the battery men working carefully and no harder than necessary, and the new kids, most of them tearing around eagerly and looking over their shoulders half the time, hoping that Garrison had his eye on them. One of the last of the rookies to show up was Fletcher. The first thing he did was push some busher out of the way and make a comedy catch of a ball that was coming at the other kid and then throw it back with a clown motion. He would work hard for a while and then loaf and gag it up and horse with anybody that came near him. He was tall and good-looking and he knew it. I'm going to love you, Mario thought. You're a darb.

When the practice ended, Mario went to the dressing room. The old-timers crowded around him and mussed him up and asked him why he had come down so early, and he told them he missed them all so much he just couldn't stay away. Garrison pushed his way through and stuck out his hand, pretending to be surprised to see him.

"A hog for work, eh, kid?" he said.

"Tell you the truth, Hank, I got cold up there in Lake City," Mario said. "Thought I might do some fishing."

"I'll give you one day of fishing," Garrison said. "Then you can put on your suit and show some of these bushers how to make the bat hit the baseball."

He looked around at the rookies. "For the benefit of the newcomers," Garrison said, "this is Mario Canto. If he tells you something, you can take his word for it. What he don't know about this game hasn't been thought up yet."

Mario looked over the heads of the old-timers at the rookies standing behind them. "Which one of you guys is Fletcher?" he said, making an effort to sound friendly.

Fletcher lifted a hand lazily.

"I saw a friend of yours the other day," Mario said. "She gave me a message for you."

Fletcher turned away and began to take off his shirt. "Some other time, pappy," he said. "I got to take me a shower now."

"Any time," Mario said.

That evening, Mario went fishing with Ferry, the first-string catcher.

"He ain't what we need," Ferry said. "This guy will have days when he goes great, but he's a sorehead and a pop-off. He'll hurt us in the end. You watch."

THE next night, Mario moved his stuff into Fletcher's room. Fletcher arrived just before curfew.

"What's this?" Fletcher said. "Looks like I got company."

"Hank's put us together," Mario said.

"Well, that won't bother me none," Fletcher said.

For a college guy, Mario thought, he sure talks swell. He uses worse English than me. Then he remembered that Callie had said they hadn't overworked him in school.

"Who's this friend of mine you know?" Fletcher said, pulling off his shirt and showing what a nice chest he had.

"Callie Simmons."

"Old Callie," Fletcher said. "Well, I'll be dogged. How is that little old girl?"

"All right, I guess," Mario said. "I only met her a few times."

"We used to be engaged, sort of."

"Used to be?" Mario said.

"Well, we still are, I suppose," Fletcher said. "But there's too many pretty little girls around. I ain't going to settle down to just one of them for a while."

He opened a dresser drawer and got out a bottle of bourbon. He downed a stiff drink and said, "I suppose Garrison put you in here for a policeman. I suppose you'll run tell him about this the first chance."

"I'm working for him," Mario said. "All the time. But I'm not his stooge. If I see anything that I think is hurting the club, I'll tell him. And I'll tell him in front of you or in private, on the field or off, anyway I feel like. You got that?"

Fletcher grinned and put the bottle away. "Sure, pappy," he said. "Sure. Don't get in an uproar."

Garrison waited a couple of days before he got Mario aside and asked him how he liked his new roommate.

"Not much," Mario said.

"Think you can handle him?"

"I wouldn't bet on it," Mario said. "But I'll give it a try."

"That's all I ask," Garrison said. "If he can win a few more than he loses, he'll make the difference to us. This could be our year. But I don't want it to hurt you. If he starts getting you down and it bothers your game, I'll call off the deal."

"Fair enough," Mario said.

He went at his new job seriously. He forced himself to be patient and tried to

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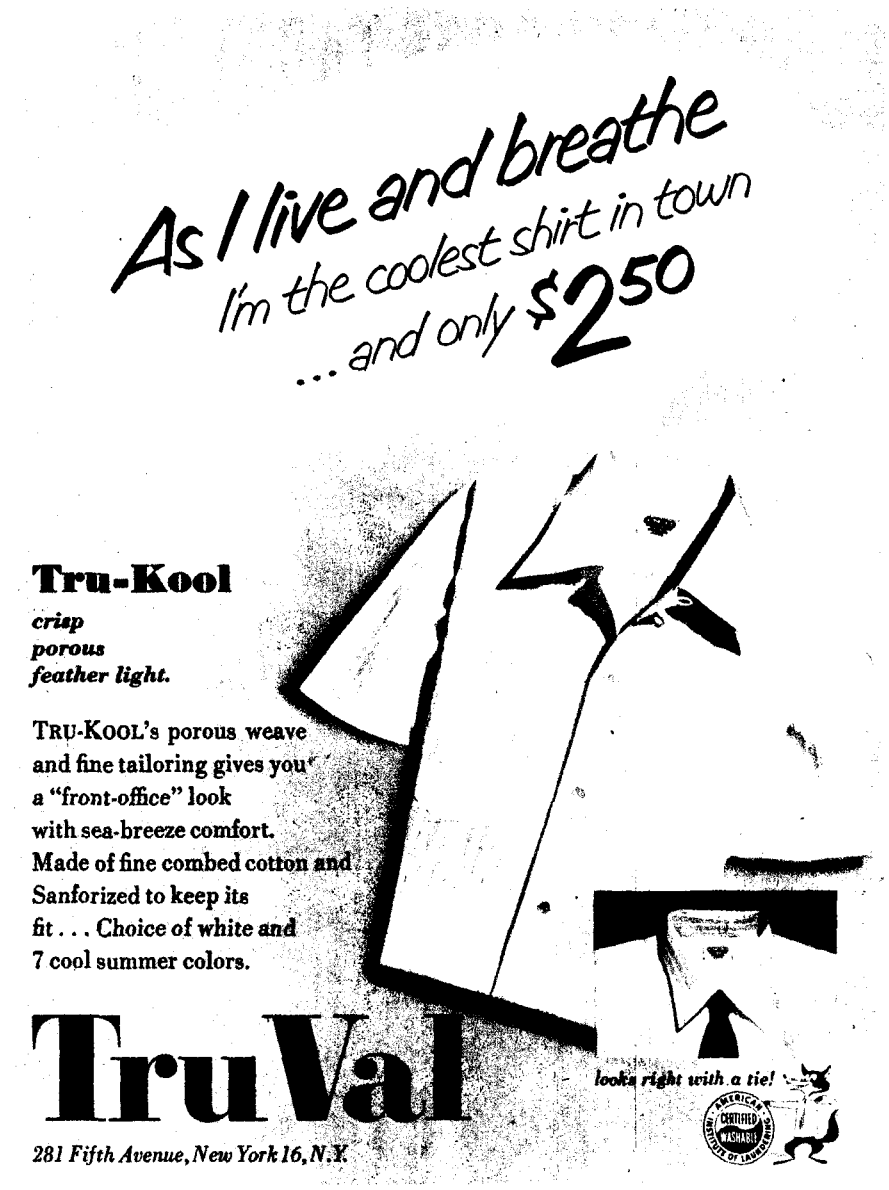

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understand what made Fletcher what he was. He took all of Fletcher's needling and succeeded in doing a little of what Garrison had asked of him. He saw to it that Fletcher made the curfew most of the time, at least, and that he listened to some of the tips that Mario could give him about the batters he was going to meet. Whenever Fletcher went off the reservation, Mario would cover up for him, and for the next few days Fletcher would behave pretty well. He's old enough to get along without a nurse, Mario thought, but I guess he'll never really grow up.

FLETCHER pitched three games on the exhibition tour and won every time. They came into Cleveland for the opener, spending the money they would make out of the World Series. Even Garrison was predicting first place.

Hamilton started the opening game by right of seniority. The old man lasted seven innings, then gave up two walks and a home run and that was it. Wiegel went in the second game and was knocked out in the fourth inning. They lost two more games, and the pennant talk stopped. They were really down.

Then Garrison sent Fletcher against the White Sox. He gave them three hits and shut them out, and Mario got his first homer of the season.

A few of them got together in Mario's room that night, to celebrate, and afterward Mario went out alone and strolled around the Loop for fresh air. Passing Marshall Field's, he saw some women's hats in a window. They made him think of Callie, and he stopped to look at them. It was probably the first time in his life he had ever noticed any article of women's clothing not actually being worn by a live woman.

Then he noticed one hat in particular and he knew that it had been made for Callie, that she should not go another day without it. The hat was green—apple green, he thought it might be—and it was small and round and simple, all one color, with no ribbons or anything like that. Why not get it for her?—he asked himself. You bought them flowers and jewelry and perfume. Why not hats? He fixed the location of the display in his mind and promised himself he would stop in the store the first thing in the morning.

He slept late the next day and took his time at breakfast and walked down State Street. He walked the length of the store without seeing any hat window. Evidently they had changed the display late at night, or this morning and now he was going to have to go into that store and find the hat department and try to describe that thing.

It took him an hour, and before he got through he had four salesladies waiting on him and worrying for him. They had hats piled up all over the place, all colors and sizes. He was red and sweating and ready to quit when an old dame dug it up from a drawer where it was not supposed to be at all, because this was a kind of high-class hat and some clerk had filed it away with the cheap ones. He paid off and told them where to send it, and when he left the store he told himself he'd never walk into another one.

The Lions beat the Sox again that day, and from then on, it looked pretty good. They were in fourth place when they started their first Eastern swing. Hamilton and McBrinn still were not pitching up to form, but Wiegel was going well and Fletcher was blowing them all down, big and little. He kept it up in the East. At Fenway Park, he went eight innings without giving up a hit, then put two on, got the next two on short flies, and struck out Dropo to finish another shutout. At the Stadium he stopped the Yankees with one run while the Lions were jumping all over Raschi. Afterward, even Garrison had to congratulate him.

Going downtown in the cab, Fletcher said to Mario, "Boy, we got to have us a ball tonight. You heard what the man said to me. He ain't going to kick if I don't show up for a week."

"You got it coming, all right," Mario said, "as long as you can pitch in your turn."

"Come on with me," Clay said. "I got big plans."

"I might," Mario said.

"You know who's in town?" Clay said.

"Who?"

It was a silly question. Mario had been thinking about Callie every day. But he was flustered and he didn't want Clay to know—just yet—how much Callie was on his mind.

"Callie," Fletcher said. "That little old gal is right here just pining away for me. I talked to her on the phone this morning and made a date."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"She says to bring you along," Fletcher said. "She's got a girl for you."

Mario was not sure he could stand it. He did not want to see Callie looking at Clay the way she was bound to and holding hands and all that.

"Come on, pappy," Fletcher said. "Do you good."

They went to the Stork and waited at the bar for the girls. Mario was so nervous, thinking about Callie coming through the door any minute, that he knocked over his bottle of beer. Clay laughed.

"I swear," he said, "I think you're girl-shy. I never saw you choke up before."

When Callie came in, Mario did not even see the other girl, who was his date. He felt hollow in his stomach and his heart began to pump the way it would sometimes pump in a big clutch against a pitcher like Reynolds or Lemon. Clay jumped up and ran over to the girls. He reached his big arms across the velvet rope in the entrance and wrapped them around Callie hard. Mario turned away quickly. When he looked back, Callie was coming toward him. She was wearing the hat he had got her in Chicago.

"Mario," she said. "That was a sweet thing you did."

"What thing?" Mario said, knowing what she meant, all right.

She put her hand up to the hat and turned around slowly so he could get the full benefit. "This hat, honey," she said. "No boy ever gave me a hat before. Perfume, maybe, or a compact. But a hat. Honestly, Mario, I could kiss you right here."

She smiled at him, and his knees shook.

"I think I will anyway," she said. "Let them look."

She leaned forward and kissed him lightly—on the mouth.

It was all right after that and it got better as the party went on. Clay did not seem to care much whether he talked to Callie or to the girl she had brought for Mario. It looked, in fact, as if he was kind of making a pass at the other girl. Callie evidently noticed it, too, because she paid more and more attention to Mario.

WHEN the team came to New York for its second Eastern swing of the season, Mario was more mixed up than at any time since his kid days. He knew he was in love with Callie but he still didn't know what to do about it. He'd given up on Fletcher. In his book, Fletcher was a dog. He picked up with every dame that came near him, just as if Callie didn't exist. He drank and stayed out too late and half the time he wasn't in shape to pitch even when he was in the mood for it. He would pitch a three-hitter one day and the next time out he wouldn't last more than a couple of innings, and it never seemed to bother him a bit. Nobody expects a pitcher to win every time he starts, but Fletcher lost too many games he had no business to lose. He just didn't give a damn, it seemed.

He went in the first game of the Yank series and had one of his bad days. They got to him in the fourth inning for three runs and picked up three more in the sixth.

Mario had dinner alone that evening and went to a movie afterward. He got back to his room about ten o'clock and found a message from Callie, asking him to call her.

"I thought you had a date with Clay," he said when she answered the phone.

"I did," she said, "but it broke up early. Listen, Mario, could you come over to-

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night? Now, I mean. I've got something to tell you that I think is important."

"Sure," Mario said. "Clay's not there, is he? I don't feel like talking to him."

"He's not here," Callie said.

Mario almost forgot what had happened at the Stadium that afternoon. All the way to her apartment, he felt the same excitement that had come over him when he was waiting for her at the Stork that time.

CALLIE came to the door looking as though she might have been crying. Mario noticed that she was nervous, and waited for her to do the talking. After she had got him a bottle of beer, she said, "I saw your brother tonight."

Mario didn't say anything.

"I don't want to offend you—" she said.

"You won't," Mario said. "I don't care what you say about him. I got no use for him. I told you all about it that time—"

"I remember," Callie said. "I don't think you told me all, but I don't care. I wouldn't mention it, Mario, only Clay was with him."

"Clay?" Mario said. "Clay and Angelo?"

"Yes," Callie said. "Clay said he was taking me to a party. Real swell stuff, he said. A penthouse. Swell people. I'd love it, he said. But I was scared to death most of the time. Oh, some of them were all right, I guess. But there were others that looked like—well, like gangsters. They started getting pretty rough. I wanted Clay to take me home, but he wouldn't do it. So I left by myself. I don't think he even noticed."

"What about Angelo?"

"Angelo was the one that had invited Clay," Callie said. "And they seemed to know each other pretty well."

That's great, Mario thought.

Callie could see what he was thinking. "We don't really know anything," she said. "Just because Clay has been losing in such a funny way and I find out tonight that he's friendly with your brother—"

"Then what did you tell me about it for?"

"I know," Callie said. "I've been thinking the same thing, I guess."

"It adds up," Mario said.

"Can you do anything?"

"No," Mario said. "Nothing. I can't run to the cops. Look what it would do to the game. All the crooked things that have been happening lately in sports—basketball fixes, football kids cheating. That stuff. A district attorney or some newspaper reporter would love to get hold of it."

"Couldn't you talk to Garrison?"

"I could. But I'm not going to. Not yet. There isn't enough to go on."

"Maybe I shouldn't have told you," Callie said.

"Oh yes," Mario said. "I'm glad you did. I'll really keep my eye on that guy now, and I'll know what to look for. Before, I thought it was just because he fooled around too much."

"I'm through with him, Mario," Callie said.

"You sure?"

"I think so," Callie said. "I've waited long enough for him to grow up. Maybe I've been wrong about him all along."

She sat leaning forward in the chair, her hands clasped in her lap, looking straight ahead. Mario saw the pain in her eyes and realized how hard it must have been for her to say that. He got up and went over to her and patted her shoulder and touched her hair lightly. It was the first time he had ever done anything like that. He had never done anything but hold her arm crossing the street or shake hands with her when they met or parted.

"Take it easy, Callie," he said.

She looked up at him. "You're taking it as hard as I am," she said. "Harder. What's the matter, Mario? It's not just Clay and Angelo and the Lions. It's something closer to you. Why don't you tell me?"

"Maybe I better," Mario said. "I got to talk to somebody about this. I feel like I'll go to pieces if I don't."

He went to the window and stood with his back to her, choking down the anger that would make him talk too fast or tell it wrong. He wanted to tell it exactly right. He wanted her to understand it perfectly. Everything depended on whether she understood it and looked at it the way he did, because then it would be all right between them and maybe she could help him forget, or not worry so much, anyway.

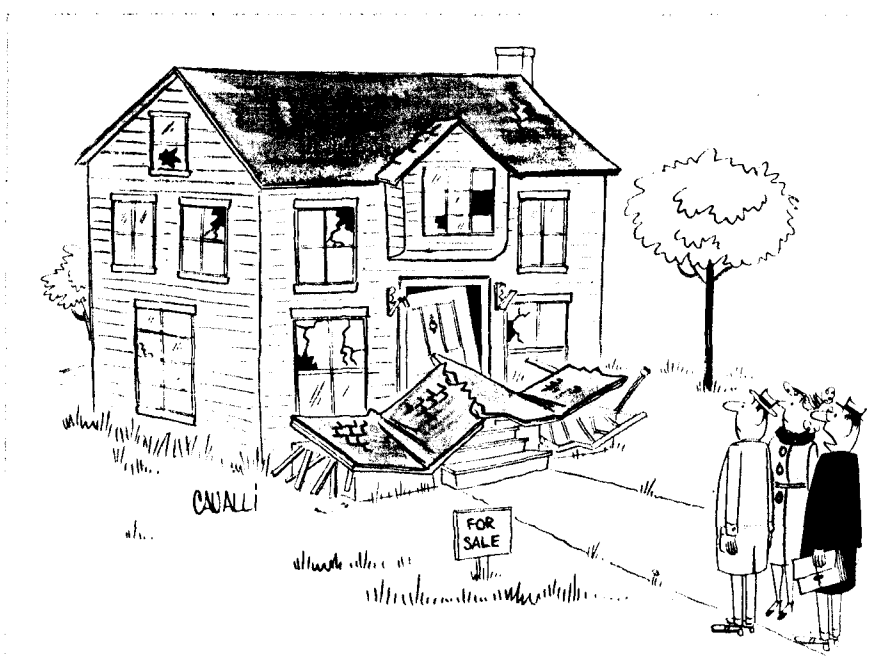
"Well," he said, "it was when I was fifteen and Angelo was seventeen."

NOBODY on the block was around that day except some little kids. Mario had tried to get up a stickball game but he couldn't find anybody so he just sat on the stoop for a while and thought about what he would do when he got out of high school, if he ever did, and then he went inside and up the five flights of stairs to his flat and into the room where he and Angelo slept. He looked in Angelo's drawer to see if he had any new comics. There weren't any.

Mario stood in the middle of the room and wondered what to do with himself. Then he remembered Angelo's new hiding place in the wall, behind the bed, where the plaster had broken through. Angelo had tacked some cardboard over the hole and nobody but Mario knew that whenever he wanted to hide something he just pulled the cardboard away and tacked it on again afterward.

Mario reached in there to see what he could find, and his hand closed on a wallet.

(To be concluded next week)



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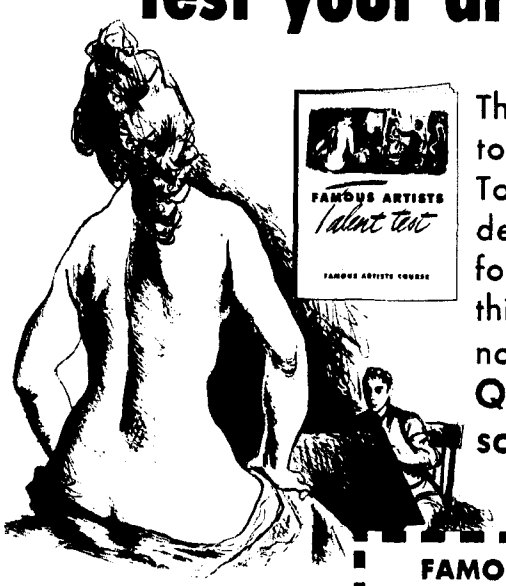

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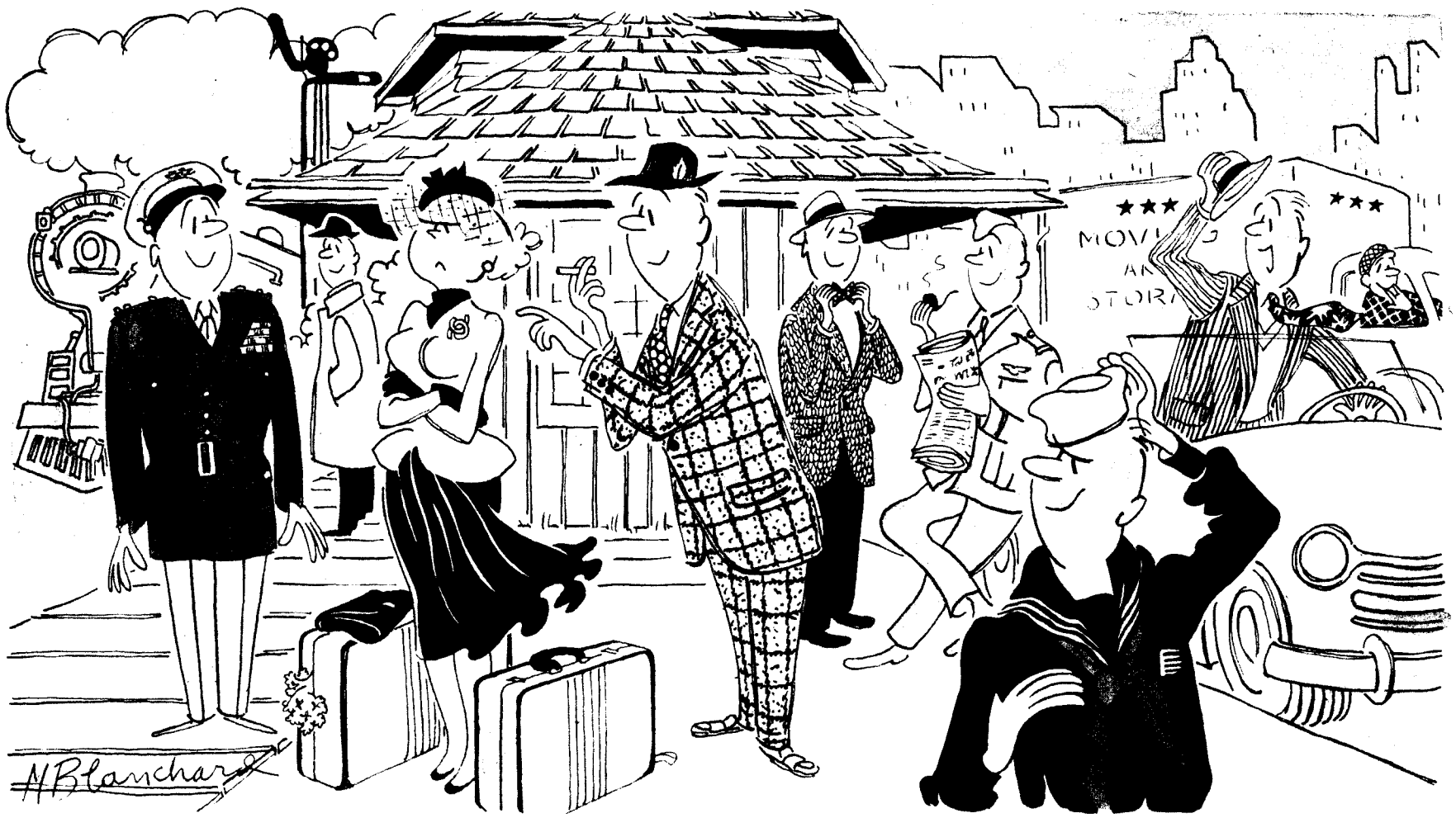

The streets are literally thronged with men done up in snappy uniforms, English tweeds, pin stripes and hand-painted ties

HOW TO AVOID CATCHING A HUSBAND

By CINDY MARCKS

THERE'S absolutely no reason at all for magazines to continue putting out articles entitled, How to Catch a Man, How to Hold a Husband, Friendships Which Lead to Marriage and such. Nowadays a girl has to be pretty cagey to *avoid* catching a husband. It's rather like trying to avoid catching cold. Everybody else does it, it's terribly contagious and it is spread dangerously by kissing.

To begin with, the streets these days are literally thronged with men done up in snappy uniforms, and the government has designers working night and day to think up even more devastating combinations of blue, gray and khaki. Working just as feverishly on the other side are the garment trades, putting out pin stripes, English tweeds and hand-painted ties to make civilians sighable in all sizes and shapes.

The guys themselves aren't making things any easier with that glint in their eye. The glint comes in three varieties: (1) the Military, or let's-hurry-and-get-acquainted type, (2) the Civilian, or we-could-make-such-beautiful-music-together type, and (3) the Sailor, or girl-you'd-better-start-running type. (Number three is usually considered the most dangerous but there are girls who give it top preference, so it's all a matter of selection.)

Whistles, now, are something else again. Guys who whistle are suspect. Truck drivers, particularly. With truck drivers, whistling at girls is an automatic reflex like shifting into second on a grade. But then, again, truck drivers usually marry and raise large families, so a wise Career Girl will place whistles right in the same category with glints-in-the-eye, *sotto voce* compliments and horn tooting from convertibles.

To combat the insidious propaganda put out by the male of the species, a girl has to be ever alert. One of the best ways recommended to remain a Sparkling Spinster is NOT TO ATTRACT MEN. This can be done very simply by one of the three following methods:

(1) Discard all male-attracting clothes. This means throwing out all those sweaters (particularly that pink cashmere), peekaboo and tight-fitting blouses, very full or very tight skirts, evening, dinner and date dresses, bathing suits and negligees. This leaves you with nothing but underwear and nighties. If you run around in those you know what will happen, so maybe we'd better not try method number one after all.

(2) Keep a Stern and Forbidding Appearance. If some man comes up, smiles and asks for a match, you can say, "I'm your match. Strike me and see where you light!" However, he may think you're a wit, adore witty women and there you are headed straight for the altar. You can't just not say *anything* to men since some men like the silent type of girl and you're likely to find yourself hitched to a long-winded egotist who dreams of a lifetime talking about himself to you. So much for method number two.

(3) Don't go where there are Men. Since I can think of only one place where you're absolutely guaranteed not to meet any men, I guess we'd better forgo method number three, too.

Well, all right then, go ahead and attract the brutes. But *be careful.* Just when you think everything is under control, the situation can suddenly get completely out of hand. With apparently no effort whatsoever your current date can insidiously make himself indispensable to you. If you find you are listening breathlessly for the sound of his footsteps or hurling yourself pell-mell downstairs when the phone rings—take Steps! Take the first train out of town going *any*where.

So what if you're wretched, miserable and heartbroken? You're Free, aren't you? No man is going to make a slave out of *you.* Cooking up special dishes for him, raising his rosy-cheeked children, greeting him prettily at the door each evening in a ruffled organdy apron—ugh, what a future! And just think. You can be a Career Woman instead! No masculine gear cluttering up your dresser, no smelly pipe in the ash tray—just a nice, neat, well-ordered existence with nobody ordering you to do anything. Not even to (sigh) come into his arms this minute. Well, all *right!* Go ahead and be weak-willed and feminine. Just don't come crying to me about it.

In fact, don't bother me. I've a date to go look at wedding rings this afternoon and—oh, oh, there's the phone . . . ! ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA BLANCHARD

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Honque! Honque!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

on just as I got halfway over. Then thirty, maybe forty cars—all doing about fifty—raced toward me. I froze, but the French crossing the road kept right on going."

Paris has a speed limit of about 20 miles per hour, but you'd never know it. Every type of car from the little Citroën to the expensive Delahaye races through the streets at breakneck speeds. Along such avenues as the wide, tree-lined Champs Élysées, cars sometimes race along at 40 to 50 miles an hour. Accidents, as a result, are numerous. The latest available comparative figures show that in 1950 accidents reported to the police totaled 186,701, with 348 people killed. During that same period New York, which has nearly twice the population, had 26,276 reported accidents with a death toll of 542. But statistics like these leave the French completely unruffled. They seem to like their traffic the way it is.

"You cannot afford to be an amateur," they say, as they dodge, twirl and side-step through the flood of automobiles. To them the freewheeling flow of traffic reflects the bubbling, effervescent spirit of Paris.

The Parisian mechanic is reputedly among the best in the world, but the explanation for his prowess is simple: he gets a great deal of collision work. There are few traffic lights, and nobody has ever suggested banning the U turn, which is frequently executed here even while traffic is heaviest and at speeds up to 30 miles per hour.

In addition to this confusion there is another major hazard: the cyclist. Three times a day—in the morning, at noon and in the evening—Paris traffic dissolves into utter chaos. Thousands of men and women cyclists in a great swirling mass suddenly appear as though from nowhere. The main arteries of the city become choked in a matter of minutes. These frenetic cyclists weave and twist between the lanes of cars with an expertness born of sheer desperation. Brakes squeal, gears clash, horns blast and the red-faced *agents de police* blow desperately on their whistles. In any other city in the world there would be a traffic jam—but not in Paris. The volume of vehicles somehow keeps moving; in a relatively short time the cyclists have disappeared and the traffic returns to its usual condition—mere pandemonium.

Completely unmoved by the daily dueling is the Paris taxi driver. His independence is legendary. He refuses to work unless he feels like it, and then he will take you only where *he* wants to go. Many tourists have suffered exchanges like this:

"I would like to go to the Eiffel Tower."

A shrug of the shoulders, and he answers: "I don't want to go to the Eiffel Tower."

Conversation over. You go by métro (subway).

The Paris taxi driver has a rather explosive opinion of *les agents (les flics).* He maintains that every time the arm of the law tries to slow down the traffic, chaos results and the taxi driver gets blamed. *Pourquoi?* Are not the Paris taxi drivers the best drivers in *la belle France?* Do they not know every inch of the city? And why shouldn't they drive as fast as they like? Didn't the taxi drivers save Paris and the *flics* and their families in 1914 when they transported half an army to the Battle of the Marne and saved the city from the Hun? *Mon Dieu!*

As for the traffic problem, the taxi drivers honestly insist one doesn't exist. We asked one mustachioed taximan his opinion. He spread his hands and put it this way: "Messieurs, let me tell you. If there is all this confusion you talk about, it is caused by only one type of person—the tourist. He is an amateur. He simply doesn't know how to walk."

SEYMOUR FREIDIN AND BILL STAPLETON

Why I'm for Eisenhower

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

with almost no interruptions—of the war, of the men who had contributed most to victory, of the almost impossible difficulties in keeping harmony among disagreeing governments, political leaders and military commanders. We talked of conditions at home, of the widespread fear of a depression that never came and the already discernible menace of the Soviet in the world and its fellow travelers and agents in America.

Three times during our conversation General Eisenhower said, "That's something I ought to mention in my speech tonight." I gathered that he was simply expressing his regret that he could not rewrite a speech which had already been prepared and released to the press as is customary on all such occasions.

To my astonishment, when he rose to speak he walked to the microphones with no speech in his hand and not even so much as a note. With his hands at his sides he spoke simply, directly, and with rare and moving eloquence. Incidentally, he mentioned all three of the subjects he had said he wanted to put in the speech. I have never seen such an extraordinary exhibition of a brilliant mind conveying in orderly fashion deeply felt convictions, completely extemporaneously and with great effectiveness.

A first-class mind, immense capacity to grasp the essentials of a problem and great skill in presenting it are perhaps not necessary qualifications for a President. But they certainly would help.

Surely no one will deny that the United States is in great danger both from within and without. The burden of the national debt is so heavy that the interest alone is more than the cost of the whole national government 20 years ago. Federal taxes are backbreaking and still the government spends more than it takes in. Inflation is eating the heart out of our economic system and chiseling away the savings of our people, as the frenzied flush of artificial prosperity based on deficit spending brings about a never-ending rat race between rising wages and rising prices.

While we have been dissipating our strength at home, the Soviet Union has extended its tyranny over one third the peoples of the earth. Through satellites and agents it is waging five wars or revolutions in the Pacific—in Korea, the Philippines, Indochina, Malaya and Indonesia. At the same time, the Kremlin promotes revolution and undermines free governments in Europe, Asia, South America and Africa. World Communism is continuing successfully to chip away the free world piece by piece. Without much stronger and more intelligent leadership from this country, the balance of power can easily fall into the hands of Stalin.

That means that Russia will then have the resources to wage World War III and win it—or that America will be surrounded and choked to death. There are still some who question the importance of other countries to our survival, but the slightest inquiry shows that they are almost as essential to the United States as Detroit and Pittsburgh. Most of our manganese, for one example, comes from India, South America and Africa. Our industrial diamonds come from Africa and are ground in Europe. Without manganese we would have no steel and without industrial diamonds we would have no machine tools to fabricate it. So there would be no automobiles, no tractors and no steel for highways or buildings; there would be no guns, no ammunition,

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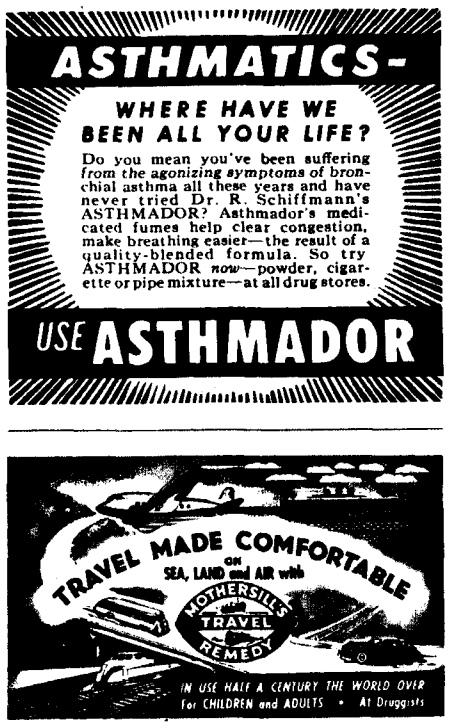
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The man who measures up to this terrific task is Dwight Eisenhower. He knows the world problem and how to handle it. He does not make snap judgments on momentous matters which risk wars or the loss of essential allies; he does not make casual remarks that wreck our relations with friendly countries; he has never held the illusion that America could live alone and survive; he has the physical vigor and the intellectual self-discipline to give the country and the world the calm, firm, wise leadership without which it can blow up into little pieces.

Even Eisenhower could not do this job, however, if he should be elected in an atmopshere of hate and bitterness; he is the one possible nominee of either party who can be elected without splitting the country and who, after election, can maintain popular support in the difficult years to follow.

A Machine Too Long in Power

The country desperately needs to get rid of the crawling collection of incompetents and worse in Washington. The illusion that this will be easy could lead us to fatal blunders. Mr. Truman having eliminated himself, a new Democrat candidate can disavow responsibility for the scandals and the dishonest men who have been exposed in high places; but no Democrat can accept the nomination of the machine which has been in power for 20 years and then clean it out.

It must be admitted that the administration in Washington, with all its scandals and failures, is ruthlessly successful in politics; it is deeply dug-in. Despite all the blunders and corruption of the jaded Truman administration, despite the dreary lack of quality of most of its men in top positions, the Republican party must not assume that victory will come easily. As a result of the 1948 election, I am the leading authority on the subject of overconfidence. The Republicans today are only 35 per cent of the population, while the Democrats are 40 per cent. To win, the Republican candidate must get all the Republican votes and also a very large number of independent and Democratic votes. Getting out the Republican vote will not be enough to win. We must get it out, but we must add handsomely to it.

By every test, Eisenhower commands the respect of the greatest number of independents of any man in America. He is a fighter; and when he is fighting for his country's future, as he will be again this year, he is indomitable.

General Eisenhower has not sought the Presidency. He probably could have been nominated on either the Republican or Democratic ticket in 1948, but he rejected both. As president of Columbia University he was enjoying his first chance in many years to get a little privacy. He was glad to be out of the turbulent, petty, backbiting atmosphere of Washington after serving two and a half years as Chief of Staff following the end of the war.

A man can take just so many years when he can't walk down the street without becoming the center of a crowd, when he has no leisure and no privacy. Eisenhower had come to that point; he was deeply happy in his challenging job at Columbia and in the enjoyment of life as a civilian.

Having arranged to sell his book Crusade in Europe, he was also then able for the first time to buy a home of his own. He and Mrs. Eisenhower came up to lunch with us at my farm in upstate New York during the summer of 1948, and as they were leaving to go back to their home at Columbia University in New York City, their car drove up to the terrace. With an elfin grin Eisenhower pointed at the Cadillac and said to me: "Do you know, I spent my entire life's savings in the Army to buy that car for Mamie!"

The Eisenhowers know what it means to scrimp. As a family they had lived through the 1920s and most of the thirties on the pay of a young Army officer. At last they could relax a little and enjoy some of the things that had been denied them for too many years. But fate would not leave them alone. The Truman administration pulled our troops out of Korea and then announced that Korea was outside our defense perimeter, inviting the Red invasion which broke out in June of 1950.

The defense of Europe became increasingly critical, and there was only one man all the nations wanted to head the new North Atlantic Treaty Organization. After less than three years at Columbia, his deep sense of duty made Eisenhower put on his uniform again.

Few know—and they won't tell—how dangerously weak the defenses of Europe were and what a transformation has occurred since General Eisenhower went to Europe in February of last year. Few people believed that anyone could put together in one headquarters a force drawn from 14 different nations and still have them speaking to one another after the first week. There have been, of course, infinite diplomatic and personnel problems; temperaments have clashed many times; but at the end of a year, NATO headquarters presents the moving spectacle of officers of differing ranks from these 14 nations taking directions from one another and working in harmony as a team. By the magic of his personal leadership, General Eisenhower has breathed life into the first such joint defense effort ever undertaken except during actual warfare.

Many thought the project was doomed when the British government assigned Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery to be General Eisenhower's first deputy. "That's the end of NATO," they said. Nobody believed there could be harmony in such an international organization with the temperamental Montgomery as deputy. Nevertheless, the miracle of unity and teamwork came about. Not long ago both Montgomery and the French General Alphonse-Pierre Juin publicly said that if General Eisenhower returned home they would be happy to serve under General Alfred M. Gruenther, his chief American aide; and General Gruenther publicly stated that he would be happy to serve under either of them.

America needs a teamwork government. It hasn't had one for many years. Eisenhower has the priceless gift of picking topflight men, acquiring their personal loyalty and getting them to work together in the interest of all the people. That is another reason why I am for Eisenhower.

One of the top NATO European commanders said not long ago, "I'll never stop being amazed at Eisenhower. I go home to my government and outline our program and our problems. They go into many conferences and after a series of Cabinet meetings they tell me they won't go along. I go back and report the bad news to General Eisenhower. He flies to my capital and the next day he comes back with the enthusiastic endorsement of the Cabinet for the very program on which it turned me down. I don't see how he does it."

Free government is the art of compromise and of reasonable persuasion. Dwight Eisenhower is a master of the art of free government. This is due partly to his great warmth and personal charm; it is due partly to his gift of understanding the point of view of other people; but I think it is due most of all to his tremendous sincerity. Certain it is that when one government or another balked at the dreadful decisions which had to be made during World War II, agreement was repeatedly won by Eisenhower's sincerity, his personal tact, patience and skill.

After the war, during his years as Chief of Staff involving onerous and constant appearances before Congressional committees, it was not only Eisenhower's immense prestige which won their agreement and approval. It was not just because he knew what he was talking about; it was because he knows how to get along with Representatives and Senators. Washington needs that kind of President in the tough years ahead.

Perhaps it is his wonderful gift for liking and getting along with people that Americans generally have sensed. Perhaps it is their yearning for an administration they can respect, and which will restore their faith in free government. Perhaps it is our people's knowledge that the present administration is leading them straight to bankruptcy and ruin. Perhaps it is their intuition that our very survival requires the kind of leadership Eisenhower can give. Probably it is a combination of all of these things. Whatever the reason, no man has ever run away from the Presidency so hard and found it catching up with him so fast.

Not the "Indispensable Man"

Not only publicly but privately he has resisted the pressure on him to run for President. He and Mrs. Eisenhower would like again to have a little time to themselves when this present job is over. In addition, Eisenhower is genuinely modest; he does not believe in the indispensable man.

I am not his spokesman nor his intimate, but I believe General Eisenhower now realizes that he has one more great duty to his country. He has gone through intellectual torture in finally accepting the obvious fact that the people want him for President and that he must obey their call.

He knows how much this country needs a President who can enter office untrammeled, free of promises and commitments, able to clean house and bring to our government the skill and purpose it must have to survive. He feels keenly the disaster which is overtaking us as a result of the incompetence and lack of morals of the present administration.

The last time I saw him was in February of 1951, just before he left Columbia University to take over his duties in Paris. He had come in only a few minutes before from three days of conferences in Washington and was thoroughly dispirited. Pro-

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duction for defense was still stumbling around in the dark; the same men were asking him the same questions they asked him three years before when he was Chief of Staff; there was no unified effort, no long-range planning, no leadership—just chaos. Nevertheless, he was taking on his historic task because he knew its success or failure might finally determine the future of America.

Now, almost a year and a half later, he knows that the fate of America still hangs in the balance. He has seen delivered only a trickle of the military supplies promised to our allies. He has seen the seediest kind of politics and corruption in his government at home. He knows this is the fateful year for freedom as the Soviet Union has adopted its greatest budget in history for military expansion, propaganda and subversion throughout the world.

As a Captain in World War I

I am for Eisenhower for President for a lot of other reasons, also. One of them is that he has been tops all his life. An old friend surprised me the other day by telling of his early training as an officer in World War I under Eisenhower. "The camp was in command of a general, of course," he said, "and all the others on the staff were colonels, lieutenant colonels and majors—except Eisenhower, who was a young captain. He was the lowest man on that totem pole. But the funny thing was that, as we got along in our training, I found that we were all saying to one another, 'This Ike knows his stuff. He's the brightest man in the place and we're learning the most from him.'"

During the second World War, Eisenhower commanded millions of troops in the greatest international joint effort in history. He had to work quietly in the interminable conflicts between the heads of our greater and lesser allies, with Prime Ministers, Cabinet officers and generals, bringing together the widely divergent points of view of nations with differing backgrounds and often conflicting goals. He had a civilian and military staff never equaled in size, in complexity or in quality. We need that kind of quality and skill in Washington.

If the United States government continues to spend more than it takes in, we will be broke as a nation and ultimately collapse from within; then Russia will not have to bother to conquer us by force of arms; she will get us free. Eisenhower knows this. He has said it to me and to many others, as well as in public speeches.

When he became president of Columbia University it was suffering from a chronic deficit. No university, however great, can continue forever to spend more than it takes in. So, in addition to a thousand other new problems, Eisenhower tackled this one. He organized a fund-raising campaign to increase income; then he tackled expenses. It was a hard job, but the whole group at Columbia was fired with enthusiasm by their new president, and as a team they went to work. While raising the salaries of the teaching staff, they brought about enough economy in the management of the university so that for the first time in some years it operated in black ink.

About the time he was getting the finances of the university in order, I attended a luncheon at his house. The year before, our New York State Department of Health had engaged the Columbia School of Business to make a study of hospital care, its quality and its costs and to make recommendations about the state's contribution. The luncheon was the occasion for the presentation of the final report.

During luncheon, Eisenhower and I discussed the report, and I found that he not only knew all about it but could discuss it in detail. He had definite opinions of what the taxpayers' share ought to be. He also had definite opinions as to the amount of research that government should do, feeling that studies such as this one were often much better made by universities and private organizations. As he analyzed the problem, I was continuously impressed with his intimate knowledge of the dangers of government bureaucracy getting a strangle hold on American thought.

The United States is drifting rapidly into a quiet acceptance of the idea that "Papa knows best." I see it in my own state, where I have been governor for nearly 10 years, and I am unhappy about it. Every time a municipality gets itself into trouble from mismanagement, it runs to the state to solve its problems. Business groups come to me whenever they have a problem, instead of solving it themselves; groups of private citizens come to my office when they want the difficulties of their own local governments worked out for them; even individuals come for a solution of their personal problems. We are rapidly losing in America the quality which has made our country great—a sense of individual character and responsibility. Dwight Eisenhower will help restore our faith in ourselves.

He also knows that the machine age has made it impossible for individuals to help themselves against unemployment or catastrophe caused by circumstances beyond their control. He is in all respects a twentieth-century American. He would not turn the clock back even if he could; he has seen too much misery and insecurity in the world not to want to defend and develop the economic security of every American.

I am for Eisenhower for President because he can be elected without trying to outbid the New Deal-Fair Deal. On my Pacific trip last summer I witnessed the opening of a political campaign in one country and had a gruesome conversation with the leader of the opposition. "The Prime Minister," he remarked casually to me, "will open his campaign tonight on the radio and he'll promise moderate tax reductions and increased Social Security benefits. So tomorrow night I'll go on the radio and promise bigger tax reductions, free housing for everybody and bigger Social Security. I'll double him on everything."

It was a cynical and an unlovely prospect. It reminded me of the New Dealers and Fair Dealers at home. Eisenhower won't promise anything he isn't really convinced he can deliver. He has character.

Democratic "Bait" Refused

I know, though not from General Eisenhower, that one day late last year, spokesmen for a powerful group in the Democratic party visited him in Paris. After all the preliminaries were over they got down to business and said: "General, we believe we can assure you that if you will accept the Democratic nomination, President Truman will withdraw and you can be unanimously drafted by the Democratic party. You know what great strength you have in both parties and you would have a guaranteed election."

General Eisenhower replied: "Gentlemen, what makes you think I would join a party just in order to hold office?"

They understood. That, I believe, was the last effort made to seduce General Eisenhower into violating his convictions in exchange for a promise of the Presidency. Eisenhower is a Republican.

Perhaps another one of the reasons the people want him for President is because they know he is really big enough for the job. Hero worship irks him. He is free of personal vanity. Increasingly, over recent years, the Presidency has been built up to the point where the other members of the government are almost forgotten. The enormous volume of steady news that flows from the White House creates the impression that the only man in Washington is the President. The slightest trivia of his life are front-page news. His casual remarks about the weather or about migrating birds or spring flowers are seized upon as words of vast importance for which the world has long been waiting.

The office of President is awesome enough without all the shirt-stuffing and fawning. Only a man with a level head can take the incessant attention bestowed upon the President without falling in love with his own importance. Eisenhower has proved that even the wildest acclaim does not go to his head. We need that kind of serenity and personal modesty if we are to preserve our free institutions.

It is significant that we have previously had 11 generals as President of the United States, and we never had a war while a former general was in the White House. I am not superstitious, but I believe with all my heart that under Dwight Eisenhower's magnificent leadership he will build so strongly and so well that our children can live out their lives in freedom and in peace. He will make a great President. THE END

BUTCH

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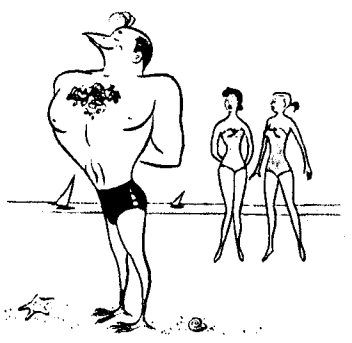

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SAM BERMAN

First Job for New President

EVEN BEFORE the White House help have cleaned up after the Inaugural Ball, we hope that the next President of the United States, whoever he may be, will have notified Mr. William O'Dwyer that his services as ambassador to Mexico are no longer required.

Mr. O'Dwyer's appointment and his continuing tenure of diplomatic office constitute one of the ripest scandals of the scandal-ridden Truman administration. At the very beginning, circumstances surrounding Mr. O'Dwyer's resignation as mayor of New York cast doubt upon his qualifications to represent the United States abroad. His testimony at the Kefauver committee hearings in New York scarcely added to his diplomatic stature. And the recent report of a New York grand jury—before which Mr. O'Dwyer refused to appear—has left him so suspect and vulnerable that his presence in Mexico City is more than ever a national embarrassment.

The evidence which was the basis of the New York grand jury's findings might be called inferential and circumstantial in an actual court trial. But it is evidence that suggests his unfitness for his present post. And it would certainly bar him from an ambassadorship under an administration which put ethics before politics.

Yet there are no indications at present that Mr. Truman has any intention of recalling his ambassador to Mexico. Why he doesn't is just as much of a mystery as why he appointed him in the first place, or why Mr. O'Dwyer accepted. After all, Ambassador Bill was presiding at that time over the government of a community whose metropolitan population is greater than that of a dozen European countries and most of the Latin-American republics. But, less than a year after his re-election in 1949, Mr. O'Dwyer quit this sizable job which he had so earnestly resought and, with some pious remarks about a call to higher duty, headed for the border.

Maybe he just wanted to wear a red sash and see some bullfights. But we can't forget that there were rumors of scandals in New York's police department during the O'Dwyer regime. The then-mayor heard them, too, and appointed Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh, then his Commissioner of Investigation, to look into the alleged tie-up between police officers, gamblers and bookmakers. This decision to investigate was "blatantly publicized," as the grand jury put it, so that the coppers had plenty of time to slick back their hair, straighten their ties and tidy up their private and public lives before Commissioner Murtagh came around.

It was Mr. Murtagh's performance of his job that caused the grand jury investigation. And the jury decided that Mr. Murtagh did pretty well. He investigated, though he steered clear of the top-ranking suspects and concentrated on the little guys. He reported to the mayor, all right, but none of the reports was in writing. More than 100 written memorandums to the chief investigator from his staff "appeared to have vanished in thin air," according to the skeptical grand jurors.

So the Murtagh inquisition rather petered out. There were a few resignations in the police department, some police supervisors were transferred from one district to another, and that was about all. Then a highly dissatisfied man named Miles McDonald, district attorney of Kings County (Brooklyn), decided to start an investigation of his own. That one, which Mr. O'Dwyer scornfully dismissed as a "witch hunt," got results.

In summing up its hearings, the grand jury concluded that the true purpose of Mr. O'Dwyer's publicized "cleanup" was "to create an insulating zone of activity within his administration . . . The mayor . . . was more concerned with the reputation of his administration than its character."

Perhaps it is small wonder that the ambassador wasn't anxious to come back and testify. But the excuses that the key witness sent forth from his fortress of diplomatic immunity were, we should say, scarcely models of candor. He was, he said, engaged in "highly secret, restricted matters" which occupied all his time. Yet Mr. O'Dwyer could have flown up from Mexico City, given the jury a day's testimony, and been back in 48 hours.

It took five pages of the jury's report to tell the story of its unsuccessful efforts to get Ambassador Bill to testify. And in that story Secretary of State Acheson appears in an interesting and revealing role. Mr. Acheson gave New York District Attorney Hogan a good stiff brush. Ambassador O'Dwyer, he said, was in the best position to know about these important matters, and whether they required him to remain in Mexico. The district attorney's letter was being referred to the ambassador. And so on, all in the politest sort of double talk.

And that, said the jury report, was the last they heard from Mr. O'Dwyer or the State Department.

We can't help wondering just what sort of cloak-and-dagger diplomacy is being carried on between this country and Mexico, and why it can't spare the ambassador's services for two days. If indeed it's that hush-hush and important, we also wonder if Mr. O'Dwyer is the proper man to be entrusted with the job. And we'd be interested to know how come the big boss man of the State Department couldn't decide how important his ambassador's official business really was. Doesn't Mr. O'Dwyer let Mr. Acheson in on the secret of those "highly secret, restricted matters"? Are such allegedly important negotiations conducted entirely at the ambassadorial level, with no reports back to Washington and no signals from the home office? If that's the case, we respectfully ask just what the hell kind of State Department is Mr. Acheson running, anyway?

So, new Mr. President, whoever you are, we hope that you'll write "Do something about O'Dwyer" near the top of your memo pad on your first day in office. Because he sure is expendable.

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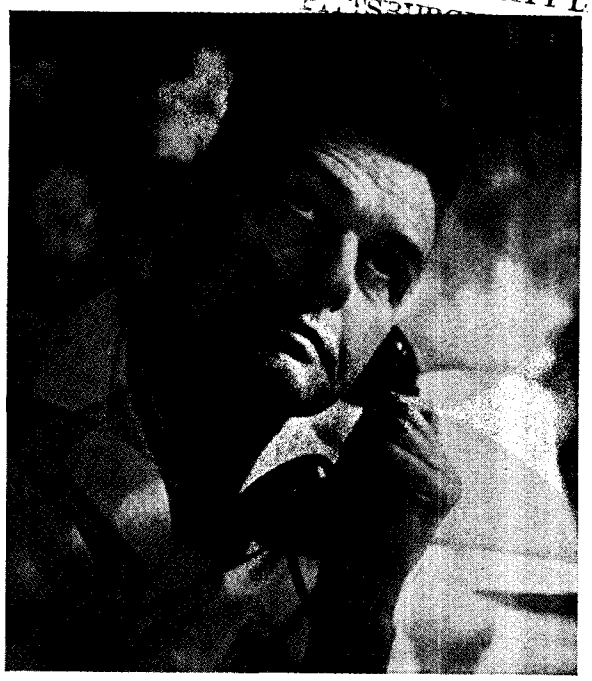
...IVERSITY L...

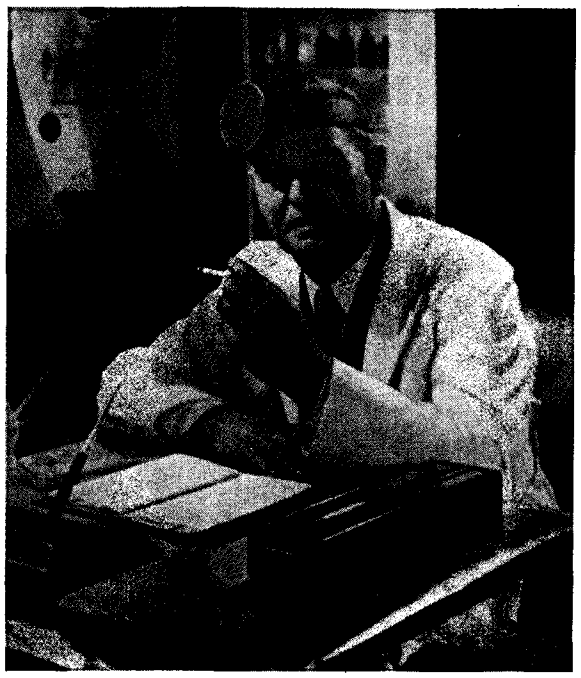
What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

If you were to follow a doctor on his rounds, you'd have a busy time keeping up with him!



He's accustomed to being called out in the middle of the night. His days are often 24 hours long!

So, time out for doctors often means just long enough to enjoy a cigarette! And doctors, too, are particular about the brand they choose!



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